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Granite State Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to the His-
tory, Story, Scenery, Industry and
Interest of New Hampshire

Edited by GEORGE WADLO BROWNE

VOLUME II.

July to December 1906

MANCHESTER, N. H.:
GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1906

Granite State Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to the History, Story, Scenery, Industry and Interest of New Hampshire

Edited by GEORGE W. BROWN

VOLUME II

July to December 1900

NEWTON, N. H.

GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE CO.

1900

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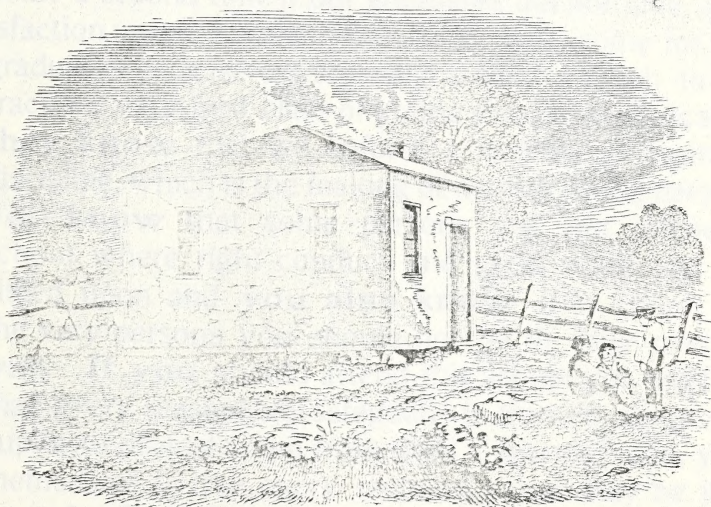
VOL. II.

JULY, 1906.

NO. 1.

Granite State MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY



FIRST SCHOOL-HOUSE IN MANCHESTER.

GRANITE STATE PUBLISHING CO., MANCHESTER, N. H.

NEVER BEFORE

In all the history of the world has there been such vast strides made in business methods nor such enormous business enterprises conducted as at the present time. Never before has there been such demand for young persons with a practical knowledge of business. Never before has there been offered to the young people of Manchester and surrounding territory such a training in Business and Stenography as is now offered by the **Hesser Business College**. Never before were there so many trained and placed in positions as by this school last year and yet **we cannot supply the demand made upon us**. The best business firms of the city and state come to us the second, third and fourth time for our graduates; sometimes they ask for two and even three at the same time. **You know** that these men would not come a second time if our graduates did not give satisfaction; **you know** that these men come for our graduates because our standard is high enough to attract the very best class of young persons and because **they know** that we enforce a system of business discipline, which is the making of many a young person; **you know** that some persons will not attend a school where right conduct and good work are insisted upon and **you also know** that those are the very persons you should not be in daily contact with. **If you** should attend this school you will find that every reasonable safeguard is thrown about our pupils to protect them from their "friends" and, yes, themselves so that every moment's time may be improved. **Full Information on Request.**

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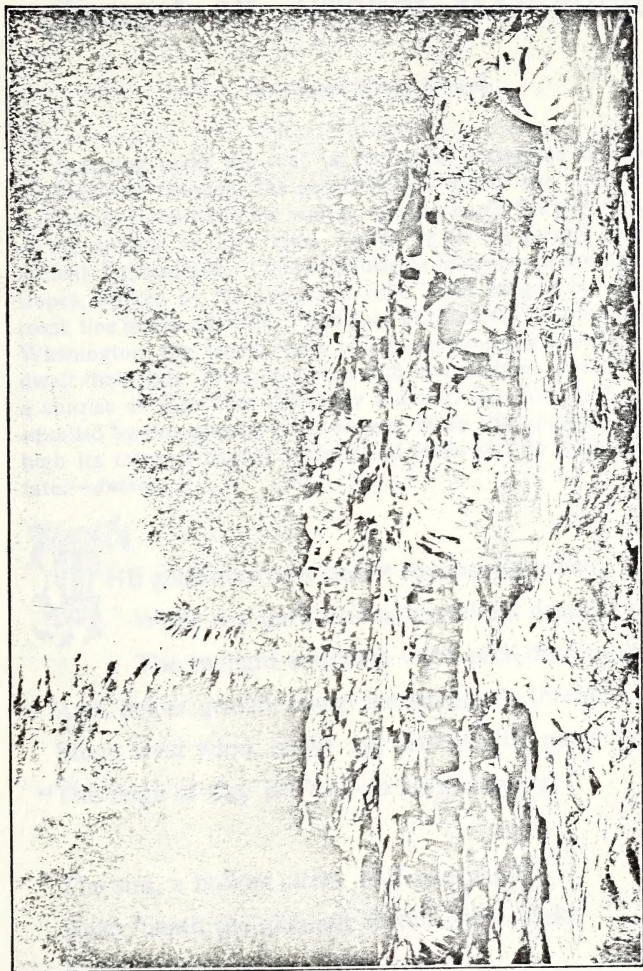


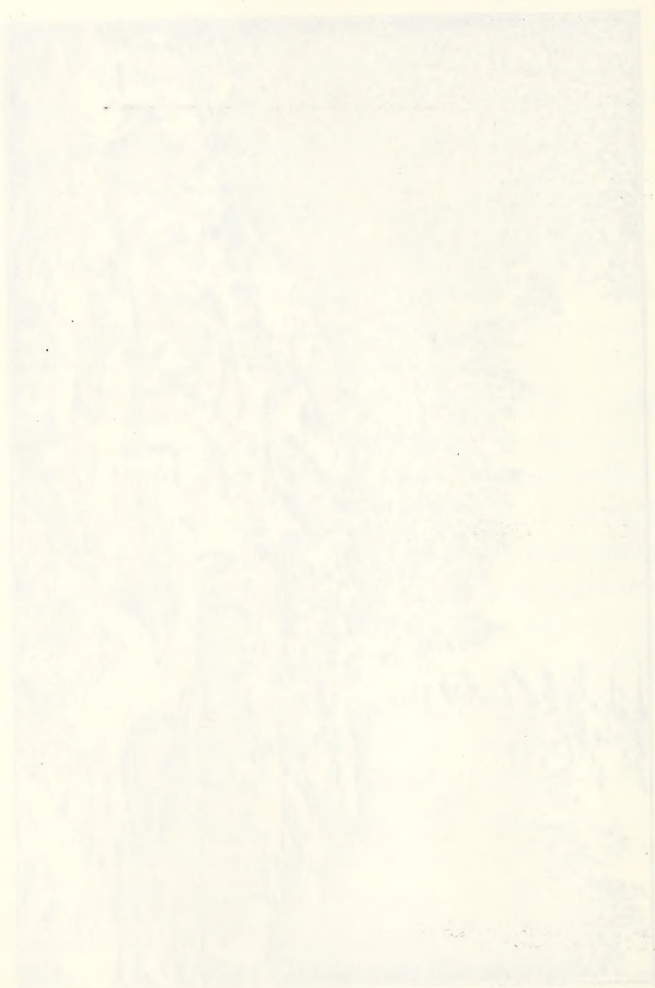
Photo Courtesy, B. & M.

IN THE HEART OF THE WHITE HILLS
WILDCAT RIVER

RESEARCH UNIT

IN THE FIELD OF THE QUANTUM THEORY

OF THE ATOM



Sunset on Mount Washington

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

Standing upon the roof of the great watershed between New England and Canada, the observer gets one of the finest views of country to be found in the world. On the north lies the grand valley of the mighty St. Lawrence, walled in on the farther side by the ancient Laurentides. On the south he looks down the Appalachian slopes, broken by "a thousand hills" and fringed by the broken coast line of the Atlantic. The apex of this lofty position was Mount Washington, the sacred realm of the Amerinds, where it is believed dwelt their god. Much has been said and written of the beauties of a sunrise as seen from this lofty lookout, but these are more than equalled by the splendors of a sunset, when the wounded day lifts on high its tattered banner of light and sends afar its bright javelins of fate.—*Author.*



HE golden arrows cleave thy snowy crown,
While thy dark vestments take a deeper brown,
The twilight watchers ward each dark'ning zone,
And, bolder grown, usurp the sunlight's throne.
Blow, west wind, blow! ay, set the wild news flying:
"The reign of day is o'er—its king is dying!"

The sun, a broken circle, half concealed,
Sinks 'neath the glimmer of the golden field;
A shining halo on the azure space
Fast flees beyond the walls of light and place.
Moan, east wind, moan, ay, set the wild news flying:
"The reign of day is o'er—its king is dying!"

A crumb'ling castle 'cross the shadowy lands
Against the sky now silhouetted stands;
A bar of bronze and silver at its door
Now falls the wan day's purple threshold o'er.
Sigh, south wind, sigh! ay, set the wild news flying:
"The reign of day is o'er—its king is dying!"

The dusky legions leap o'er castled wall,
O'er ramparts frowning high, o'er sky, and all;
The long light from thy hoary summit flees
Like spirit hosts across the forest seas.
Shriek, north wind, shriek! ay, set the wild news flying:
"The king is dying!" echo answers "dying!"

The twilight hangs a curtain day and night
Between. Afar and near the stars in might
Begin their watch, while Venus sets on high
Her home-light in the window of the sky.
Swift-winged winds abroad the news have spread:
"The day is done—its king is dying—dead!"





Saml Blodget

Granite State Magazine

VOL. II.

JULY, 1906.

No. 1.

Hon. Samuel Blodget

The Pioneer of Progress in the Merrimack Valley

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE



FEW indeed have been the occasions in the affairs of men which have failed to produce a character fitted to cope with the possibilities of the situation. War may have opened its guns with no capable leader to muster its armed forces, yet from out of a confusing crowd has arisen finally a figure destined to take command and win the victory where others must have failed. No great question of civil government has not, sooner or later, found its worthy champion. It was neither the struggles of contending armies, or the settlement of some vexed question of civil rule which called forth the latent energies of the subject of our sketch. His was a duty to perform if an humbler a not less honorable part in the development of the industries of a new country, and to him belongs the credit of the early development of the power of the busy Merrimack River.

An Indian warfare, with its accompanying horrors and sufferings, had overshadowed the fortunes of the colonists of New England for more than a hundred years, with only the breaking light of escape in a misty dawn, when, at the close of Lovewell's sanguinary struggles, Samuel Blodget was passing his boyhood days in his native town of Woburn, Mass. If one's progenitors have any prevailing influence

on his character, the subject of this sketch was especially fortunate, and it is difficult to find stronger branches of ancestry than those forming his family tree.

THE BLODGET GENEALOGY

1. Thomas Blodgett, who is the first of the family of whom we have a clear record, was born in Western England, probably in County of Cornwall in 1605, married Susan or Susanna ———, born in 1598, and came to America in the "Increase from London," 1635, with his wife and two sons, Daniel and Samuel. He was a glover by occupation and settled at Cambridge; died in 1642, leaving, besides the sons named, a daughter Susanna, born June 1637, and a son Thomas, b. 7th August, 1639.*

2. Samuel Blodgett, 2d son of Thomas, was born in England, in 1633, and was brought to this country by his parents when he was 18 months old. He married, Dec. 13, 1655, Ruth Iggleden, of Boston; died July 3, 1687, and his wife d. Oct. 14, 1703. Their children were (1) Ruth, born Dec. 28, 1656; (2) Samuel, b. Dec. 10, 1658; (3) Thomas, b. Feb. 26, 1661, who married Rebecca Tidd, Nov. 11, 1685; (4) Susanna, b. ———, m. to James Simonds, Dec. 29, 1685; (5) Sarah, b. Feb. 17, 1668; (6, 7) Martha and Mary, twins, b. Sept. 15, 1673. Martha m.. in 1696, Joseph Winn.

3. Samuel, Jun., b. Dec. 10, 1658; m. April 30, 1683, Huldah, daughter of William and Judith (Hayward-Phippen) Simonds, b. Nov. 20, 1660, (Huldah was a sister to the James who married two years later Susanna Blodgett.) Samuel, Jun., who became known as Ensign Blodgett and who represented Woburn in the General Court, in 1693, died Nov. 5, 1743, and his wife died March 14, 1745-6. Among their children was

4. Caleb, b. Nov. 11, 1691, m. (1st) Sarah Wyman (3), b. Jan. 17, 1690-1. She was a sister of Ensign Seth Wyman, who was in "Lovewell's Fight" and in command of the company after Captain Lovewell was killed. Their children were (1) Seth S., b. Feb. 20, 1718; (2) Caleb, b. Dec. 1, 1721; (3) Samuel, b. April 1, 1724; (4) Susanna, b. June 19, 1727.

*His widow married James Thompson, of Woburn, 15th February, 1643-4; and his daughter Susanna m. Jonathan, son of the above-mentioned James Thompson, sen. Jonathan died 20th October, 1691, and his wife 6th of February, 1697-8 (?) This couple had eight children, the 2d, Jonathan, Jun., b. 28th September, 1663, m. Frances Whittemore, by whom he had nine children, the sixth being Ebenezer, b. 30th March, 1701, m. 27th September, 1728, Hannah Converse. They had four children, the eldest being Benjamin, b. 27th November, 1729, who married Ruth Simonds of Woburn, whose son Benjamin, b. 26th March, 1753, became in after years widely known as Sir Benjamin Thompson and Count Rumford. The father of Sir Benjamin died 7th November, 1755, in his 26th year, while he, (Sir Benjamin) died at his villa in Auteuil, near Paris, August 21, 1814, in his 62d year. James Thompson was a member of the first board of selectmen of Woburn.—*Editor.*

Caleb m. (2) Elizabeth Wyman,* 2d cousin of Sarah, by whom he had a daughter, Elizabeth, b. Oct. 27, 1744.

MEMORANDA OF THE WYMAN FAMILY

1. Lieut. John Wyman was born in England, but was a subscriber at Charlestown to Town Orders for Woburn, Mass., Dec., 1640, and was taxed at Woburn, 1645; married Nov. 5, 1644, Sarah, daughter of Myles Nutt, dying May 9, 1684. Among their children was

2. Seth, born August 3, 1663, m. Dec. 17, 1685, Esther, daughter of Major William Johnson (3). He, who was known as Lieut. Seth Wyman, d. Oct. 26, 1715. Among their children was†

3. Sarah, born Jan. 17, 1690-1, who m. Caleb Bloggett (4) and was the mother of Samuel Blodget.

MEMORANDA OF THE JOHNSON FAMILY

1. Captain Edward Johnson, born in England, 1599, married Susan, or Susanna ———, who was b. in England, in 1597. He died at Woburn, Mass., April 23, 1672, and she in 1690. Among their children was

2. Major William, born in England, 1629 or 1630; died at Woburn, May 22, 1704. He m. at Woburn, May 16, 1655, Esther, daughter of Thomas Wiswall, a ruling Elder of the church at Newton, Mass. They had

3. Esther, born April 13, 1662; m. Dec. 17, 1685, Lieut. Seth Wyman. (2) she being Samuel Blodget's grandmother. She died March 3, 1742.

The heroic part performed by the Wymans' in the early history of the colonies is too well known to need mention here, while the Johnsons were not less distinguished for their bravery and mental capacity. It was to one of them, Edward Johnson, belonged the authorship of that notable narrative, "Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Savior in New England," which has been so frequently quoted by the writers of colonial days. He was a representative from Woburn for twenty-seven years, and a speaker of the house

* Daughter of Thomas Wyman (2) and granddaughter of Francis Wyman (1) who was a brother of Lieut. John.

† Ensign Seth Wyman, as he became known, was a son of this couple, b. Sept. 13, 1686; died in September, 1725, from effects of blood poison. (See Kidder's History of Lovewell's Fight).

in 1655. Nor were the Bloggetts behind these families as earnest and efficient defenders of the settlements against the depredations of the prowling beasts and savage denizens of the wildwood, or as upright, far-seeing citizens in those brief intervals of peace, which came so rarely like rays of sunlight struggling through the clouds on a rainy season, helping to lay the foundation and rear the pillars of that self-government which was to be the strength of a nation in after years.

Ensign Samuel, his grandfather, was a man of prominence, and a son, William, served under Major William Tyng in his expedition to Canada in 1709.* Capt. Caleb Blodget was active in securing grants allowed by the Massachusetts court in New Hampshire and was among the grantees of the township of Washington. He was closely interested in the grant of the early territory of Manchester, then designated as Tyng Township.

Coming of such stock and reared amid the rugged scenes of those trying times, it is little wonder that Samuel Blodget gave early promise of those sturdy qualities which were to make him an important factor in the development of the natural resources not only of his native town but of that belt of productive country from whence the busy Merrimack receives its vast power, and which it has returned to its employers with wonderful increase, largely due to his inventive genius and untiring energy.

Samuel was educated in what was called the moving school system of Woburn, which enabled the pupils of each district to enjoy about two months of instruction. He was fortunate in having two of the most noted teachers of those days, James Fowle and Ebenezer Flegg, who later removed to Chester, N. H., where his name was written as Flagg,

* Mass. Archives, Military, 1704-1711. Vol. 71, page 635.

Received Sept: 25, 1709, Twenty Shillings of Mr. Samuel Blogget of Woburne on account of his son William Blogget who lay sick in the Queens Service at the house of Mr. Bond in Watertown under the command of Major Tyng. I say received by mee.

PHILIP SHATTUCK,

Physician.

and settled as minister there June 23, 1736. Before he had reached his majority young Blodget joined the Louisburg expedition, which sailed from Portsmouth March 23, 1745, and performed a valiant part in that successful campaign. Upon his return he went to Haverhill, Mass., where he engaged in traffic on the Merrimack, between that town and Newburyport, one of the first to engage in this business, which seems to have proved very profitable.

December 29, 1748, he married Miss Hannah White, daughter of Nicholas White of Plaistow, N. H., but then situated in the Haverhill District. Mr. White had served in the Louisburg expedition, and was a man of considerable prominence at the time. His brothers-in-law, Obediah and John Ayers, were among the proprietors of early Concord, N. H.

THE WHITE GENEALOGY

1. William White, b. in England in 1610, came to Ipswich, Mass., in 1635, moved to Newbury the same year. In 1640 removed to Haverhill, being one of the first settlers of that town, and was one of the grantees of the Indian deed of Haverhill, dated November 15, 1642, said instrument it was said was both written and witnessed by him. He married Mary —, who died February 22, 1681. He died September 28, 1690.

2. John, only child of William and Mary White, was b. 1640; m. in Salem November 25, 1662, Hannah French. He died January 1, 1669. She m. (2) Thomas Philbrick of Hampton, N. H.

3. John, Jr., only child of John and Hannah (French) White; was b. March 8, 1664; m. October 24, 1687, Lydia, dau. of Hon. John and Elizabeth (Treworthy) Gilman of Exeter, N. H., and a granddaughter of Edward Gilman, who came from Norfolk, England, 1638, with five children, to settle first in Hingham, Mass., second in Ipswich, and then, 1650, in Exeter. Captain John White owned and commanded a garrison house in Haverhill, Mass. He died Nov. 20, 1727.

4. Nicholas, the sixth of the 14 children of John, was b. in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 4, 1698; m. (1) Hannah, dau. of Samuel Ayers, who was killed by Indians in 1708. She d. January 25, 1732. He m. (2) Mary Calfe of Ipswich, and d. April 7, 1782.

5. Hannah, 2d child of Nicholas and Hannah White, was b. in what is now Plaistow, N. H., September 8, 1726; m. Samuel Blodget December 29, 1748.

In 1751 Mr. Blodget bought a homestead of 317 acres of land in what was then Goffstown, but which has since been included in Manchester. His house was one of the first built in town, and was a large, old-fashioned farmhouse standing near the south bank of Black Brook, and about two miles west of Amoskeag village. This dwelling became a prey to fire, and another raised on its site was burned July 6, 1885. The old elms that stood in front of it were killed by the fire, and only faint vestiges, growing dimmer year by year, remain to mark the historic spot. To this home in a comparative wilderness, Mr. Blodget and his young wife, with their second child but a few months old, removed to take up the burdens of busy lives.

He still retained his interest in Haverhill, but the Seven Years' War was already threatening the inhabitants of New England, and soon after active measures had to be taken in order to be in readiness for the coming struggle. The first regiment of volunteers was raised in New Hampshire, with Col. Joseph Blanchard in command. Mr. Blodget was among the first to offer his services, and he became sutler in the expedition against Crown Point in 1755. This was a notable body of soldiery, three of the captains in the regiment being none other than John Goffe, John Moore and Robert Rogers. From the company under command of the last named, John Stark being its lieutenant, was evolved that famous corps of Indian fighters known as "Rogers' Rangers."

The space of this article is too restricted to follow in detail the war record of Samuel Blodget. He was an eye witness of the battle of Lake George, and drew an elaborate plan of the camp and field, which he published with a description of the fight, in the following December. This was soon after reprinted in London.* He re-enlisted in

* We hope to reproduce this plan, which is a rare document, with the account of the battle by Mr. Blodget, in an early number of this magazine. Readers of this article who desire a more extended biography of Judge Blodget are referred to the Collections of the Manchester Historic Association, Vols. II and IV,—*Editor*.

the second expedition planned to effect the capture of Crown Point in 1757, and he was at Fort William Henry when that garrison suffered capture at the hands of the allied French and Indians under General Montcalm, and in the desperate conflict barely escaped with his life. Seeking safety at Fort Edward, he remained here over a year as quartermaster of the army, returning home in December, 1758, having seen enough of military life to satisfy him for a time.

The following spring he went to Boston, where he established himself in the clothing business, entering at once upon that career of success which won for him a widespread acquaintance and the confidence of the people. Not satisfied with doing one thing at a time, with that versatile capacity which seemed almost unbounded in its scope, he started one of the first "pot and pearl ash works" in the country at Haverhill, to extend this enterprise to Goffstown, New Boston and Hampstead, N. H. Haverhill was already becoming a flourishing center of trade, and he opened a general store in this town, which was continued until 1772. Early in 1765 he built a saw-mill on Black Brook and engaged in the lumber trade, buying tracts of timber land. He opened a store in Goffstown, and continued to run his clothing store in Boston.

As if all this was not enough to occupy the time and energies of one man, with his brothers-in-law, Symonds and White, he entered into the scheme of planting a settlement at St. Johns, N. B., which became the nucleus of that prosperous city destined to fulfill the dreams of its founder.

In 1769, after ten years of business in Boston, with the exception of about ten months in 1764, when he was in Medford, he sold out there and moved his family back to Goffstown, where he continued to carry on his other enterprises with renewed vigor. It is easy to imagine that he at once obtained a high place in society, and from his genial, courteous, enthusiastic manner became very popular. He

was among the richest, if not the richest man, in this vicinity, and with interests so broad and widely scattered, for those times, took his natural position as a leading citizen.

In 1770 the governor appointed him collector of the excise of the Province of New Hampshire, and notwithstanding the general disfavor from the people that these officers met elsewhere, he retained the confidence and friendship of the public through two terms of the arduous duties of the position.

At the time of the Battle of Lexington, his term of offices under the king having expired, he was engaged in trade at Goffstown. But no sooner had the news of this opening of hostilities reached him than he again entered the service of his country. He was actively engaged in the Battle of Bunker Hill, though belonging to the commissary department of the Continental Army, later being appointed sutler of General Sullivan's brigade, stationed upon Winter Hill. Mr. Blodget was not alone caterer to the common soldiers, but the following items selected from the accounts of Commissary-General Trumbull we find:

April 1, 1776, By Bread to Brig. Maj. Scammons,	435
General Sullivan's Table	249
B'g Q. M. G. Frazier	156
Genl Lee's Table	96

Upon the removal of General Sullivan's Brigade from Boston, Judge Blodget returned to his interests in Goffstown, having concluded that he had seen enough of conflict. That his popularity was general is shown by the fact that at the first session of the Honourable House of Representatives held at Exeter on the third Wednesday of December (16), 1778-9, Judge Blodget represented Goffstown and Derryfield, which were classed together.*

In 1780 he served as town treasurer of Goffstown, and the year following he was elected one of the selectmen, and during his remaining stay in Goffstown he was continually

* From original volume in Secretary of State's office labeled "Members, etc., 1775-81." State Papers, Bachellor, Vol. VIII, p. 820.

in office, serving as moderator several years. Besides being called upon to do the business at home, he was often appealed to from all over the county, was often the referee in important cases, judge of probate before the county courts or the legislature. A man of energy and character, he was looked up to by every one. This may truly be said to have been the most prosperous period of his life, and quite as certainly the most happy one. Those giant schemes, to be productive of so much good and make his name more widely known, but which were to deplete his well-earned fortune, still slumbered in the chambers of his mind.

During this period he completed his invention for raising ships or sunken bodies from the bottom of rivers, seas and other deep waters. In his efforts to prove the worth of his invention he went to Spain to raise a Spanish galleon loaded with treasures, and to London to attempt the lifting of the Royal George. But the British government declined to allow him to undertake this work, declaring that another vessel by that name was in process of construction and that it would be troublesome to have two ships by the same name. While his "diving tongues," as his machine was called, proved equal to all that he claimed, he lost money by the enterprise, and meeting with failures elsewhere he became seriously involved and his health threatened by overwork, he remained abroad awhile to recuperate. This was the first and only vacation of his long life.

(Concluded in the August number)



Major John Simpson

The Man Who Fired the First Shot at Bunker Hill

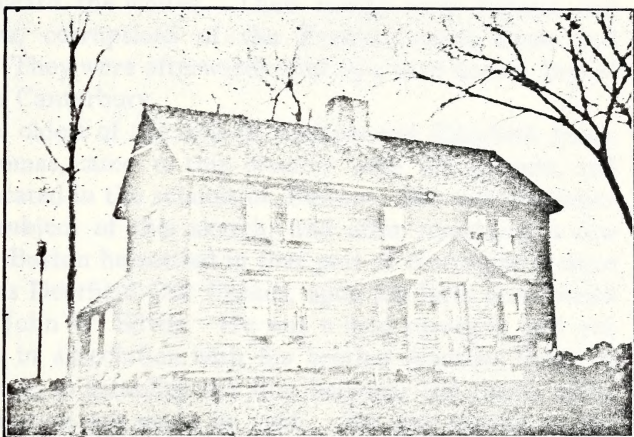
By CHELLIS VIELLE SMITH



COMMANDING a wide view of typical New Hampshire scenery stands to-day, in a good state of preservation, at the "Old Center" in Deerfield, a farmhouse which claims the unique distinction of having been the home of the man who fired the first shot at the Battle of Bunker Hill. It is a plain, unpretentious building typifying in a marked degree the character of its builder. Its unpainted walls show the imprints of the heavy hand Time has placed upon it, but it is still comfortable and is owned and occupied by Mr. William H. H. Lang and family, himself a veteran of the Civil War. The scene around it has changed even more than the old house, for where once broad stretches of wilderness reached over the hills and lapped the valleys, the ax-marks of the lumberman is seen, and the farmer now cultivates many acres where in the days of its infancy a primeval forest covered the earth.

The name of this patriot was John Simpson, who came of good old Scottish ancestry, his grandfather having been Andrew Simpson, born in Scotland in 1697, and who married Elizabeth Patten in 1725. This couple came to Boston a few years after their marriage, and he became a linen draper there. Later they removed to Nottingham, N. H., settling upon a farm a little south of the General Cilley homestead, and lately owned by a descendant, John Simpson. They had four sons, three of whom were born in Scotland and one, Andrew, was born in Nottingham.

The family had come to its new home at a time when Indian depredations were carrying terror to the hearts of



MAJOR SIMPSON HOUSE, DEERFIELD

the colonists, and in September, 1742, the alarm became so prevalent that the women and children in that vicinity sought protection in the garrison or block-house which had been erected near the site of the late Hon. James Butler's residence. Mrs. Simpson, in the midst of the period of anxious waiting, felt obliged to return to her home, a short distance away, and while going thither was killed by a couple of Indians lying in ambush for unwary victims. It is said this deed was performed by two Indians quite noted at that time, and who at intervals professed peaceful intentions toward the whites. Their names were Sebatis and Plausawa, corruptions of the French names Peter and Pierre. They were afterwards shot by a man named Bowen living in Canterbury.

The oldest of the sons of Andrew and Elizabeth Simpson, Thomas, came to this country with his parents, and was educated in the schools of Boston. He was the father of the subject of this sketch, and after remaining a few years in Boston he settled in that part of Nottingham since known as Deerfield Old Center, upon the farm now owned by Mr. John W. Silver. He was a land surveyor, and was selected, in association with his brother Andrew, living at the Square, to establish the line between the towns when the separation was made in 1766. He was chosen as the first parish clerk of Deerfield, which office he held until 1773.

Andrew Simpson married Sarah Morrison February 4, 1747, and among their children was John, who was born December 1, 1748, and who lived at home until the breaking out of the Revolution. When the news of the fight at Concord and Lexington reached in a remarkably short time this remote place, John Simpson, as many another patriot did, shouldered his gun and started to join others in the defense of his country. Going to Deerfield Parade, he joined Capt. Daniel Moore's company of volunteers, raised mostly in Nottingham, with Major Andrew McClary of Epsom in command. About eighty of these brave

young men met on Nottingham Square and, unanimously choosing Dr. Henry Dearborn as their leader, lost no time in starting upon their memorable march to Boston, marching sixty miles in sixteen hours, and reaching a position a little removed from Boston at eight o'clock the following morning, they having started at four in the afternoon.*

CAPTAIN DEARBORN'S COMPANY

Henry Dearborn, Nottingham, captain; Amos Morrill, Epsom, first lieutenant, Michael McClary, Epsom, second lieutenant.

The men from Nottingham were Nathaniel Batchelder, James Beverly, Andrew Bickford, Nicholas Brown, Simeon Dearborn, John P. Hilton, Joseph Jackson, Zebulon Marsh, William McCrillis, Jacob Morrill, Robert Morrison, John Nealley, Andrew Nealley, David Page, Joseph Place, Enoch Page, James Randall, William Rowell, Peter Severance, Samuel Sias, Mark Whitten, Charles Whitcher, Matthias Welch, Benjamin Welch.

The men from Deerfield were John Runnels, John Simpson, Joseph Thomas, Joshua Wills, Israel Clifford, Jonathan Cram, Benjamin Judkins, Josiah Moody, Clement Moody.

The men from Northwood were Jonathan Clark, Jeremiah Dow, Jonathan Dow, John Harvey.

The men from Epsom were Bennett Leebbee, Francis Locke, Moses Locke, Benjamin Berry, Theophilus Cass, John Casey, Andrew McGaffey, Neal McGaffey, Amos Morrill, Abraham Pettingill, John Wallace, John Wallace, Jr., Weymouth Wallace, Andrew Field, Simon Sanborn.

The men from Gilmanton were Jeremiah Connor, Jonathan Gilman, Elisha Hutchinson, Dudley Hutchinson, David Mudgett.

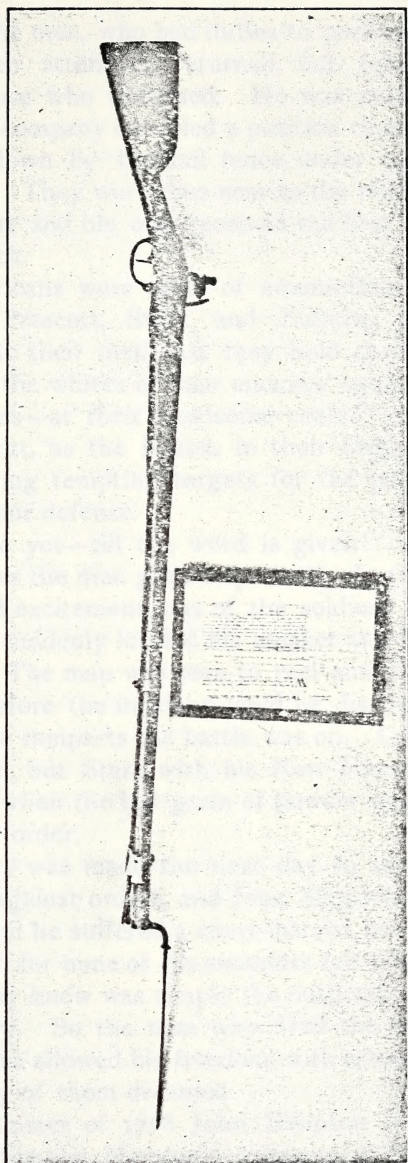
The men from Chichester were John Bickford, James Garland, Josiah Leebbee.

In addition to the above were Gideon Glidden of Lee, Noah Dolloff of Brentwood, David Page, Jr., of South Hampton and Noah Sinclair of Loudon, Matthias French of Stratham.

Nottingham of all places in New England ought to forever observe the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and on that day listen to the roll-call of the Nottingham company that participated in that historic conflict.

* In this connection it seems very appropriate to include a list of the men who went to Cambridge upon the morning of April 20, 1775, as it has been prepared by John Scales of Dover, and was published in the *Manchester Union*. July 14, 1902.—Editor.

THE GUN THAT FIRED THE FIRST SHOT AT BUNKER HILL



Some of the men, who had duties to perform at home demanding their attention, returned, but John Simpson was among those who remained. He was mustered into service and his company occupied a position close to that of the regiment down by the rail fence under command of General Stark. They were thus near to the redoubt where Colonel Prescott and his men received the first attack and were driven back.

The Americans were short of ammunition, and thus their leaders, Prescott, Stark and Putnam, gave their famous order to their men that they hold their fire until they could see the whites of their enemies' eyes. "Aim at their waistbands—at their handsome coats!" commanded Colonel Prescott, as the British in their bright uniforms appeared, making tempting targets for the patriots lying behind their poor defense.

"Don't fire yet—till the word is given!" was passed along the line as the men grew impatient. In the midst of this suppressed excitement, one of the soldiers under Captain Dearborn suddenly leveled his musket at a British officer and fired. The man was seen to reel and tumble from his seat, but before the incident could be discussed by the men behind the ramparts the battle was on. Colonel Prescott was routed, but Stark with his New Hampshire men retreated only when the last grain of powder was gone, and then in perfect order.

An inquiry was made the next day to ascertain who fired the shot against orders, and John Simpson was placed under arrest and he suffered a court martial, but his punishment was light, for none of his superiors felt like censuring an act that they knew was simply the outbreaking of devotion to country. So the man who fired the first shot at Bunker Hill was allowed his freedom, with a larger meed of honor than any of them dreamed.

In the summer of 1778 John Simpson was made a lieutenant in Simeon Marston's company of Colonel Peabody's regiment which belonged to the battalion of troops

raised for the defense of New England and New York. The original commission making John Simpson a lieutenant is now in the possession of Samuel N. Simpson of Kansas City, Mo. It bears the seal of the state of New Hampshire, and is signed by the president and secretary of the council. He was afterwards promoted to major.

When the Revolutionary War had ended Major Simpson returned to Deerfield and resumed farm life, which he followed to his death. He never applied for a pension, and never received any pay for the part he acted during the war for independence. He used to say "My country is too poor to pay pensions."

He was married to Mary Whidden of Brentwood, N. H., in the year 1785. Mrs. Simpson's mother was a cousin of John Langdon, and she received from her parents as a wedding present two colored people, John Robinson and wife. This couple were not considered slaves by Major Simpson, but were treated by him as members of his family.

The children of Major John Simpson and his wife were:

1. Joseph Langdon, born February 8, 1787, and died February 28, 1808, while on his way home from school.

2. Thomas, born August 2, 1788, studied for the ministry. He was ordained to preach in the Congregational church, and settled in the West. He married Elizabeth Lamprey in November, 1809, and died December 1, 1872.

3. John, Jr., born March 2, 1790, lived on the home place. He died February 8, 1868.

4. Samuel, born January 29, 1792, died January 13, 1872.

5. Mary, born June 5, 1794, died November 11, 1832.

6. Hannah W., born April 29, 1797, lived on the home place with her brother John, where she died July 18, 1872.

Major Simpson died October 28, 1825, and was buried in the family lot. For many years the grave of this Revolutionary soldier was uncared for, but a few years since his

granddaughter, Jerusha W. G. Chalmers, had his remains moved to the Old Center cemetery, where a fine granite monument, made from Deerfield granite, marks the grave of this patriot.

He bequeathed his farm to his son John and daughter Hannah. The old gun, with its memories, was also given into their keeping, and before they died they gave it to a nephew, Dr. Timothy G. Simpson, of West Fairlee, Vt. Losing his son and only child, he has given the precious heirloom into the hands of his brother, Samuel, whose sons Charles and Burnett will receive it at his decease, if they outlive him.

The Old Ways and the New

By JOHN H. YATES

I've just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and
green;

I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine.

It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,

And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung, some twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the rage of a scorching sun.
Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my task for the day was
done;

I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm,

Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old pain comes in my
arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swinging the old scythe then;

Unlike the mower that went through the grass like death through the
ranks of men.

I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and
power.

The work that it took me a day to do, it done in one short hour.

granddaughter, Josephine W. G. Chamberlain, had his remains moved to the Old Center cemetery, where a fine granite monument, made from Portland granite, marks the grave of this father.

He bequeathed his farm to his son John and daughter Hannah. The old farm with its outbuildings was also given to his son John and his wife, and he lived there for many years. The Timothy G. Chamberlain of West Point, N. H., nephew of the son and only child, he has given the pasture leading to the farm to his brother, Samuel, where a new building has been erected. Samuel, when a boy, Chamberlain and his son will receive it as his share. It is his native place.

The Old Days and the New

By John H. Vane

I've just come to close the window, when the sun is all and
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John said that I hadn't seen the half; when he puts it into his wheat
I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles neat,
Then soon a Yankee will come along and set to work and learn
To reap it and thresh it and bag it up and send it into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it, but I said to the hired men,
"I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my threescore years and
ten,

That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flying ship a-goin' most anywhere."

There's a difference in the work I done and the work my boys now do;
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the new.
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling days,
That the fast young men of the present will not see till they change their
ways.

To think that I should ever live to see work done in this wonderful way!
Old tools are of little service now and farmin' is almost play;
The women have got their sewin' machines, their wringers and every sich
thing,
And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by,
You riz up early and sat up late, a-toilin' for you or I.
There were cows to milk; there was butter to make; and many a day did
you stand
A-washin my toil-stained garments, and wringin' 'em out by hand.

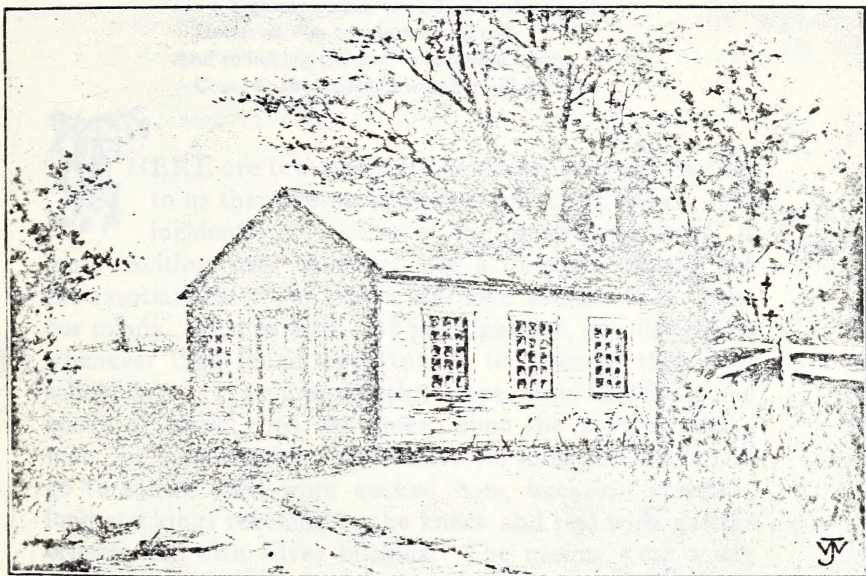
Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen,
For the heavy task and the long task is now done with a machine.
No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower—there! hear it afar?
A-rattling along through the tall, stout grass, with the noise of a railroad
car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away; they stand a-gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I have seen, put aside with only a crust;
When the eye grows dim, when the step is weak, when the strength goes
out of his arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the deed of the farm.

Old-time Sketches

The Schools of Yesterday

By THE EDITOR OF THE EDITOR



Drawn for the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by J. Warren Thyng

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE



THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE
FROM THE OLD CHURCHYARD

Oldtime Sketches

The Schools of Yesterday

By THE NESTOR OF THE FARMS

"On a highway corner the school-house stands,
Under an elm tree broad and tall;
And rollicking children in laughing bands,
Come at the master's warning call."



HERE are few recollections dearer or more lasting to us than the memories of our school days. The incidents and events of the intervening period, if more exciting, may have fled like a forgotten dream, but the associations of our school life have become fixed upon our minds. Our parents, and grandparents, too, delighted, whenever they found opportunity, to describe their own school days. How grandmother's eyes would kindle as she spoke of those good old times, when the boys or young men, for it was nothing uncommon for men and women to go to school then, wore cocked hats, buckskin breeches, long stockings reaching to the knees and tied with garters, ornamented with silver buckles. The master wore a wig one hundred years ago, or had his hair braided and hanging down his back like a Chinaman.

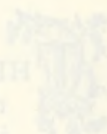
School-houses were not plenty in those days, and most of the schools were kept in private dwellings, one room being set apart for the time to afford a place for the school. Oftentimes these apartments would be an unfinished portion of the house, with a rough floor and few small windows. These windows would be seamed with many cross-bars of wood separating the panes of glass, there being as many as eighteen small lights in a single window. In winter a great, crackling fire leaped and roared up the wide-mouthed

Editorial Sketches

The School of Yesterday

By The Editor of the Times

"On a highway corner the school-house stands,
Under an elm tree grand and old,
And nothing children to beguile the hours,
Come to the master's waiting aid."



HERE are few recollections dearer to some than to us than the memories of our school days. The incidents and events of the interesting period, more exciting they have than a forgotten dream, form the associations of our school life have become fixed upon our minds. Our parents, and grandparents, too, delight whenever they found opportunity to describe their own school days. How gratifying a eyes would witness the spoke of those good old times, when the boys or young men, for it was nothing uncommon for both and women to go to school then, were clothed in buckskin breeches, long stockings reaching to the knee, and tied with garters ornamented with silver buckles. The master wore a wig, and his hair divided and hanging down his back like a Christian.

School-houses were not plenty in those days, and most of the schools were kept in private dwellings, one room being set apart for the time to afford a place for the school. Often, however, the apartments would be an unoccupied room of the house, with a rough floor and low small windows. These windows would be covered with many panes of wood separating the panes of glass, there being no money to replace the panes of glass. In winter a single window, in winter a

fireplace, as if exulting over the fact that it was an important factor in this system of education.

The pupils had no desks in this primitive school room, and often their seats were simply slabs laid upon rude blocks of logs sawed, it may have been, from the huge backlog at that time burning lustily on the blazing hearth. Printing presses were then "few and far between," so books were not only too expensive for the poor, but too rare for even the well-to-do. Often two or three books would have to meet the needs of a large class, they being passed along from one to another as the turn came to read.

Some crack in the floor was usually selected as the "boundary line," so to speak, for the class, and along this arbitrary mark each one was expected to place his or her toe, and woe to the one who happened to miss it by the fraction of an inch. At the stern command of the master, "'Tention!" every one ducked his head, and immediately the one at the head began to read, passing the book to the next as soon as he had reached the end of the paragraph. From what I have been told, I do not think there were many good readers in those days, when elocution as an art was not taught. When the last member of the long row of readers had blundered through to the close of the exercise, the master began to put them through a severe course of spelling, and whoever missed a word had to drop down the line, while the fortunate speller took his place with an air of triumph. It was thought a great disgrace to be at the foot of the class, and some of the hardest mental fights were fought in the spelling class.

There were really only three studies then—the three R's—"reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic." Writing paper was even more scarce and expensive than books, and in this emergency the boys would sometimes go into the woods, peel the bark from the white birches that grew smooth, and split it into thin layers or leaves. The ink was made by boiling the bark of the white maple, and pens were made from goose quills. It was considered an honor to be

able to sharpen these pens properly, and the boy who was selected by the master to do this, as the day's hour in the practice of penmanship began, was looked upon with envy by his school-mates. The ink-stand was made from the tip of some ox horn sawed off the right length, and a wooden plug fitted into the bottom with a smaller one at the top.

Naturally the discipline was very severe. The master held the undisputed right to punish his pupils according to his will, and it was generally understood that the boy who was flogged at school should receive a duplicate chastisement at home. So the majority of the masters whacked even the big boy over the head at their pleasure and blistered his hands with the heavy white oak ferule that they carried with them even more closely than our policemen do their billies. If a boy whimpered while receiving his punishment, he was looked upon as "a cry baby." Charles Carleton Coffin relates that one of the masters of his early days did so much whipping that he cleared a great swamp of alders near the school-house which would never have been cut off but for him.

It is possible the boy had this contingency in mind who, when he was asked how he liked to go to school, replied that he liked the going well enough, and the coming was all right, but the being there was what he didn't like.

With all their rigid discipline, and generally it was needed, it frequently happened that the boys got the "upper-hands" of the master. I have been told of a case of this kind where the teacher had resolved to give up teaching and go to chopping wood, when he received a note from an unknown source requesting him to give the school another day's trial. Accordingly, though not without many misgivings, he opened the school upon the following morning. All of the big mischief-makers were present, and he knew from the general appearance that a crisis was near at hand. He had barely finished the morning exercises, when a horseman rode up to the door, dismounted and stalked

into the room without the formality of knocking. He was a tall, stalwart man, dressed in a fur coat, which made him look much larger, and he carried in his hand a heavy, green-hide whip. Glancing sharply over the surprised assembly, he said in a clear, penetrating tone:

"With your master's permission, I wish to teach you a short lesson in good behavior. I will make it brief but impressive."

Without further words this stranger then began to ply his big whip furiously over the heads and shoulders of those refractory young men, and so swiftly and furiously did he wage his attacks that the whole scene was over before the terrified victims could rally sufficiently to make a united resistance. Never was such a flogging undertaken and carried out within the knowledge of those present. When the last rebellious subject had been trounced to his liking, while the amazed master looked on with trepidation, the stranger called the school to order, saying:

"I have ridden a hundred miles, more or less, to give you that lesson, and I hope you will never forget it. Now, Master —, go on with your school, and just as sure as you need me again I shall come, and where I have given one blow this morning I will give twain next time."

Then, with an air of deep gratification, he marched slowly out of the house, mounted his horse and rode away. There may have been those who could have disclosed his identity, but if so they died with the secret locked in their bosoms. As he never came back, we are reasonably sure his "lesson" was well learned.

Before this period was the time of the log school-house, and our ancestors, if strict in their religious principles, were equally as earnest in the matter of education. Each grant of a township made to the members of a certain community bore its stipulation concerning the building of a meeting-house and then a school-house. As early as 1649 education was compulsory in southern New England, though in New Hampshire the matter was not treated in quite as rigid a

manner. Indian troubles held in check the growth of schools longer here, but no sooner had the warwhoop of the untutored red man died away than every settlement began to give attention to the education of the young. Soon the number who could not read, write and cipher was small. Complete illiteracy was unknown and crime uncommon. If textbooks were far from numerous, so were the works of literature more limited in variety, though there was no district so remote that copies of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Milton's "Paradise Lost" were not to be found in the homes. Almanacs then took the place of magazines, and weekly newspapers the place of dailies. In the midst of the wilds of Hanover, in 1770, Dartmouth College was founded, its first hall being a log house.

Amid the difficulties that beset the youth of a century or more ago, who desired to obtain an education, they did a great work for the world. From among them came the patriots who "fired the shot heard around the world." They numbered among them some of the foremost statesmen of the period, the ministers, the teachers and the men of progress whose works have redounded to the good of all coming generations.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the custom gained ground of establishing a certain type of dwelling-house and of school building. A small, one-story structure thus became the representative edifice for the latter purpose, and as it was painted red, when painted at all, it came to be known as "The Little Red School-House," and the American system of education was styled under that name. It was an American institution, though the idea was transplanted here from England, and along close lines to the free schools first established in the mother country in 1554 under Queen Mary. The reign of the little red school-house was a bright one, and the following parody upon "The Old Oaken Bucket," written for the *Boston Globe* some ten years or more ago, seems worthy of reproduction.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE

By FRANK N. SCOTT

How dear to this heart are the scenes where I wandered,
In the days when a boy I lived on the farm,
The ground where I played, and the seat where I pondered
On beauties of Nature that only could charm ;
The brook and the meadow, the bars that stood by it,
The walk where the lilacs were sparkling with dew ;
The shady piazza, the rose that grew nigh it,
The little red school-house my infancy knew—
The little red school-house, how well I remember
The little red school-house my infancy knew.

The wide-spreading elm and the seat that stood near it,
The little hill pasture where hollyhocks grew ;
The little red school-house, I can't but revere it,
With its wide-open doors, and curtains of blue.
How often I went there with mind that was glowing,
To learn what was good and beautiful, true,
Where stores of rich learning were full, overflowing,
The little red school-house my infancy knew—
The little red school-house, how well I remember
The little red school-house my infancy knew.

How gently the teacher gave each admonition ;
How quickly I made them at home in my heart ;
They've fitted my life in its every condition,
And hard has it been from those lessons to part.
And now when the years that are rapidly going,
Are leaving the wrinkles we all of us rue,
When thin are my locks, and the silver is showing,
I think of the school-house my infancy knew—
The little red school-house, how well I remember
The little red school-house my infancy knew.

"The Little Red School-House" was followed by another type, such as the writer knew better, which too frequently escaped or rather missed the coat of paint to shelter it from the weather. This was the little brown house under the hill, where he gained the rudiments of his education. It was a plain, square building with a chimney at either end, and a door opening into a little porch on one side. The floor ran through the middle of the building,

with the teacher's desk at the end opposite from the entrance. On either side of this narrow floor were three tiers of seats with four seats in a row. For some reason quite unexplained the floor under these seats had a gradual ascent until it reached the wall. This was a continual menace to the safety of every roguish scholar, for just as sure as he dropped anything it would roll away with more spite than the River Eiser in Campbell's poem, "rolling rapidly!" though it was thirty miles away from the scene the writer was describing.

Those high-backed seats, placed upon timbers large enough for the sills of a modern house, were capable of holding four scholars at a time. They were graduated in height, but those in front were not low enough to allow the feet of the small boy to reach the floor, while, as their height increased in a ratio in keeping with the ages of the pupils, the larger boys did not fare any better. In this dilemma we used to rob a neighboring fence of its boards and slabs with which to build foot-rests reaching from sill to sill. As these were not nailed in place, and like all transient objects were easily displaced, it frequently happened that one end or the other would suddenly drop to the floor with a loud crash. The result may be more happily imagined than described.

A form of punishment in those "good old days" was "to hold down a nail in the floor," though the nails seemed quite capable of looking after themselves. I have seen as many as a dozen boys engaged in this occupation at one time. What a row of innocents doing penance! I wish our artist had caught their picture as well as he did that of the four unfortunates who had to stay in at recess because they missed in naming the rivers of the Dark Continent, or some other dark secret. But these have all passed away, even to the house itself. Another building of greater pretensions, and with the modern improvements, has risen on the site of the old one. I do not know if the lessons are any better learned than of yore, or if there are nails in the

floor. I do know that, where from sixty to seventy ruddy, healthy boys and girls came here to fit themselves for the duties of life, only a baker's dozen now attend.

All honor then to the old house, the memory of whose checkered associations lives as a bright spot in the mind, even if the old chimneys did smoke on a cloudy morning, and some of the teachers lost patience with us. We wonder now that they bore with us as kindly as they did. The fractions properly adjusted, the interest taken, the proportions given and equations solved have entered into the realities of life in all its parts of speech. Before that eventful May morning of our first entrance within its portals, life had been one round of self-amusement, without a thought for the future. From that time there might be play-hours, but there must be work-hours too. All at once, as it were, we had come to realize that

"Life is real, life is earnest."

Nature

By EDNA HASTINGS SILVER

Chaste as Diana is she whom I love,
Free from deceit as the spirits above,
Fair, and as mild as sweet Cynthia's light,
Pure as a dew-drop refreshing the night,
Soothing her spell as she acts on the heart,
Stealthily there she engrosses a part;
And though mild is her sway and her language so sweet,
Yet envious rivals ne'er bow at her feet!
But beautiful, pure and sincere though she be,
So chaste and so rare, yet she smiles upon me.
Kindred and friends would you know this fair dame?
God is her Maker, and Nature her name.



From an Old Print

KEPT IN AT RECESS

The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

Author of "The Woodranger," "The Hero of the Hills," With Roger's
Rangers," "The St. Lawrence River," "Japan," "Paradise
of the Pacific," "Pearl of the Orient," etc.

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER I

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

My thoughts go back to the rosy prime,
And memory paints anew the scenes
Afar in the bleak New England clime,
Though half a century intervenes.

—*Anon.*



THE WHO moves with the rapid progression of the world has little idea of the furious pace he is pursuing, until he visits one of the isolated districts the steam king has ignored and the advance agent of prosperity has long since dropped from his list. The accumulated memories of bygone days hang like frayed curtains over each scene, and the inertia of dreams makes stupid the actors in a drama played year after year in a little circus ring of life. That country hamlet with the very suggestive name of Sunset, forming the more thickly settled portion of the town of Foxcraft, belonged to this class. But the meteor strikes where it listeth, and the lightning of swift-moving events sends its quickening dart sometimes into

even such forsaken corners. Sunset is only recovering, after these years, from such a shock. I may amuse you awhile by telling the story. Many have laughed over it; many have cried over it. It is certainly ridiculous enough to warrant the mirth, and sufficiently pathetic to call for the tears.

The day had been warm for September, and the dust lay thick and sensitive along the road winding over the hills and dipping into the oval-shaped valley comprising a large share of the town mentioned, and the two wayfarers plodding ahead with alternate fits of moving and resting, as their sluggish natures dictated, kicked up such a cloud of dry particles of earth as to give their figures a shadowy appearance, not unlike the veil of mist overhanging the mythological brothers of Osmedes, always advancing toward the sunlight but doomed to keep within the pale of gloom.

That they were not common tramps was evident from their affected gentility of dress and manners. Both were in what is poetically styled the prime of life, though threads of silver were streaking the brown, wavy hair of the foremost, and the crows' feet of time had begun to trace their pencilings upon a countenance which still held a claim to good looks, if deprived somewhat of manly grace by an air of recklessness that is the legacy of long contact with the seamy side of life. His garments bore ample proof of long service, and certain places called plainly for patches more substantial than the coating of brown dust modestly set by invisible hands upon the threadbare cloth.

His companion was ten years his junior, and with this decade to his credit his features happily retained their youthful frankness and freshness. He was taller than his friend and of more slender build, with a step more elastic. But this was not particularly to his credit, for ten years hence he might not be able to boast of this. If the other had been an adventurer of long standing, he had been a football of fortune longer than he could remember, and to-

day he followed this chance acquaintance without any settled object in his mind.

On the crest of the hill overlooking the egg-shaped landscape, with its bottom of plain and rim of mountains, the older man paused abruptly, facing his companion with his hands in his pockets and a peculiar pucker on his lips, which gave forth no sound for a brief time. The sudden break in the advance of the twain, for the younger quickly imitated the example of the other, seemed to have been a signal for the squirrel in the tree-top over their heads to check its flying journey along its railroad of the air. With cheeks puffed out with their freight of beechnuts, it was moving to its winter bin, it looked shyly down on the intruders. A sharp call from its mate, on a distant perch, was unheeded by this alarmed sentinel, though the silent partner of the firm gained courage as it continued to watch the suspicious strangers. Farther away could be heard the shrill exclamations of several of their kindred, happily unconscious of the discovery which had awakened the fears of the one nearest the road. Ringing sharply above these chirps of innocent glee sounded the notes of a jay, as it shot hither and thither on what seemed an aimless quest, while higher than this light-hearted bird, looking like a swallow on the blue ceiling of space, circled lazily in its trackless path a hawk, sending forth an occasional cry of mirthless derision.

"What do you say, old man," began the older of the twain, when he had taken a swift survey of his surroundings, "will you wager your last penny that not a soul in the old town will remember me?"

"Not the *last* but the *first* I see rolling my way, Reuben Rover. So I go you one better. If the conditions do not suit you, please remember that a man is not expected to have money without a pocketbook, or a pocketbook without money. Neither does the careful financier boast of his resources on the king's highway. But letting alone such a trivial affair as an understanding of what is already known

between the members of a business firm without capital or patronage, how long did you say it had been since you ran away from the town which I judge lies at our feet?"

"As if I had not told you until my tongue is black and blue. I have a notion to emblazon it on a placard as large as a door and fasten the same to your stupid self! In the first place I did not *run* away; I walked every step, upon my honor I did. For the last time I will graciously inform you, Leonard Quiver, that it has been just twenty years and four days since I shook the dust of Sunset Flats from my heels. It was on the night of the twenty-second, as I shall always remember—the night of the party at Cale Wheat's—when I left father and home in a huff, and as if fate was not satisfied with what had been done, Mary Temple and I quarreled."

"Let me see," said his companion, referring to a piece of well-thumbed pasteboard, "that agrees with what you told this morning, but about noon—"

"Close your mouth! I don't care what I said under the sweltering sun of noonday, what I say last is always correct. But let argument alone. You will agree with me that never were two poor mortals more completely strapped," turning a ragged pocket inside out as he spoke.

"Strapped and starved!" declared the other, adding, "mighty fine alliteration that. Do you weaken, Rube, now you draw near to the citadel of your hopes? Have you still the moral courage to face the paternal head of the old home?"

"Is it possible you have known me for ten years, shared my dry crusts in adversity and my gold-crusts cake in prosperity, and ask that foolish question? Did I weaken under the great test or life in death in Tukestan? Did I show the white feather in Moscow, even when the mad rabble of wild Russians were clamoring for our lives? Not I, who has wandered the wide world over, and who has drained to its dregs the cup of misfortune. I was a headstrong youth beyond doubt, but he might have dealt more kindly

with me. A little less of harshness on his part would have kept me at home, where I belonged. But he determined to break my will, forgetting it was the honest inheritance that came to me from him. We quarreled over a trifle and we parted, each blaming the other.

"I need not tell you how forcibly that parting scene came back to me this very morning when we were at that little railroad station where we stopped a few minutes. You may not have noticed them, but I saw a father and son there waiting for the train. The young man was stoutly built and taller than his father, a manly boy and the superior of his parent as regards physical appearance. But the two seemed to be on the most happy terms, and I could hear the father giving his son, of whom I could see he was proud, some parting instruction while they stood there. Then the cars came thundering into the station, and while they clasped hands the boy stooped and kissed his father, gently, reverently, as was most fitting. With this precious adieu they parted, the old man looking proudly, hopefully after his son. Do you think a boy trained under such an influence will ever go astray? Never. The sweet power of a mother's kiss has been sung by the poets and praised by philosophers, but there is a lasting memory for good in a father's kiss, and the boy who is thus blessed will never sow his wild oats.

"But if the governor still nurses the embers of his anger toward me, I have a friend at court whom I am sure will secure me a glad reception. Ay, Leonard Quiver, there will be no fatted calf killed to honor the return of this prodigal, but I can assure you of a cordial greeting. I have one of the best mothers in all the world, and she has not forgotten or condemned her wayward son. How many times have I thought of her, and I do not understand now how I have delayed this home coming so long.

"What a nine days' wonder it will be! How the gossipers will talk and speculate. I can see the circle of them gathered in Squire Newbegin's store. There is old Frost

with me. A little less of business on his part would have
 best meet home where I belonged. But he determined
 to break my will, forgetting it was the honest intention
 that came to me from him. We parted over a table
 and regretted, each blaming the other.

"I need not tell you how hardly that parting
 came back to me this very morning when we were at that
 little railroad station where we stopped a few minutes.
 You may not have noticed them, but I saw a father and
 son there waiting for the train. The young man was
 strongly built and taller than his father, a manly boy and the
 superior of his parent in regard to physical appearance. But
 the two seemed to be on the most happy terms, and I
 could hear the father giving his son of whom I could see
 he was proud some parting instruction while they stood
 there. Then the cars came thundering into the station
 and while they clanged behind the boy stepped and bowed
 his father, gently, respectfully, as was most fitting. With
 this parting advice they parted, the old man looking
 proudly, happily after his son. Do you think a boy
 turned under such an influence will ever go wrong?
 Never. The sweet power of a mother's love has been
 sung by the poets and praised by philosophers, but there is
 a lasting memory for good in a father's eye, and the boy
 who is thus blessed will never go far from me."

"But if the Government will remove the statue of his
 father toward me, I have a friend to point whom I am sure
 will secure me a glad reception. My friend, Captain
 there will be no father will stand so near the statue of
 this prodigal but I can assure you of a wonderful gratifica-
 I have one of the best soldiers in all the world and the best
 not forgotten or forgotten my own son. This young
 since have I thought of him, and I do not understand now
 how I have changed this home coming to him."

"What a fine day, wouldn't it well be? How the boys
 signs will tell and speculate. I can see the truth of them
 Colonel in Spenser's story. There is old John

Fritters, bent nearly double with the rheumatism ; Captain Eb, so good-natured he is foolish ; Deacon Goodwill, so tight and straight-laced that his soul has become squeezed into the crown of his tall hat ; Lish Whittle, who looks upon life as a pine stick and work as a jack-knife ; Life Story, the champion philosopher of storyland ; Old Chellis, the town pauper—shade of the Himalayas ! won't our coming be a rare treat to such a rare crowd ? ”

“ You talk as if this fine flock of fellows—did you mark that fine alliteration ?—were waiting for you, forgetting it has been twenty years since a little tiff with your sweetheart sent you out into the world's Sahara. Changes take place in that time, and men and women come and go. ”

“ Not in such a slow-going town as this. Mark my word, we shall find the same tattling gossipers ready to retail the story of the prodigal's return who were there to gloat over his going away, ” starting forward at a more rapid gait on the descending way.

Freed from its cause of alarm the squirrel skipped to join its mate with the story of what it had seen, while a belated cricket took up the notes of its broken song. Overhead the hawk descended into a smaller circle, and the jay became silent.

“ How the years help to strengthen the sight, ” declared the returning prodigal, communing with himself rather than addressing directly his companion. “ Not even when I was living among them did the features of the old town stand out so plainly and prominently as they do now. We have come through a gateway between two mountains. This miniature Alp upon our right is known in local geography as ‘ Old Augatuck, ’ an Indian name said to mean ‘ Smoky Chief. ’ This lower and more crooked range on our left, tapering away to the hills on the north, is ‘ Rainbow Mountain, ’ while the foothills on the east are dubbed ‘ Beetle Ridge. ’ The scattered dwellings dotting the hillside and height comprise a portion of the town of Hillgrove, called the Beetle Ridge district. Lower down, where you see a pass-

Forster bent nearly double with the rheumatism; Cassin
 El, as good-natured as a fool; Deacon Goodwin, as
 light and straight-backed as his soul has become, pressed
 into the crown of his tall hat; Lish Whittle, who looks
 upon life as a pine stick and works as a jack-knife; Lish
 Story, the sensation photographer of the town; and the
 town people—heads of the Hibernians, and the
 big, big crowd to such a rare crowd.

"You talk as if this fine flock of fellows—did you
 mark that fine illustration—were waiting for you, forget-
 ting it has been twenty years since a little old man with
 sweetest went out into the world's Sahara. 'Changes
 take place in this time and man and woman come and go.'"

"Not in such a showy way as that. What my
 word, we shall find the same faithful supporters ready to
 tell the story of the past; the women who were there to
 float over his 'sing away,' standing forward as a more rapid
 fall on the descending way."

Fixed from the corner of vision the speaker stepped on
 her face with the story of what it had seen, while a
 belated caller took up the train of the broken way.
 Overhead the hawk descended into a swollen circle and the
 joy became silent.

"How the years help to strengthen tonight," declared
 the returning guest, surrounded with himself rather than
 addressing directly his companion. "Not even when I was
 living among them did the history of the old town stand
 out so clearly and prominently as they do now. We have
 come through a gateway between two generations. The
 miniature life upon our right is known to each separately
 as 'Old America,' as father, mother and to know. Surely
 that the first and most essential thing on our left
 tapering way to the hills on the north is a narrow stream-
 bed, while the foothills on the east are called 'Little
 Ridge.' The ancient history of the hills and the
 high country is written in the town as it is written in the
 North Ridge itself. I can hear it as I hear it now."

way between the highlands, hidden from us by the woods, is a small cluster of houses making up the settlement known as 'The Harbor.' But you must not think that speck of water you see gives it that name. The nickname originated in the days of the pioneers, when a blockhouse there made it a harbor of safety to the Indian-haunted settlers. The pond is called the 'Old Chief's Mirror,' shortened to 'The Mirror.' But, like most names thus bestowed, the term is a misnomer. With its boggy shores and sunless depths, it is anything but clear. Though two streams uniting below us, run through the valley, passing within a short distance of this pond, this stagnant pool has neither visible inlet or outlet, and it is claimed on authority that has never been disproved that it is bottomless. A sort of infernal well, it boils and surges in its ugly moods in a manner calculated to frighten the timid. Straight ahead, as the road runs, is the principal settlement of Foxcraft called 'Sunset Flats.'

"The soil of the lowlands is light and unproductive, while that of the hillsides is rocky and shallow. 'Like earth like men,' as the saying goes, the inhabitants are people of moderate means. To make it worse for them there has been a constant warfare existing between the residents of Foxcraft and Beetle Ridge. Just how this rivalry began not even the 'oldest inhabitant' could ever give any clear account. Tradition says that the territory making up the towns was inherited by two brothers, twins, who immediately began to dispute in regard to a division of their inheritance. Finally one settled in the valley and the other on the hill, to become the leaders of other pioneers founding homes about them. But the brothers grew more and more jealous of each other, and this bitterness of feeling was shared by their respective followers. So intense did this animosity become that he who dwelt to the east, on the hill, in order to keep the morning sun from lighting the path of his brother, built a high fence on his elevated domains, spiking hemlock slabs upon cedar posts that he swore would

outlast any living man. Not to be outdone in such cunning, the other brother climbed the rocky ridge forming his background, and raised a still higher barrier on stone uprights to shut out the sunsets from his rival. These and sundry other performances that no one can believe have all been preserved in the legendary accounts of those 'good old days,' and have served to keep the flame of animosity alive.

"If this utter lack of brotherly love made such sightless mortals of these two, their successors became zealous legatees of the unfortunate trust. Sunset might have been the shire town of the county but for the opposition of Beetle Hill or, putting the shoe on the other foot, the Hill town might have gained the coveted honor but for the relentless enmity of the rival at its feet. So it has been in everything."

Keeping up a desultory conversation, the couple continued to draw nearer to the country hamlet which was their destination. Two or three small farmhouses, showing little signs of thrift, and which were closed on this particular afternoon, were passed, when they came in sight of one of those private graveyards which were once so common in New England. The size of this showed that it belonged to several families. The rays of the westering sun fell with subdued effect over grassless sandbanks, and threw deepening veils of shadow over flattened mounds barren of flowers and verdure of all kinds. Down in one corner a bed of that wild plant, half weed, half flower, known in country parlance as "life everlasting," illustrated fitly here the aptness of its name. Otherwise, even if this humble object deserved to become an exception, there was in this little "village of silence" no flower, no grass, no tree, only the carpet of sand laid with tacks of gravel, whose rust-colored heads dotted promiscuously the surface worn and wrinkled where the spade of the sexton had failed to smooth out its scars, and the slanting beams of the September sun draped each headstone with shadowy crape.

Like a solemn mourner lingering near the sacred scene, a solitary crow sat crooning in a pine that grew some rods away. At the sight of new-comers he rose silently on his dark wings and disappeared.

A rounded tumulus of earth formed the center of the yard, where a few withered specimens of vegetation showed that some one had sprinkled the spot with forget-me-nots, and the first object to catch the attention of the wayfarers was a massive granite column marking the place.

"By jove!" exclaimed Quiver, "that's a fine monument to be raised on such poor land as this. It must have been somebody of importance."

"I do not know who could have died in this vicinity of sufficient consequence to call for such a memorial, unless some rich or titled stranger died from starvation while passing through the town. Let's look the place over. There may be something for us to learn here."

The gate was secured against entrance by a heavy padlock, but they quickly scaled the stone wall, and a minute later were wandering amid the graves. An entire stranger in this vicinity, Leanord Quiver found little to interest him, but his companion scanned with eager gaze such of the headstones as bore inscriptions that could be deciphered. He had not gone far, however, before he emitted a whistle from between his pursed-up lips, and he followed it with the remark:

"It looks so my reputation as a prophet would have stood better had we kept away from this place, which holds the secrets of the past locked in breasts that never betray their trusts. Here is the grave of old Frost Fritters, who fell under the frost of Time some five years ago. The plain stone confesses to seventy-five years that he managed to fritter away on earth. Let's look farther, and we shall get a fair idea of those who are left, every man of whom I dare say I can call by name. Egad! here is Justin Jones, who died young, as the good should, to save their reputation. I see nothing of the grave of that deluded make-

shift, old Chellis, so Sunset must keep its pauper! It is a punishment, I dare say, for its wickedness! Halloa! here lies a schoolmate of mine, who helped me build many a youthful castle. He and I often planned how we would see the world together, and our geographies were marked from cover to cover with the places we would visit when we became men. He barely lived to manhood, while it was left for me, a runaway, to traverse the globe from corner to corner, if a spherical body can have a corner. But, after all, life holds no triumph like the dream of anticipation, and no success like the—"

Reuben Rover, who was addressing himself more than his friend, suddenly checked his speech. He had paused in front of the granite monument that stood so conspicuously on the summit of the yard.

"Is it possible he has gone, too?" he asked in a lower and more serious tone. Then, in a still lower voice, he read from the inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of Aaron F. Newbegin, the only Son—" stopping in the middle of the sentence, while his companion saw a swift pallor overspread his features. "So the Squire is not dead after all, but it is his son. I do not understand this. There is a mystery here. Let me see; the inscription says he died the year following my hasty departure, aged nineteen years and four months."

"You knew him?" questioned Quiver, looking up from the weather-stained headstone he was examining with a listless interest.

"Knew him? I ought to, Leonard Quiver, for I do not mind telling you now that *I am he!*"

If for a moment the other thought he was jesting, the earnestness of his voice and the look of anxiety which had suddenly swept over his countenance was proof positive that he was sincere in what he said. It was a minute or more before the first found courage to say:

"So you are the son of this Squire Newbegin of whom I have heard you speak? If that is so, how does it come

shift, old Chellis, so Susan must keep its garter! It is a punishment I dare say, for its weakness! Hullo! here's a schoolmate of mine who helped me build with a youthful castle. He and I often planned how we would set the world together, and our geographies were marked to us even to cover with the places we would visit when we became men. He barely lived to adulthood while it was left for me a doorway, to traverse the globe from coast to coast, if a spiritual body can have a corner. But, after all, life holds no triumph like the dream of anticipation, and no success like this—

Herbert Haver, who was addressing himself more than his friend, suddenly checked his speech. His hand pointed in front of the granite monument that stood as a sentinel on the summit of the yard.

"Is it possible he has gone too?" he asked in a lower and more nervous tone. "There is a well known voice he read from the inscription."

"I started to the highway at Adam V. Newbury's, the only son—" stopping in the middle of the sentence, while his companion saw a swift motor overtake his horse. "So the spirit is not dead after all but it is his son. I do not understand this. There is a mystery here. Let me see; the inscription says he died the very following day; partly departed aged nineteen years and four months."

"You know him?" questioned Q. I. W., looking up from the weather-stained notebook he was carrying with a listless interest.

"Know him? I ought to, Leonard Quinby, for I do not mind telling you now that I am his."

It was a moment the other thought he was feeling the shock of the blow and the look of anxiety was a sad one. But he was not his companion was just a child, and he was not in what he said. It was a child's or more like the first school exercise in it.

"So you are the son of this spirit?" "No, of whom I have heard and read. What is so new about it?"

that he has erected a noble monument to your memory?"

"Ask me something easier. I am fogged. It isn't every man who has the privilege of living to read his own epitaph."

"Probably the old man looked upon you as dead when you left him in that unceremonious manner."

"But I am credited here with living a year after I parted from him. No, Leonard Quiver, there must be some other explanation. I will confess I do not understand it. Look! there is another inscription. Read it, Leonard. A dimness has come over my eyes. They have not been the best since that fearful ordeal on Libyan Desert. Read it, Leonard; read it softly!" and the speaker, now trembling with emotion, turned aside with downcast gaze.

"It says," began Quiver in a gentle tone, "that Mary, wife of Aaron Newbegin, died on the tenth of October, 18—"

The returned prodigal stood with bowed head for, what seemed to his friend, a long time, until a low, impressive voice from the distance fell upon the solemn silence by saying:

"All men are equal in death. The only gold buried in the grave is the memory of an honest name, and the only poverty is the lack of good deeds done in the flesh. No one should be judged by the size of his monument. Who drops a penny here helps to pay for a tombstone to the memory of a man who deserved better treatment at the hands of those whom he trusted not wisely but too well."

CHAPTER II

THE DEAD LETTER

An' I set an' rule the people, for I now am sillickman.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

At the very hour the returned prodigal and his companion were entering the town of Foxcraft, in a manner that gave little indication of the intense purpose behind their listless movements, the selectmen of the country hamlet were in session in the little dingy room partitioned off from the large hall on the second floor, and dignified by the name of "Selectmen's Office." The meeting had not called out, as yet, any visitors to the small apartment at the head of the winding stairs, which fact seemed to show that there was no business at this time of any importance to demand the attention of the taxpayers. Outward appearances are often deceptive, and in this case the calm upon the surface of public affairs was quickly to change to the black storm which swiftly follows the unnatural stillness of the elements preceding it.

As if he anticipated the importance of the issue at stake, it must be allowed that a marked degree of solemnity was apparent in the demeanor of the chairman of the board, a tall, loose-jointed, angular man of sixty, by the name of Ebenezer Root, as he took his accustomed place at the head of the table. His stiff gray hair stood up with rigid straightness, while a rim of yellowish whiskers formed an ox-bow under his chin, with ends running up on either side connecting it to the bristling locks above with a sort of hook-and-eye hold, framed in a face of rugged simplicity. Just now a look of perplexity, if not of some graver influence, overspread each feature.

On his right sat the second member of the board, Deacon Timothy Goodwill, trying to stick together two bits of

CHAPTER II

THE DEAD TOWN

As I sat on the porch, the wind blew from the west.

—THE DEAD TOWN

At the very hour the returned prodigal and his companion were entering the town of Prescott, in a quarter that gave little indication of the income tax-payers behind their hither movements, the subjects of the country had not yet been in session in the little dingy room partitioned off from the large hall on the second story and dignified by the name of "Deputy's Office." The meeting had not yet called out, as yet, any motion in the small apartment at the head of the winding stairs which had seemed to show that there was no business at this time of any importance to demand the attention of the taxpayers. Citizens appeared now and then, however, and in this case the case upon the subject of public affairs was waiting to change in the black storm which would follow the unusual effort of the elements presented.

As it be anticipated the importance of the hour of state, it must be allowed that a great deal of attention was spent in the department of the chairman of the board, a tall, loose-jointed, angular man in many of the ways of the world. He took the accustomed place at the head of the table. His tall grey hair stood up with rigid straightness, while a row of white teeth, which looked as if they were wither up on the side of the connecting it to the twisting hair above with a sort of book and the foot, formed in a line of perfect symmetry. Just now a look of sympathy, it was of some great man, came over his face.

On his right sat the young member of the board, Mr. Timothy Goodell, trying to make a good thing of it.

paper with a mixture of flour and water, a pinch of the former having been brought by him from his home. He was a tall, spare man, clothed in a well-worn suit of black which hung so loosely on his attenuated figure that it seemed as if he was about to step from the whole outfit. In a chair by his side stood upside down as a receptacle for a variety of papers a tall white hat of a style long since out of date. Its huge bell-crown was literally stuffed with documents of a decidedly legal appearance, many of them stained with perspiration and the sparse hair on the head of the wearer.

At the foot of the table, but not far removed from his companions, as that article of furniture was not large, sat the third man, who was quite dissimilar from the others. A few more years on this side of the allotted threescore and ten remained to his credit than belonged to the twain described. He was a little under six feet in height, while he was more heavily built than the deacon and more compact than the chairman. His features showed more firmness than those of the latter, and a certain repose which the former's lacked. Clear blue eyes peered out from under beetling brows with a sharpness not often discerned in orbs of that color, while the Roman nose and square chin denoted both firmness and moderation in his manner. He was clothed in a gray business suit. If quiet and unassuming, he impressed the observer as one not only master of himself but a person likely to master others. His name was Aaron Newbegin, though he was more often called "Squire Newbegin," or the "Squire," a name better known than that of any other within a radius of many miles. If serving now as the last on the board, he had the advantage of his companions in the fact that he had had an experience of over twenty years as one of "the town fathers," and generally as chairman. He was acting now under protest, and had shifted upon his colleagues all of the burden he could place upon them. Squire Newbegin was a busy man,

according to the common saying in town, "with more irons in the fire than all the others in Foxcraft."

As Chairman Root, whose everyday name was "Cap'en Eb," he having served in his younger days awhile as commander of a company of militia, sank into his high-backed seat, he pulled from an inner pocket a soiled and disfigured missive, holding it in his hands as if undecided whether to give it to one of his companions or return it to his pocket. It was this letter, evidently, which had given him his uneasiness, and as many of us do with trouble, he was reluctant to part with it. Squire Newbegin noticed his indecision, and asked,

"Got a letter, Eb?"

"Wa'al, I mus' say, Squire, it's beyond my mos' sartin tellin'. Yeou see it cum yesterday, to th' mayor o' Sunset, an' I bein' the cheermain o' th' board o' sillickmen Lias nacherally gin it tu me. Uv a sartinty I opened it, an, aw'al, I've been openin' it ever since. There be thet 'bout it thet I aint rested much since it cum. I got my son John to read th' pesky thing, I did, Squire, an' I snum he cudn't make more hoss-sense out'n it 'n I cud. Es th' time was so nigh fer us to git together I 'lowed I cud du but leetle better 'n tu wait fer our meetin'. Will yeou sort o' p'int out th' facts in it, Deacon?"

"Et 'd be a great privilege, Eben, but th' fact is my glasses air cracked so I'm aferred et'd bother me. Let th' Squire tackle et. He ought'r be good et guessin' out sich things seein' he writes sich a miserable hand hisself."

Squire Newbegin took the letter without appearing to notice the thrust made at him, but before he opened it he scrutinized the outward portion of the mysterious missive.

"Did you ever see th' beat on't, Squire?" asked the chairman. "It's all writ and stumped over es if it had been to Chiny and back."

"So it has pretty nearly, seein' it has the postmarks of as many as six postoffices, with something down here in

the corner I can't quite make out as to whether it's a postmark or a smirch of dirt. It's a dead letter."

"A whut, Squire?" cried the other, starting to his feet with surprise written upon his sun-taxed features. "I deon't jess ketch yer idee. I've seen most everything dead, but I never see a dead letter. It smells all right."

"I did not mean that, Captain. This letter seems to have been sent ont a long time ago—I should say about fifteen years, though the first date is blurred. For some reason the letter did not get here as it ought to have done, and it went to Washington, where it was opened and sent to another address. Let me see, the first postmark seems to have been Newmarket, fifteen years ago, and it got back to Newmarket in about three years. Then it was mailed again, with a new stamp, and—I vum! I begin to read the riddle. The first time it was sent out it was directed to Sunset, but that not being the name of the town or any postoffice here, of course it stands to reason it went astray. The next time it was sent out the name of Foxcraft was added. See; it was done by a different writer, and in different ink. This has been done recently, as one can see by the brightness of the color. It has taken it but one day and a night to get here this time. Now let's see if what is inside does not agree with what I have said."

Then, while his companions looked on with unfeigned wonder, Captain Root giving expression to such exclamations as "I snummy—I du say, what a fine thing eddication is," Squire Newbegin drew forth the contents of the well-worn envelope, just as the chairman wound up by saying:

"By gum, Squire, now I think on't, John said sumthin like thet, but I didn't quite ketch on. Nacherally I wouldn't at the fust tellin'. So thet is a dead letter? I mus' say I wus eenamos' afeerd uv th' pesky thing when yeou first dis-kivered whut it wus."

"The date inside bears me out in my surmise," said the Squire, unheeding the words of Captain Root. "The letter was written on September 28, 18—, fifteen years ago."

"Thet's whut my son John made out, but whut stivered him an' me wus how it could be fifteen year a-comin' from sich a leetle place as Newmarket. Uv course Lias didn't mislay it; sort uv fergit to put up in th' rack till—"

"Mislay it!" broke in the Squire; "haven't I said that the first time it never got here, but it went to the dead letter office at Washington. The second postmark was made only yesterday, or rather the day before, so it couldn't have been at the office here long."

"So yeou did, Squire," acknowledged the chairman. "Wa'al, thet clars one pint. Mebbe th' rest 'll gin in to yeou. I wish my son John was here to help yeou a bit."

Before reading the letter to his anxious colleagues, Squire Newbegin glanced hastily down the closely written page, which gave Deacon Goodwill opportunity to say:

"Must be th' ornery critter was shamed 'o whut he writ or he'd let go on't sooner th' second time. But then, ye can never tell. Sile Swett waited mor'n two year afore he heerd from his boy, an' then th' letter wus so siled an' mussed yit looked as if yit had been through a cider mill."

"Like 'nough it had, Deacon," assented Captain Root. "Yeou can never tell whut's comin'—I mean whut ain't comin'—when yeour boy's in th' ignerent city. My son John wus alwus pumpous 'bout writin', I can say thet. Read th' letter out loud, Squire. Nacherally we air a bit cur'us to hear whut a dead letter has to say. That is, th' Deacon is, seein' I hev heerd it read."

By this time Squire Newbegin had reached the end of the communication, to the bold signature, with the ornate flourish. Without further delay he read aloud:

SEPTEMBER 28, 18—.

To the Mayor of Sunset:

SIR — I do not think it is necessary for me to go into many details in regard to what I have to say. If you are as intelligent and well-informed in regard to town matters as you ought of be, you will not need this notice to let you know that I hold a note against your town for forty thousand dollars, with interest for several years. This note was given for money

"That's what my son John made out, but what else
 cred him and me was how it could be fifteen years ago, and
 from such a little place as Newmarket. It's a long time
 didn't realize it, sort of bright to put up in the back till—"
 "Maisy is," broke in the Spence; "haven't I said that
 the first time it ever got here but it went to the head and
 for office at Washington. The second gentleman was sent
 only yesterday, or rather the day before, so it couldn't have
 been at the office here long."
 "So you had heard," acknowledged the chairman.
 "We'll then clear our mind. Maybe it's not fit to go to
 you. I wish my son John was here to help you a bit."
 Before reaching the letter to his father's objection,
 Spence Newberry glanced hastily down the empty station
 page, which gave Thomas Goodwill opportunity to say:
 "Must be the wrong letter was sent, I think the
 with or had let go and I haven't heard since. But then
 you can never tell. But I don't think you'll find it
 he heard from the boy in time the letter was so short as
 missed my look, as it had been through a letter box."
 "Like enough it had," answered Captain Knox.
 "You can never tell what a letter—I mean what sort
 comes—when your boy's in the prisoner camp. My son
 John was there fourteen years, I can say that.
 Read the letter out loud, Spence. Naturally we'll be
 curious to hear what a good letter has to say. Don't you
 think it worth a read?"
 By this time Spence Newberry had reached the end of
 the communication, in the bold signature, with two words,
 Thomas. Without further delay he read aloud:

—

—

— I am sure that it is necessary for me to write you about it
 again in what I have to say. It is not as important as the other
 is, but it is very much so for me. I am sure that you will
 find it very much so for me. I am sure that you will find it
 very much so for me. I am sure that you will find it very much
 so for me. I am sure that you will find it very much so for me.

borrowed of Justin Bidwell, who is now dead, and whose heir I am. Therefore I expect you will pay this without longer delay. I will call upon you in person in a few days, bringing the note, and expecting to get all of my money.

Very truly yours,

TRISTAM BIDWELL.

After a silence of a few minutes, during which Squire Newbegin was busy with his thoughts, Chairman Root ventured to say:

"Wa'al, Squire, du you git th' hull on't inter yeour head to wunst?"

"His meaning is quite plain, though he seems like a hoss that ain't quite certain what it is going to do, and sort of fills in the intervals by kicking and balking."

"Say, Squire, heow'd it du fer my son John to writ him, an' sort o' pound in all the big words he kotched up at coolidge?" The redoubtable captain intended to mean by the last word "college," where his "son John" had spent three years, more or less, in getting an education, under general principle meaning considerable "less."

"I see no need of that," replied the Squire. "But here's another paper. Let me see what this has to say. This has been written recently, as a sort of continuation of the other. It says simply:

I shall be with you at once. Have the money ready.

T. B.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed the Deacon, thet reads more like bizness. It's thet ol' claim o' thet Bidwell agin th' taown. Hain't ye consarned over et, Squire?"

"I don't intend to lose any sleep over a dead letter. The writer puts me in mind of the fable of the ass hunting wild goats in a lion's skin. He put on this skin expecting it would give him such a frightful appearance that he would scare the goats into easy victims. But when he came to a cave filled with them he forgot his assumed character and he began to bray as loud as he could. The goats, which at first had been terrified by his outward appearance, now grew

removed to Louis. He was in a bad way, and after that I was
 Thomas I was not far from the door. I was not far from
 you in a way, and I was not far from the door. I was not far from
 my room.

Very truly yours,

TRISTAN BURELL

After a silence of a few minutes, during which Spence
 Newgate was busy with his thoughts, Christian Most was
 turned to say:

"What, Spence, do you get the ball out of your
 head to waste?"

"His meaning is quite plain, though he seems like a
 fool that isn't quite certain what it is going to do, and not
 of this in the hands of kicking and hitting."

"Say, Spence, how'd it do for my son John to win
 him, an' not a pound in all the big money he collected as
 at college?" The remarkable captain intended to mean
 by the last word "college," where he "won John," and
 spent three years, more or less, in getting an education
 under General Pittman's management."

"I see no need of that," replied the agent. "The
 paper's number paper. Let me see what this has to say
 This has been written recently, as a sort of continuation of
 the other. It says simply:

I shall be with you at once. These the money made.

T. B.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed the General, that made most
 like him. "It's that of claim a few days ago to
 down. I don't intend to lose any sleep over a thing like
 that."

"I don't intend to lose any sleep over a thing like
 that. The whole point was in mind of the table of the
 table. It was in a bad way. It was in a bad way. It was
 it would give him such a frightful appearance that he would
 waste the night into early morning. But why he came to a
 cave filled with them he forgot his momentary interest and
 he began to pray as loud as he could. The prayer which he
 had had been terrified by his outward appearance that grew

bold and ventured to go out where he was kicking and braying. Surprised at this the ass asked them why they hadn't been scared into giving up at once, when the goats told him he had betrayed his true character by his foolish noise. This man shows the weakness of his case by the manner in which he states it."

"But there is a claim against the taown fer sum sich a sum, isn't there?" asked the cautious deacon. "Th' taown did borrow money of a man named Bidwell, which some say never has been paid?"

"It did borrow money—forty thousand dollars—but it was paid, and the man died a long time ago."

"But sposin' he should turn up alive—or sumbuddy else should—an' he should cum like an ass in a lion's skin, d'ye really think he has enny showin'?"

"Sposin' my bay mare had a ringbone, would she be worth as much as she is now?"

"Wull, I ruther conclude not, Squire, though I'm not boastin' o' my jedgment on hoss flesh, seein' I never traffic in th' ungodly—I mean I never—seldom—swap hosses," stammered the other, growing very red in the face.

"Who in thunder said anything about swappin' hosses, Deacon? You seem to have got the cart before the hoss. But let that alone. There is a great deal of 'sposin'' in this Bidwell claim against the town. There will be time enough—come in!"

The break in Squire Newbegin's speech was caused by a timid rap at the door, and in answer to his summons a woman entered the apartment with an air of hesitation, while she glanced anxiously over the little group about the table. She was still on the sunny side of forty, and her countenance retained something of the beauty and grace of her earlier womanhood, though it bore unmistakable traces of grief and anxiety. As if to conceal this she had drawn forward over her face the old-styled bonnet she wore until it was half-hidden by its shadows. Her slender figure was clothed in a gray dress looking sombre and faded.

bold and ventured to go out where he was kicking and praying. Surprised at this the men asked them why they hadn't been seated into giving up at once when the boys told him he had betrayed his first master by his foolishness. This man showed the weakness of his case by the manner in which he spoke.

"There is a shadow on your face," said the man, "I know you, I know," asked the cautious doctor. "I know your borrow money of a man named Hildred, which means you never has been paid."

"It is borrow money—very honest debt—but it was paid, and the man died a long time ago."

"But again he should turn up alive—or somebody else should—no, he should turn up in a man's skin, d'ye really think he has any shadow?"

"Spoken, my boy, and a shadow, would you be worth as much as that is now?"

"Well, I rather consider that spoken, though I am not positive, but I am not so sure, I have made in it myself—I mean I never—never—never."

answered the other, growing very red in the face. "Who is that man and anything about weapons, horses, horses?"

"Horse? You seem to have got the cart before the horse. But let that alone. There is a great deal of shadow, in this Hildred claim against the town. There will be time enough—come in!"

The break in Spenser's speech was caused by a timid tap at the door, and in answer to the summons a woman entered the apartment with an air of hesitation, while she glanced anxiously over the little group there. The girl who sat on the right side of the doctor, but her countenance retained something of the beauty and grace of her earlier womanhood, though it was unrecognizably changed and weary. As if to attract the eye and draw forward over her face the old-world beauty she wore with it was half-hidden by its shadow. Her shadow figure was seated in a gray dress looking towards the doctor.

Pushing back her bonnet slightly, she addressed Squire Newbegin:

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Newbegin, and I will go away in a moment. But they are going to sell my home this afternoon, and I have come to see if you cannot save it for me. You have been very kind to me in the years past. It is breaking mother's heart and mine. He insisted on having the money, and I told him the truth when I said I didn't have a cent."

"Why didn't you come to me before, Mary Temple?"

"I had come so many times I was afraid to come again, but mother said I must come, and my husband said if I could put off Mr. Crafts a little longer he would get the money."

"A fig for all that worthless husband of yours ever said, Mary. Forgive me for the harsh words. I will see what can be done for you and your mother. I suppose really Crafts' mortgage is for more than the place is worth, or what it would bring under the hammer. How did you come to have this indebtedness?"

"I got the money for Norton. He thought he could replace it before it came due."

"You should have known better than to have trusted him, Mary. I am not upbraiding you for your mistake. You have been honest, and I am sorry for you. Where is your husband now?"

"He went away yesterday with a couple of strange men, and I have not seen him since. I wish he were here, for I need him so much."

"He has been no help to you, Mary, but a hindrance. It is rather late now to stop the sale, but I will see what can be done. I was planning to go to the auction anyway."

Mary Temple bowed and, seeing nothing could be gained by remaining, left the room.

"I kalkilate she has larned by this time et would hev been better to hev not married thet wuthless cousin o'

hern, Norton Temple," declared Deacon Goodwill. "He's nuthin but a miserable sot ennyway, an' how—"

"Tut-tut, Deacon; what's done cannot be undone. Norton Temple has been a burden to her, but Mary's been loyal to him. I'm sorry for her."

"Mebbe ye think o' takin' up th' mortgage," said the other. "There ain't menny farms in town that ye ain't got a claim on."

"Too many, Timothy; too many. I am mortgage poor. Halloa, Nat! What trouble do you bring, my daughter?"

"Nothing quite so serious as the load poor Mary is carrying, I trust, father," replied a new-comer, stepping lightly into the room. "Aren't you going to help her save her home?"

The fair, girlish speaker, whose roseate face was framed in a waving fringe of dark hair, with black eyes that mirrored the clear, bright light of an intelligent mind, advanced rapidly to his side, laying a soft, shapely hand upon his broad shoulder as she finished speaking. It required but a glance of the most indifferent observer to comprehend that she was a gentle prototype of him, a brave, stern, undaunted spirit, modified by womanly delicacy and beauty. In her presence his manner lost its aggressive determination, and he seemed the kindest of parents; not that he was ever unkind to her.

"I fear you are too late, Natalie," he replied slowly. "What, going?" he asked of the others, who had risen as if to leave.

"Why, ya'as," replied Captain Root. "Yeou see most everybuddy 'll be tu th' auction, I thought mebbe I'd go. Th' Deacon thinks 's haow he'll stiver hum. I swan, Nat! he concluded, looking squarely upon the fair visitor, "Yeou grow harnsomer every blessed day o' yeour life."

With this rather blunt compliment, which she did not think called for any reply, the chairman and his companion left the father and daughter alone.

him, Norton Temple, declared Gordon Goodell. "He's outside but a miserable wet squawky, no how—"

"Trotter, Gordon, what's show cannot be shown. Norton Temple has been a burden to me, but Mary's been loyal to him. I'm sorry for her."

"Maybe he think's 'takin' up the mortgage," said the other. "There ain't money 'tains in town that he ain't got a claim on."

"Too many Timothy; too many. I am mortgage poor. Hallelu! What trouble do you bring my daughter?"

"Nothing quite so serious as the bad poor Mary is carrying. I trust, father," replied a two-dollar, swinging lightly into the room. "Aren't you going to help her save her home?"

The tall, slender speaker, whose words had not passed in a waving fringe of dark hair with black eyes that mirrored the clear, bright light of an intelligent mind, advanced rapidly to the side, saying a soft, sharply kind word, his hand shadowed as the shadowed speaking. It was quiet but a flash in the most brilliant character of the completed that she was a gentle prototype of her brave, strong, substantial spirit, modified by womanly softness and beauty. In her presence his manner lost its aggressive determination, and he seemed the kindest of parents; not that he was ever wicked to her.

"I fear you are too late, Natalie," he replied slowly. "What going?" he asked of the others, who had come as if to leave.

"Why, yes," replied Captain Hunt. "You are too early. I'll be in the auction, I thought maybe I'd go. I think I shall wait until after dark. I want to see you concluded, looking rapidly upon the fair value. You grow handsome every second day of your life."

With this rather blunt compliment, which she did not think called for any reply, the chairman and his companion left the father and daughter alone.

"What is this, father?" asked the latter, whose gaze had fallen upon the mysterious letter which Captain Root had forgotten to take with him. Without waiting for his reply, she picked up the missive and hastily read it through.

"Why, father! this is the same matter Uncle Life was speaking to me about only a few minntes ago. He says two strange men have come to town, and that one of them is the man who holds this note. He is coming to claim the money. What is there about this business, father? You have never told me of it, except to evade my questions. And you have always been very frank in other matters. Tell me now what it means."

"Nothing that need trouble your little brain, Natalie. It is the memory of an affair that happened before you were born. At that time the town got into a corner over a railroad and a lawsuit and had to borrow forty thousand dollars. This money was borrowed of a man named Justin Bidwell, a relative of my first wife. This money was collected and supposed to have been paid, but there does not seem to be any proof of this fact in existence."

"What became of the note?"

"It was supposed to have been lost."

"Supposed? Do you not know, father?"

"Nobody does, Nat. It has never been produced."

"What if it should be?"

"Wait until it is, daughter, before you question me."

"Uncle Life told me that John Temple, Mary's father, was town treasurer at the time."

"He was."

"And you were collector and agent."

"I was," looking away to escape her piercing gaze, which somehow grew uncomfortable to him.

"Mr. Temple has been dead more than ten years," she continued, "and you are left alone to meet this charge, father. There is something wrong about it, and you have been worried over it."

"We will wait until the note has been produced before we begin to worry, Nat. Are you going to the auction?"

"How long ago was this note given, father?" she questioned, as if she was not to be turned from the thought uppermost in her mind.

"Nineteen years, child."

"Then it is outlawed long before this. Why didn't you tell me that before, father? and her countenance lightened.

"It was an attested note, good for twenty years, my daughter. But do not let such things trouble you. Come, let's go to the auction."

"Stay, father! if this note should be found it would be good for its principal and accumulated interest at six per cent."

"Unless we could find some proof that it had been paid."

"It would amount now to over one hundred thousand dollars," she resumed, mentally calculating on the sum the accrued interest would have reached, making her estimation roughly.

"I haven't cast the interest, nor do I see any—"

"Father, you have considered this. Your manner shows it. It has worried you. You realize that if this note is presented at this late day, but in season to save it, that Foxcraft is a bankrupt town, and you a ruined man!"

"I will defy the man to collect it without a bitter fight," he replied stubbornly, arising and leaving the room, followed by his daughter after a brief pause.

(Continued in the August number)



"We will wait until the note has been produced before we begin to worry, Nat. Are you going to the auction?"

"How long ago was this note given, father?" she questioned, as if she was not to be turned from the thought apparent in her mind.

"Thirteen years old."

"Then it is outwashed long before this. Why didn't

you tell me that before, father? and not wait until it was lighted?"

"It was an attested note, good for twenty years, my daughter. But do not let such things trouble you. Come let's go to the auction."

"Stay, father! if this note should be found it would be good for its principal and accumulated interest at six per cent."

"Unless we could find some proof that it had been paid."

"It would amount now to over one hundred thousand dollars," she remarked, earnestly calculating on the sum the accrued interest would have reached, making her estimate roughly.

"I haven't lost the interest, nor do I say any—"

"But you have considered this. Your manner shows it. It has worried you. You realize that if this note is presented at this time, but in season to save it, that I inherit a handsome town and you a round sum."

"I will defy the man to collect it without a bitter fight," he replied stubbornly, waving and leaving the room, followed by his daughter after a brief pause.

(Continued on the next page.)

The Good Old Farm

The following poem, which belongs to the famous "Old Corporal Series," was written by the Rev. Leander S. Coan, who was settled in Alton, N. H., for five years previous to September 24, 1880, the day of his death. He was the eldest son of Deacon Samuel Coan, of Garland, Me., and was born in Exeter, Me., November 17, 1837, a direct descendant of Peter Coan, who came to America from Worms, Germany, in 1715. On his maternal side he traced his ancestry back to the Pilgrims who came over in the "Mayflower." His poems had a wide circulation.

- "There's got to be a revival
Uv good sound sense among men,
Before the days uv prosperity
Will dawn upon us again.
The boys must learn that learnin'
Means more'n the essence uv books;
An' the girls must learn that beauty
Consists in more'n their looks.
- "Ef the boys all grow up savants,
Studyin' rocks 'n' bugs,
An' the girls grow up blue-stockin's
Or experts in kisses 'n' hugs,—
Who'll keep the old plow in order,
Or fix up the traces 'n' tugs;
Who'll sweep the floor uv the kitchen,
Or weave up the carpets 'n' rugs?
- "Before we can steer clear uv failures,
An' big financial alarms,
The boys have got to quit clerkin'
An' git back onto the farms.
I know it aint quite so nobby,
It aint quite so *easy*, I know,
Ez partin' yer hair 'n the middle
An' settin' up for a show.
- "But there's more hard dollars in it,
An' more independence, too,
An' more real peace 'n' contentment,
An' health that's ruddy an' true.
I know it takes years uv labor,
But yu've got to 'hang on' in a store
Before you can earn a good livin'
An' clothes, with but little more.

THE GOOD OLD FARM

"An' yer steer well clear uv temptation
On the good old honest farm,
An' a thousand ways 'n' fashions
That only brings ye to harm.
There aint but a few that can handle,
With safety, other men's cash,
An' the fate uv many who try it
Proves human natur' is rash.

"So, when the road to State's-prison
Lays by the good old farm,
An' the man sees a toillin' brother
Well out uv the way uv harm,
He mourns 't he hadn't staid there,
A-tillin' the soil in peace,
Where he'll yet creep back in dishonor
After a tardy release.

"What hosts uv 'em go back, broken
In health, 'n' mind, 'n' purse,
To die in sight uv the clover,
Or linger along, which is worse!
An' how many mourn when useless
That they didn't see the charm,
The safety 'n' independence,
Uv a life on the good old farm.

"So preach it up to 'em, parson,
Jest lay it out plain 'n' square,
That land flows with milk 'n' honey,
That health 'n' peace are there.
An' call back the clerks 'n' runners
An' show 'em the peace 'n' charm
That waits to cheer an' bless them,
On father's dear old farm."

The Corporal's farm bears witness,
His cottage is snug and trim,
The failures and embezzlements
Have no "hard times" for him.
Long may he live to enjoy it,
Free from financial harm,
A true New England nobleman,
Who thinks, while tilling his farm.



MR. J. H. HESSER, Principal
HESSER BUSINESS COLLEGE,
Manchester, N. H.



MR. J. H. HAZEN, President
Hazen Brothers Company
Boston, N. H.

Commercial Education

By AN OLD TEACHER



THE expansion of the Commercial Education idea during the past few years has been most remarkable, widespread, and, perhaps, unprecedented in all the annals of education. It is safe to assert that no other combination of studies has ever awakened such a popular demand as has the so-called business subjects. And this demand is real, not imaginary. It has been of a comparatively slow growth although general, and cannot be classed among the "fads" as was the craze for vertical penmanship which, it is sad to note, is still inflicted upon our children by some of our progressive (?) educators to their lasting distaste for the beautiful in pen art and a horrible chirographic habit.

Whence came our commercial education? From the Business Colleges. The exact time and location of the birth of the business college is a much discussed question in the fraternity and is loudly claimed by several more or less widely known business colleges of the present time. However, all agree that the first great impetus was given to the work about the close of the Civil War when a large number of business colleges sprang up in various cities and taught many of the returning soldiers "in three months" how to make fearful and wonderful beasts, birds, and serpents with a pen and enough bookkeeping to become bank cashiers, railroad presidents, etc., immediately (?).

Because of the extravagant claims of the enthusiastic promoters of those schools, the term business college came to be a by-word and their graduates the laughing-stock of the business men, nevertheless, employment was afforded them and the better ones "made good." As time passed,

the field of the business college came to be recognized as a very promising one for energetic men of good education and business skill and many of the old colleges drifted into such hands while new ones sprang up in every large city. The efforts of such progressive men made their enterprises profitable. Stenography was added to the course of study, but was in small favor until the invention of the typewriter added an important factor to the work of training office assistants. It then became possible for the stenographer to transcribe his notes with a rapidity before undreamed of and the worth of a stenographer in the business man's office became apparent.

In the earlier days of the business college the plan of selling tuition was to put a round price upon a scholarship, good for life and a few years longer, and sell it to any person who could be induced to buy through the eloquence of the promoter. The purchasers in many instances were persons of mature years who got all the training they desired (or could stand, for it was poor) in a few months and left, "graduated" or disgusted—often the one, more often the other. In the course of a few years this plan of selling tuition gave place to a monthly rate which is still in vogue except in rare instances where some fakir clings to the good old method of selling scholarships until he has bled the community and then turns his school over to some unsuspecting purchaser to teach out his contracts. Such methods had a tendency to keep down the business college, but progressive, honest intelligent men have gradually advanced commercial education until it is now on a high plane.

It may be very difficult for many persons who have been accustomed to term the business colleges as "educational scavengers" and to belittle their work, to believe that to them almost wholly belongs the credit of breaking down the barriers and making it possible for women to enter the business world, yet such is the case. About thirty years ago the late S. S. Packard of New York City

The field of the business college came to be recognized as a very promising one for energetic men of good education and business skill and many of the old colleges shifted into such tracks while new ones sprang up in every large city. The efforts of such progressive men made their colleges profitable. Stenography was added to the course of study and was at first taken with the invention of the typewriter added an important factor in the work of training office assistants. It soon became possible for the stenographer to transcribe his notes with a facility before unobtainable of and the worth of a stenographer in the business world's office became apparent.

In the earlier days of the business college the plan of selling tuition was to put a round plate upon a wheelbarrow, good for life and a few years longer and roll it on any one and who could be induced to pay through the eloquence of the promoter. The purchasers in many instances were persons of mature years who got all the training they desired for credit standing for it was good, in a few months and left "graduated," or "discharged"—often the one who often the matter. In the course of a few years this plan of selling tuition gave place to a monthly rate which is still in vogue except in rare instances where some little thing to the good old method of selling wheelbarrows will be seen. The community and then turn the wheel over to some unsuspecting purchaser to launch out his contract. Such methods had a tendency to keep down the business college but progressive business intelligence men have gradually advanced commercial education and it is now on a high plane.

It may be very difficult for many persons who have been accustomed to view the business college as "vocational scavenger," and to belittle their work to believe that to them almost wholly belongs the credit of breaking down the barriers and making it possible for women to enter the business world, yet such is the case. About thirty years ago there was a school of business in New York

took into his business college forty young women, taught them stenography and typewriting free of all cost and secured them positions in business offices to prove to the skeptical world that there was a place in business which women could fill. From that time to the present there has been a constant and growing demand for female stenographers and thousands of them have risen above mere office routine to positions of great trust and responsibility, while hundreds have launched into business for themselves and led other hundreds to do likewise because of their success. Thousands of young women have been left alone in the world suddenly, many times with children or invalid parents to support, and found every avenue to an honest livelihood, except the most menial, closed and sealed in their faces excepting the two which are held open by the business college—Bookkeeping and Stenography. Even teaching, women's ancient and honorable sphere, is tightly closed by rigid examination laws and peanut politics. But the business college extends encouragement, is untiring in its efforts to assist them (in scores of cases asking for no pay until they are able to earn it in their positions) and finally places them in situations where the rays of hope shine brightly. This they do, and for a charge which would be sneered at as a beggarly pittance by many schools which talk only of "culture" and teach little that is practical. Each year thousands of young men and women, many of whom are mere striplings from grammar or district schools, are trained in the business colleges to become useful members of society and go out into the world independent workers where they soon become important cogs in the business machine.

We take the privilege of quoting at this point, from an editorial by Orison Swett Marden in *Success Magazine* for June, the following:

"I believe that the business colleges are among the greatest blessings in American civilization to-day, because they have saved thousands of homes from being wrecked,

and have made happy and comfortable tens of thousands of people who might otherwise be living in poverty and wretchedness."

Such statements as the above have been brought about by the passage of the management of business colleges from the hands of the narrow-minded old fogies to the hands of progressive men of intelligence, integrity and business skill. Young men of broad general education, unbounded enthusiasm, with a wide grasp upon business conditions and demands and who are fully awake to the shortcomings (for it has shortcomings) of our other educational system, are now found in our best business colleges as teachers or principals where they boldly strike out along the lines of practicability and fearlessly attack the fallacy of the value of of studying certain dead things.

During the past few years the demands for training in the practical subjects, shown by the business colleges to be so valuable, have become so great that dignified colleges and universities are bending their lines to include such subjects, while the public high schools quite generally maintain popular commercial departments much to the chagrin of many principals who mourn because of the "cheapening of our educational system." Cheapening, indeed! Stand by the mummies no matter what our boys and girls must do for a living! Surely this awakening is nothing if not a revolt against the time-honored plan of training us from earliest infancy for the learned and polite professions only to the absolute exclusion of the demands of life. One young man who had started out on a course in the "ancients" and saw a life of toil ahead changed to a business college. In a few months he had a situation giving brighter promise than he had even hoped for and wrote his principal: "I do not regret, in fact I rejoice, that I exchanged my Greek and Latin books for a Shorthand Manual."

Recognition of the commercial subjects by university, college and high school has had a powerful tendency to

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Such statements as the above have been brought about by the message of the management of business colleges from the hands of the narrow-minded old logic to the hands of progressive men of intelligence, integrity and business skill. Young men of broad general education, unbounded energy, with a wide grasp upon business conditions and demands and who are fully awake to the shortcomings (or lack of shortcoming) of our other educational system, are now found in our best business colleges as teachers or principals where they boldly strike out along the lines of practicality and fearlessly attack the fallacy of the value of studying certain dead things.

During the past few years the demand for training in the practical subjects shown by the business colleges to be so valuable have begun to grow. That dignified colleges and universities are bestowing their liberal arts and sciences, while the public high schools give practically no training in popular commercial departments, is due to the change of many people's view about the value of the "classical" or "liberal" education. "Classical" indeed! Said by our educational system. "Classical" indeed! Said by the students in their own right and this must be for a reason. Surely this reasoning is nothing if not a revolt against the time-honored plan of training as they earliest infancy for the learned and polished professions only to the absolute exclusion of the demands of the day. One young man who had started out on a career in the "classics" and now a life of toil and struggle as a business man. In a few months he had a classical education. He had even found out that even though he had a classical education, he was not a classical scholar. In fact, I regret that I had changed my Greek and Latin books for a Spelling Manual.

Recognition of the commercial subjects by universities, colleges and high schools has had a powerful tendency to

attract better people to the business colleges as teachers, proprietors and students, and to elevate them in the estimation of all the people. Many business college principals and teachers are among the most alert of all classes for ideas that will elevate their profession and schools. Greater pains are taken, for instance, by business colleges to secure good teachers than are taken by any other class of schools, while some are models of enterprise and management.

There is in the city of Manchester one business college whose location, convenient appointments, equipments and management place it in a very favorable position among its contemporaries. This school was founded in 1900 by its principal and proprietor, Mr. J. H. Hesser, and has grown in popular esteem until it is now acknowledged by the fraternity as a leader of northern New England business training. Methods originating in this school have been adopted in many schools throughout the country while the success of its graduates is of the most gratifying kind. A visit to this school is well worth the time of any person who may be interested in the advancement of young people, while a course in it would certainly prepare any young person for an honorable position in the business world.

Industry

Count that hour forever lost

Which sees no duty done;

No success without a cost,

No victory ever won.

The Editor's Window

The Declaration of Independence, as the average school boy who makes hideous the memorable anniversary which he is trying to keep alive with his peculiar methods knows, was formally adopted by the Continental Congress July 4, 1776. Upon July 5 congress adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That copies of the Declaration be sent to the several assemblies, conventions and councils of safety, and to the several commanding officers of the continental troops, that it be proclaimed in each of the United States, and at the head of the army."

News traveled so much slower in those days that it was over a week before it reached New Hampshire, and it was not until the eighteenth instant that the General Court of the State, then sitting at Portsmouth, ordered that it be read with appropriate ceremonies. Before this day, says Belknap, the glad news was proclaimed in every shire town in the State by the beat of the drum, so the boys of to-day seem to have an example set them which would bear them out in their noisy acclaim of the event.

* * *

There is another Fourth of July in American history, which, while of a different meaning, makes it an important date nearly a hundred and fifty years before the adoption of the independence of the colonists. On July 4, 1632, only twelve years after the landing of the Pilgrims, and nine years after the beginning of the little settlement at the mouth of the Piscataqua, when the fate of the Amer-

ican colonies was scarcely worth the consideration of the statesmen, a little band of missionaries moored their frail craft under the frowning rock of Quebec. Here they remained that night, almost fearing to land. Behind them lay the broad St. Lawrence, their only avenue of escape had they been desirous of shirking the mission they had crossed the ocean to fulfill. On either bank hung the pathless wilderness, from out of whose shadowy depths peered the dusky features of that primitive race they had come to offer the light of the cross. Under the cliff the feeble settlement was founded by Champlain a quarter of a century before. Fathers Paul l'Jeune and Anne de Houe, with a lay brother named Gilbert, landed the following morning to begin at once the formation of those missions without which New France would have been but a dream.

* * *

Brewster, in his interesting Rambles about Portsmouth, tells the following story: An eccentric humorist once lived in Portsmouth by the name of Joseph Moses, but familiarly called "Doctor Moses." He became so great a favorite of Hon. Theodore Atkinson that when the latter was appointed a delegate to congress, which met at Albany in 1754, he took Doctor Moses along with him as a servant. Knowing his native wit, his master in the evening would call him to the parlor of the hotel, and while he and his companions enjoyed the punch bowl he would tell his droll stories. But with his humor Doctor Moses possessed an impudence and air of importance which at times became offensive. Upon one of these occasions he became so impertinent as to say to his honorable patron: "You ain't fit to carry garbage to a bear." "Man, you are too bold," exclaimed Mr. Atkinson. "I cannot listen to such words from you. You must either recall your remark or quit my service." "I will take back all I have said," replied the joker quickly. "*Your are fit!*" Nothing could be said to this, and the subject was dropped.

Our contributor, G. B. G., offers the following brace of stories:

Clergymen are supposed to have a peculiar talent for "improving" the occasion. How one of them did this among the Granite Hills in a witty and, let us hope, an edifying though rather pointed manner, has been related to us by a friend.

In early life he had met with an accident which left him with a broken nose, a deformity about which, in spite of his piety, he was known to be a little sensitive. One day a new inquirer propounded the old question:

"How happened you to break your nose?"

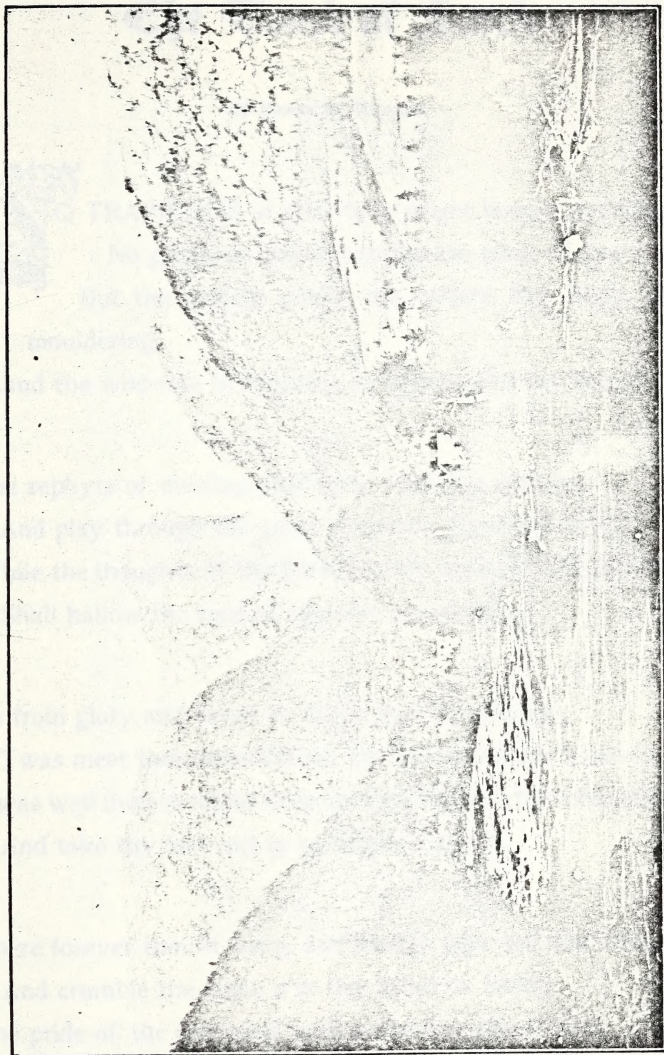
The minister answered solemnly:

"To tell the truth, my friend, the accident was caused by my poking my nose into other people's business."

* * *

The concerts of the Hutchinson Family—now reduced by the Great Reaper, Death, to a single representative, and he more than eighty-five years of age—were always a delight to me in boyhood, full of sweet harmony and realistic action. They "came from the mountains of New Hampshire" (Milford village, near the birthplace of Horace Greeley), and were a remarkable band of accomplished brothers and sisters.

One occasion may be remembered by the few now living at Portsmouth—"Strawberry Bank," which may illustrate the spirited character of their evening performances. They were singing "The Fireman's Call," in the medley of which they shouted, "Fire! Fire!" with such effect as not only to bring one of the sedate citizens to his feet, but to cause him to make a rush through the crowded aisles of the house for the door, declaring that he belonged to "No. 6."



WHERE THE MOUNTAINS MEET AND RIVERS PART

The Tomb of Stark

By HENRY W. HERRICK



TO TRAPPINGS of state their bright honors unfolding,
No gorgeous display, marks the place of thy rest;
But the granite points out where thy body lies
mouldering,
And the wild-rose is shedding its sweets o'er thy breast.

The zephyrs of evening shall sport with the willow,
And play through the grass where the flowerets creep,
While the thoughts of the brave, as he bends o'er thy pillow,
Shall hallow the spot of the hero's last sleep.

As from glory and honor to death thou descended,
Twas meet thou shouldst lie, by the Merrimack's wave,
It was well thou shouldst sleep 'mongst the hills thou defended,
And take thy last rest in so simple a grave.

There forever thou'lt sleep, and though ages roll o'er thee,
And crumble the stone o'er thy ashes to earth,
The pride of the free shall with reverence adore thee,
The pride of the mountains, that gave thee thy birth.

The Tomb of Sarah

By Henry W. Wadsworth



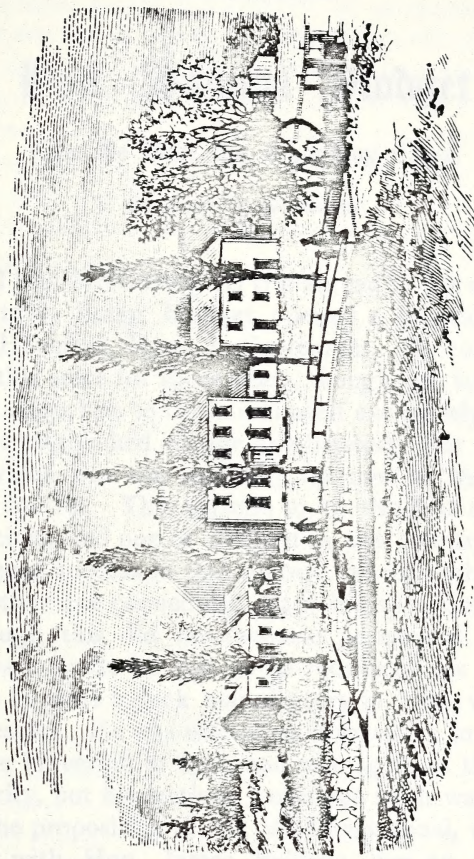
TO TRAPINGS of state their bright honors collecting,
No gorgeous display, marks the place of thy rest,
But the granite points out where thy body lies
monument.

And the wild-rose is shading its sweet o'er thy breast.

The rays of evening shall glow with the sunset,
And play through the glass where the flowers are,
While the thoughts of the grave, as the birds of the forest,
Shall follow the song of the bird's last sleep.

As thou sleep'st and none to deem thee departed,
Thus rest thou standing in the church's way,
It was well thou shouldst sleep, though the hills have departed,
And take thy last rest in so simple a grave.

Thou forget'st that I sleep, and though ages roll o'er thee,
And crumble the stone o'er thy ashes in vain,
The pride of the life shall wither and fade,
The pride of the mountain that gave thee thy birth.



THE BLODGET HOMESTEAD

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Hon. Samuel Blodget

How He Built the Amoskeag Canal

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

ETURNING from his trip abroad in the summer of 1787, Judge Blodget opened a general store in Haverhill, Mass., in September. He continued in this store for three years, though his active mind would not allow him to confine himself exclusively to trade. In 1788 he established a stage line between that town and Boston, which was run regularly for two or three years, under his control. This appears to be the first coach line in that vicinity and one of the first in the country. Meeting with good success in that venture, he with others established another line connecting Haverhill with Concord this state, though this did not become permanent. In the three years in trade he had so far recovered his shattered fortune as to start a duck manufactory in 1790, which was very successful. He was elected representative to the legislature from Haverhill in 1791, and was again at the height of prosperity, but his restless, ambitious spirit was not satisfied. The proposition of the Middlesex canal, which had originated with Hon. James Sullivan, was an absorbing theme of conversation everywhere in business circles. That was a period of rapid improvement. Boston was becoming a thriving town of twenty thousand inhabitants, and there were suburbs that only needed the stimulus of trade to give them place and power. The valley of the

How He Built the American Canal

How He Built the American Canal

By GEORGE WARD BROWN

RETURNING from his trip abroad in the summer of 1787, Judge Hildes opened a general court in Haverhill, Mass., in September. His court was the first for that year, though his native town would not allow him to engage himself extensively to trade. In 1788 he established a stage line between New York and Boston, which was not regular for two or three years, under his control. This appears to be the first canal that in that vicinity and one of the first in the country. Meeting with great success in that venture, he was others with him and another the connecting Haverhill with Concord the state, though this did not become permanent. In the three years in which he had so far advanced his position as to effect a canal, mentioned in 1790 which was very successful. He was elected representative to the legislature from Haverhill in 1792 and was again at the height of prosperity, but his health and business affairs were not so good. The proposition of the Middlesex canal, which had originated with John, James, and John, was an interesting topic of conversation everywhere in business circles. That was a period of rapid improvement. Boston was becoming a thriving town of nearly thousand inhabitants and there were suburbs that only needed the wharves and trade to give them place and power. The valley of the

Merrimack, far up into New Hampshire, even the country into Vermont, if sparsely settled, promised a rich harvest of trade to the centers which could draw it. Better means of communication became the great question of the day. Turnpikes, under the control of corporations, were the main arteries of business. Moved by slow-going ox teams, over these priced highways, the transportation of the country produce, lumber, firewood and building material became at once tedious and costly. Once such a maritime highway as the Merrimack offered was opened, the producer and consumer must both be benefited by the result. Judge Blodget realized that the Middlesex canal was a foregone conclusion, and he believed it was time for him to carry out the pet project of his life. Though he had arrived at that age when most men are laying aside the cares and responsibilities of business, he formed his plans with the sanguineness of a young man with the world all before him. In fact it was his happy belief that he was yet in his prime. He had lived a perfectly abstemious life, and with a careful husbanding of his strength he confidentially looked forward to a hundred years of activity.

In 1793 he took up his residence on the east bank of the Merrimack below the falls. He purchased land here and laid every calculation toward performing his herculean task, confident it could be done within his own resources.

May 2, a date worthy of remembrance, along with that of another May day thirteen years later, he opened work upon his canal, making considerable progress during the season in blasting and constructing a dam to afford a pond. Work was not begun upon the Middlesex canal until September 10 of the same year, so he was over four months ahead of Sullivan's enterprise. In September, 1794, he leased his "Duck Factory standing in a lane near Kimball Carleton's in said Haverhill to David Blackburn of the same town, weaver, James Alexander late of Newburyport, weaver, and Isaac Schofield of Newburyport, weaver." This lease was for two years, but he continued to let this

property until 1799, when his affairs became so deeply involved it was set off on execution in favor of Samuel Parkman of Boston. With the leasing of his business in Haverhill Judge Blodget may be said to have concentrated all of his energy and capital in pushing the work on his canal. On May 18, 1795, he had so far advanced with the stone work that Col. William Adams of Londonderry, a skilled carpenter, was employed to begin upon the wood-work.

During the year of 1795, with every prospect of a successful ending of his work on Amoskeag canal, Judge Blodget proposed the scheme of making the Merrimack navigable to Lake Winnepesaukee, thus preparing a direct highway, or rather waterway, of commerce through the then most populous section of New Hampshire, affording a direct intercourse with Boston. The plan seemed to meet with favor wherever it became known, and it was so far developed that Colonel McGregor of Goffstown and Major Duncan of Concord consented to construct the locks and canals around Hooksett Falls, while other equally reliable men of this state and Massachusetts were to complete the work above that place. In order to satisfy himself of the perfect feasibility of the project and to prove the same to others, he made a trip of examination.

While the report was favorable toward carrying out the project, it was never undertaken except to make the river navigable as far as Concord, owing to the fact that Judge Blodget soon found he had all on his hands he could accomplish.

If the prospect appeared so fair to the ambitious promoter, eight years of anxious toil and endeavor lay before him—eight years such as, fortunately, only a few are called upon to meet. In a way, his own inventive mind worked him harm rather than good. He had devised a check-gate to assist in opening the way between the locks, which he had anticipated would be regulated by the pressure of the boat passing through the canal. But the power which he had

expected would assist his undertaking destroyed it, through the great speed gained by the boat or raft coming down the way. The invention cost him twenty thousand dollars, and a freshet in June, 1798, completed the ruin of five years of diligent labor.

Still hopeful, though his own fortune was depleted, Judge Blodget began to raise money by lottery, the common method of securing large sums in those days, obtained a charter for his canal, and the following spring resumed work. But disappointments and discouragements still confronted him. Each movement he made cost more than had been expected; new obstacles constantly arose in his pathway. Impatient to see something actually accomplished from the money they had risked in the enterprise many began to complain that he had used the money for his private good. A new house he had recently built, it was claimed, had been constructed from their money. His enemies, and there were plenty of them now, looked upon his work with envy bordering upon hatred and undertook to stop him. In 1803, having remained silent as long as he felt prudent, he made a public statement from which it appeared that not only had he expended the five thousand dollars afforded by the lottery, but he had actually used seven thousand dollars besides, which had been put in from his own property and the subscriptions of friends. If crippled in his own means and at odds with those who had in a considerable measure his fortune in their hands, the public was in sympathy with him. In fact, however visionary his schemes may have seemed, however obstinate his enemies may have been against him, and however straitened his circumstances, the common people were always his friends. They advocated his project now and everywhere sounded his praise. For him to fail would, in their minds, prove a public calamity. If New Hampshire was indirectly against assisting him, the legislature of Massachusetts, realizing that that state was going to receive great benefits from trade through the completion of Blodget's canal, voted in

March, 1804, the grant of a lottery to raise ten thousand dollars to be expended under the direction of Colonel Baldwin, who had made the survey for the new route in 1798. The following June the New Hampshire legislature passed "An act to extend the time which was allowed Samuel Blodget for drawing a lottery," granted July 18, 1802. It now began to appear certain that Judge Blodget had fallen into the hands of those who hoped to profit by his failure, men who hoped through his age and many setbacks he would be obliged to give up his project, and leaving it in an unfinished condition, make the way for them to get possession at a low rate. They had misjudged their man. While the Massachusetts lottery gave slow and uncertain returns, allowing Colonel Baldwin to make slow progress through the year 1805, the judge kept persistently and everlastingly at it. September 4, 1805, work had to be entirely suspended, but he roused new interest that winter by the publication of a document setting forth in convincing terms the good to result from the completion of his canal, showing that during the season just past only ten and a half tons passed through the Middlesex canal in excess of the amount that came through Blodget's slip. He closed by declaring that "the people of all descriptions in the country and in Boston and its vicinity would rejoice to see the completion of Blodget's canal."

The result was most satisfactory. March 14, 1806, the Massachusetts legislature granted a second lottery in aid of the Blodget canal. Active men taking hold this time, the avails of this summer were sufficient, with what had been raised by the New Hampshire lottery, to warrant the resumption of work in the latter part of the summer. Encouraged in every respect work was pushed with such vigor that a few days before Christmas, in December, 1806, Blodget's locks and canals were a reality. After twelve years and almost eight months of such trials, hard work, expenditure of money and disappointments as few men, younger than he, could have battled so bravely to the end, Samuel

March, 1867, the grant of a lottery to raise ten thousand dollars to be expended under the direction of Colonel Baldwin, who had made the survey for the new route in 1858. The following June the New Hampshire legislature passed "An act to extend the time which was allowed Samuel Bledget for drawing a lottery," granted July 16, 1867. It now began to appear certain that Judge Bledget had fallen into the hands of those who hoped to profit by his failure, men who hoped through his age and many setbacks he would be obliged to give up his project and leaving it to an unshaken condition, make the way for them to get possession at a low rate. They had mislaid their man. While the Massachusetts lottery gave slow and unsatisfactory showing Colonel Baldwin to make slow progress through the year 1867, the Judge kept persistently and eventually at it. September 4, 1867, work had to be entirely suspended, but he turned new interest that winter by the publication of a handsome setting forth in convincing terms the good to itself from the completion of the canal, showing that during the winter just past only ten and a half tons passed through the Middlesex canal in excess of the amount that came through Bledget's ship. He closed by declaring that "the people of all descriptions in the country and in Boston and its vicinity would rejoice to see the completion of Bledget's canal."

The result was most satisfactory. March 14, 1868, the Massachusetts legislature granted a second lottery to aid in the Bledget canal. A vote was taken both this time and the result of this summer was satisfactory, with what had been expected by the New Hampshire lottery to warrant the re-employment was in the latter part of the summer. Bledget's early respect work was pushed with such vigor that a few days before Christmas, in December, 1868, Bledget's locks and canals were a reality. After twelve years and almost eight months of such trial and work, expenditure of money and disappointments as few men, younger than he could have pictured as likely to be met. General

Blodget had triumphed over enemies and such obstacles as must have crushed a less determined and enthusiastic spirit.

As it was then too late in the season to open the canal, May Day of the coming year was set for the happy affair. During the winter he busied himself with straightening his accounts and in preparing to meet the managers of the first New Hampshire lottery by a board of arbiters. Thus he was allowed no rest, though he was borne up by the thoughts of that day which was to witness the public acknowledgment of his triumph.

The morning of May 1, 1807, the proudest day of Judge Blodget's long and eventful life, and the grandest day in the history of Manchester, came with the smiling sky and genial atmosphere of the fairest season of the year.

At an early hour the people began to collect about the scene, eager, curious, expectant. Those came out of mere curiosity to see the man of whom they had heard so much for and against, those came to see the wonderful locks and the canal which he had devised to set at defiance the great laws of Nature, those came to scoff and to jeer at the visionary schemer who had squandered his own patrimony and sunk in an enterprise as vain as it was wild of conception the money of friend and stranger, those came to praise and admire the brave, courageous promoter of the public welfare and prosperity, and to laud his name to the sky should his dreams at last prove true, few came with a dim, vague gleam of the swift, marvelous transformation the matchless perseverance of one man was to bring to the unpromising scene about them, many came to cheer when convinced by their own eyes that it was not all some mad hoax, as many came to express their contempt in yells of derision should it after all prove a failure.

In the midst of the impatience of the spectators, the venerable projector of the great work, showing traces of the care and trouble through which he had passed, but with head erect and an eye undaunted, a man with a wonderfully

vigorous bearing for one in his eighty-fourth year, Judge Blodget rode upon the scene in his old-style, two-wheeled carriage. There was a general uncovering of heads as he drove to the head of the canal and alighted. Then a deep silence fell on the crowd, while he stepped upon the raft with a few friends. The gate was opened and, while friend and enemy looked on with spellbound interest, the rude craft with its human freight glided safely down the passageway and out upon the river below. The silence then was broken, tumultuous applause rang on the air, the most adverse unable to withstand the happy outburst of spirit, until the huzzas fairly drowned the roar of old Amoskeag. Modest in his triumphs, yet with a heart overflowing with thanksgiving, Judge Blodget rode down to his home, saying as he stepped down from his chaise: "I am well paid. My canal is complete. I have but one object to live for now. Let my difficulties with the managers be settled before the arbiters, and I die content."

The settlement of his accounts with the lottery managers was to take place in Haverhill July 1, and until then he kept as busy as ever getting ready to support his claims. On that day he appeared before the arbiters as keen and firm in his manner as ever, to be met with the respectful attention that he deserved. But it was his last appearance in public. Riding home on the third, the weather being extremely cold for the season and he thinly clad, he took a severe cold, so that upon reaching his home he was obliged to seek his bed. As this was the first severe illness of his life, so it was his last, for on September 1, 1807, he sank into that sleep which he had so well earned. His funeral according to his own request was simple, after which he was borne to the ancient cemetery near the Falls, his grave marked by a plain headstone. Later, when the encroachments of a growing city required it, the remains were removed to a place of sepulture in the southwest corner of the Valley cemetery, a plain, enduring granite monolith marking the spot. On the west face is this inscription:

signatures passing for one in his eighty-fourth year. Judge Beddoet rode upon the scene in his old-style, two-wheeled carriage. There was a general uncovering of heads as he drove to the head of the canal and alighted. Then a deep silence fell on the crowd, while he stepped upon the rail with a few strides. The gates were opened and, when closed, and eagerly looked on with spellbound interest, the noble craft with its human freight glided safely down the passage-way and out upon the river below. The silence then was broken, tumultuous applause rang on the air, the most adverse thanks to withstand the happy outbreak of praise, until the banners lately drowned the roar of old America. Modest in his triumph, yet with a heart overflowing with thanksgiving, Judge Beddoet rode down to his house, saying as he stepped down from his steed: "I am well paid. My canal is complete. I have but one object to live for now. Let my difficulties with the managers be settled before the autumn, and I die content."

The retirement of his apartment with the battery against was in this place in November, 1851, and with that he left no longer any effort to support his claim. On that day he appeared before the judges as usual and first in his manner as usual, in his seat with the respectful attention that he deserved. But it was his last appearance in public. Riding home on the third the weather being extremely cold for the season and he thinly clad, he took a severe cold, so that upon reaching his home he was obliged to seek his bed. As this was the first severe illness of his life, so it was his last, for on December 1, 1851, he sank into that sleep which he had so well earned. His funeral according to his own request was simple, after which he was borne to the ancient cemetery near the Falls, his grave marked by a plain pedestal. Later, when the cemetery was of a growing city, it was of the southwest corner of the Valley cemetery, a plain, enduring granite monument marking the spot. On the west face is this inscription:

To the Memory of
HON. SAMUEL BLODGET,

Born at Woburn, Mass.,

April 1, 1724.

Died at Manchester,

(Then Derryfield,)

Sept. 1, 1807.

The north face has this: The Pioneer of internal Improvements in New Hampshire. The Projector and Builder of the Amoskeag Canal.

The south side has this explanatory note: Erected by His Great-Grandson, Joseph Henry Stickney, of Baltimore, Md., 1868.

The children of Samuel and Hannah (White) Blodget were an active and noted family.

Sarah, born in Haverhill, Mass., October 27, 1749, married Capt. Stephen Perkins of Amesbury, where she lived and died.

Abigail, born in Haverhill, Mass., April 20, 1751, married Thomas Stickney of Haverhill, where they lived and died. Their son, Thomas, managed the Blodget estate after the death of the judge, and no doubt would have carried out the business at the canal successfully had his health permitted.

Nathan, born in Goffstown, N. H., February 9, 1753, was for a time a merchant in Boston, in company with a brother-in-law, but afterwards went to Philadelphia, where he died.

Mary, born in Goffstown December 1, 1754, married Samuel Gilman, who was in business with Nathan, 1780-90, in Boston.

William, born in Goffstown July 6, 1756, died in infancy.

Samuel, Jr., born in Goffstown August 28, 1757, married for his first wife Dorothy, daughter of Gen. Nathaniel

To the Memory of
HON. SAMUEL BLODGET

Born at Woburn, Mass.

April 1, 1751.

Died at Manchester,

(then Dorchester),

Sept. 1, 1807.

The north side has the The House of Representatives in New Hampshire. The House of Representatives of the American Union. The south side has the House of Representatives of the United States. His Great-Great-Grandfather Joseph Henry, Minister of State, Mass., 1802.

The children of Samuel and Hannah (Worshipful) were an active and noble family.

Samuel, born in Manchester, Mass., 1751, was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and lived and died.

Abigail, born in Manchester, Mass., 1752, was the wife of Thomas, Minister of the Gospel, who lived and died. Their son, Thomas, married the daughter of John, after the death of the father, and he died and was buried near the mother at the same place, but his health permitted.

Nathan, born in Dedham, N. H., 1753, was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and was for a time a minister in Boston, in company with his brother-in-law, the Rev. Amos A. Phelps, who was his brother-in-law.

Martha, born in Dedham, Massachusetts, 1754, was the wife of John, who was in business with Nathan, and died.

William, born in Dedham, July 6, 1756, died in 1807.

Samuel, Jr., born in Dedham, August 15, 1757, was the son of his father, and died in 1807.

Folsom. After a brief military career he went into business in Exeter, N. H., which did not prove successful. He next engaged in the East India trade in Boston, which proved profitable, and in 1789 he moved to Philadelphia, where his wife died the following year. Here he established the Insurance Company of North America, and in 1792 married Rebecca, a daughter of Rev. William Smith, D. D., Provost of the Philadelphia University. In 1791-92 he bought a large tract of land in the future territory of Washington, D. C., building in 1795, at the same time his father was building his mansion at Manchester, the first house in Washington, and which was occupied for a time by President Adams and family while the White House was being completed. He also built another house of historical note, which he named the Union Pacific Hotel, which stood on the site of the present post-office department, and which was bought by the government in 1810 and used as a "general post-office," until 1836, when it was burned. After the burning of the capitol by the British in 1814, Congress met in it for a time. He was interested in many schemes to benefit the National Capital and generously gave a large fortune to help build up the future city. He died in 1814, leaving a large property in trust for his family.

Caleb, born in Goffstown August 17, 1759, served as ensign in the Continental Army in 1779, and lieutenant in 1781. He was lost overboard from a "Gunning float near Hogg Island," August 9, 1789, and was buried in Boston. He was unmarried.

Elizabeth, born in Goffstown January 12, 1761, died unmarried December 23, 1778.

William, born in Goffstown December 18, 1762, married Sarah, daughter of Major-General John Stark.

Benjamin, born in Goffstown July 6, 1768. He was concerned with his brother Samuel in the Washington purchase. He died at Derryfield, unmarried.

Upon the death of Judge Blodget, his grandson, Thomas Stickney, a promising young man, then living in Boston, came to Derryfield to complete the work of opening the river to better facilities for navigation. In 1810 the New Hampshire legislature granted a lottery for the benefit of the Blodget heirs that they might finish the work begun by him. Thomas Stickney started the first manufacturing industry other than the saw and grist mills on the Merrimack at this place, and in 1810 was chairman of the committee to change the name of Derryfield to Manchester, out of respect to the oft-repeated prophecy of his grandfather that this would be the "Manchester of America." Had he had his health and lived to carry out his intentions, he might have realized some of the benefits likely to accrue from the efforts of Judge Blodget, but he was suffering from an acute disease which terminated his life in 1814, July 13, and was buried in Granary Burial Ground in Boston. This left no one to look after the family interest, and the canal passed into the possession of the Merrimack Boating Company organized in Boston. Its first boat came up in October, 1814.

In summing up the life work and character of Samuel Blodget we must take into consideration, to do him entire justice, not only the result of his long and arduous toils and trials, but the peculiar condition and circumstances of his surroundings. Capital was not easily found to advance any enterprise of the most simple order, the spirit of progress had not been awakened in the hearts of a people which had not fully recovered from such a period of struggle for their civil rights as had necessarily put in the background all thoughts of bettering their financial condition. The art of mechanics was not understood and engineers were lacking to attempt a work of the kind. There had been no undertaking of the sort worth mentioning in the country, and those naturally looked with askance upon it who did not understand it. What modern resources with modern knowledge of mechanics have done, with modern corpora-

tions to carry on the work, Samuel Blodget, alone and unaided, with such capital as he had individually accumulated in a time when big estates were unknown, set himself resolutely to do. If he was a visionary schemer, as his enemies delighted to style him, he was of that nature which has given us all of our great pioneers of progress. If a dreamer he was of the kind of Gouverneur Morris, who in 1806, suggested the Erie canal, scarcely of more importance than the Amoskeag canal, nor of greater magnitude of enterprise when the time of its construction and the wealth behind it are placed in comparison with Blodget's project. If he was ambitious of success, it was that ambition which made him a public benefactor without redounding to his personal greed or gain.

The record of his whole life is ample evidence that he never wronged any one. In fact, if he had a fault, if that which borders upon a virtue can be styled a shortcoming, it was in placing too much confidence in others. In his own open, free-hearted, hospitable nature, he believed others to possess the honesty of purpose which was the ruling star of his life. He is described as having a sturdy figure, a little over five and nine inches in height, a full, round countenance inclined to floridness, blue eyes and brown hair, a fluent talker, genial in his intercourse and a man of strong personal magnetism, which never failed to draw about him a large circle of warm friends. He was rigidly temperate in his manner of living, using no ardent spirits, active in his pursuits, and usually lodged in a large room with windows open on both sides of his bed, regardless of the weather, and was always sanguine of success in whatever he undertook. By following these simple rules he believed he would live to be one hundred years old. No doubt they did sustain him through his arduous work, but that scantiness of clothing, in which he believed, was one cause of catching cold on his last ride from Haverhill, which in his over-taxed condition of body and mind, resulted in his death at a time when he was on the eve of

those to carry on the work. Samuel Blodget, alone and unaided, with such control as he had individually accumulated in a time when his services were unknown, set himself resolutely to do it. He was a visionary schemer, as his enemies delighted to style him; he was of that nature which has given us all of our great painters of progress. He dreamed the use of the kind of Government Motors, who in 1860 suggested the Erie canal, scarcely of more importance than the American canal; nor of greater consequence of enterprises when the time of its construction and the wealth behind it are placed in comparison with Blodget's project. If he was ambitious of success, it was that ambition which made him a public benefactor without regarding to his personal gain or gain.

The truth of the whole life is simple evidence that he never wronged any one. In fact, if he had a fault, it was that which borders upon a virtue can be styled a shortcoming. It was in placing too much confidence in others. In his own case, however, the confidence was not misplaced. He believed above in human nature, and the purpose which was the ruling aim in his life. He was described as having a sturdy figure, a little over five and nine inches in height, a tall, round countenance, inclined to baldness, blue eyes and brown hair, a fluent rather timid in his utterance and a man of strong personal magnetism, which never failed to draw about him a large circle of warm friends. He was highly temperate in his manner of living, eating no meat, spirits active in his pursuits and usually lodged in a large room with windows open on both sides of his bed, regardless of the weather, and was always anxious of success in whatever he undertook. By following these simple rules he believed he would live to be one hundred years old. No doubt they did sustain him through the arduous work, but that abundance of clothing, in which he believed, was one cause of catching cold on his last day from illness, which in his over-taxed condition of body and mind, resulted in his death at a time when he was on the eve of

seeing realized the prophecy of his dreams. But if others were to carry out the work he had planned, to reap the harvest of the field he had sown, it was his far-seeing brain, his long life of devotion to the laying of its foundation, his accumulated means, his undaunted spirit which made it all possible. The golden years of his life were a sacrifice in the interest of the development of the power of that river which has done so much for the Granite State; his memory should be revered in every heart that has love for our growing institutions, his name should be fixed imperishably with her history; and his sturdy figure in bronze or granite stand on one of our public squares as a perpetual reminder of him who has been fitly described as the Pioneer of Progress.

He and I

By ALICE KING

Down in the yellow bay,
A boy and girl at play,
 He and I;
Across the sea spring sunbeams glancing,
White waves in airy state advancing,
Joy in our light hearts dancing,
 While hours slip by.

Down in the yellow bay,
A youth and maiden gay,
 He and I;
Upon the sea the summer sleeping,
Up to the shore the soft waves creeping,
Time to our young love keeping,
 While hours flash by.

Down in the yellow bay,
We took our cheerless way,
 He and I;
The shivering autumn wept and wondered,
As on the shore the wild waves thundered;
We knew that we were sundered,
 While hours rushed by.

Down in the yellow bay,
There wandered yesterday,
 Not he, but I;
Chill winter on the cold sea lying,
Upon the shore the long waves sighing,
An old grey woman crying,
 While hours wore by.

seeing realized the prophecy of his dream. But it others were to carry out the work he had planned to reap the harvest of the field he had sown, it was his far-seeing plan, his long life of devotion to the laying of its foundation, his accumulated means, his undiminished spirit which made it all possible. The golden years of his life were a sacrifice to the interest of the development of the power of that day which has done so much for the Granite State; his memory should be revered in every heart that has love for our growing institutions, his name should be fixed imperishably with her history; and his sturdy figure in brown or granite stand on one of our public squares as a perpetual reminder of him who has been truly described as the Father of Progress.

THE END

BY THE AUTHOR

Down in the yellow bay

A boat and rowing party

The end is

Across the bay the golden sunset gleams

White waves in the bay are breaking

For in our light boats gleams

White boats with

Down in the yellow bay

A boat and rowing party

The end is

Upon the bay the golden sunset gleams

Up to the shore the white waves creep

Then to our boats they sweep

White boats with

Down in the yellow bay

We took our golden party

The end is

The shining autumn night and midnight

As on the shore the white waves gleam

We know that we were dreaming

White boats with

Down in the yellow bay

There watched yesterday

Not far but

On the shore the white waves gleam

Upon the shore the white waves gleam

As old eyes again gleam


White boats with

Granite State Rooftrees

IV

Historic Houses of Warner (*Continued*)*

By FREDERICK MYRON COLBY

HE oldest house in Warner Village is the present Warner House, on Main street, known in my boyhood days as the Doctor Eaton stand. The house is one hundred and thirty-one years old, having been built in 1785 by Capt. Asa Pattee, who came to Warner soon after the close of the Revolution and erected this structure. It was the first frame house built in the center village, and remained the only one for several years. Captain Pattee was a licensed taverner and used his house as a hotel during his life. Daniel Whitman, who succeeded Captain Pattee in the occupancy of the house, also kept it open to the public, as did Capt. Joseph Smith, till 1811, when he discontinued it as a tavern and a hostelry and made it his private residence.

The house is a two-story structure, with a large L, built of heavy pine timber. Part of the second story was used for a large hall for dancing and for public assemblies. On the 4th of March, 1828, when President Jackson was first inaugurated, the citizens of Warner held a mass meeting and a dinner in this hall. Quite a graphic account was published in Hill's old *New Hampshire Patriot* the following week, a copy of which is before me as I write. Dinner was provided for the crowd by Elliot C. Badger, and all the neighboring towns had been ransacked for turkeys, and the services of the best cooks enlisted a week beforehand. In

* See Vol. I, page 177.

the evening there was a dance and a supper, the latter being served by Benjamin Evans and his friends. It was one of the grand occasions in the history of the town.

Warner was then and for a long time afterwards the banner Democratic town of the State, and all of its leading citizens were Democrats. Squire Benjamin Evans, who played so important a part at the function above referred to, was a state senator that year and was afterwards high sheriff of the county and a member of Governor Hill's Council. Dr. Caleb Buswell, who owned and occupied this house at that time, was a representative of the town and the surgeon of the Fortieth Regiment of the New Hampshire Militia. Dr. Leonard Eaton, who was then a student of Doctor Buswell's and who succeeded him in the occupancy of the house, was also a state senator as well as a representative to the General Court. Somewhere about 1890 the old house became a public tavern again and continues to be a place of good cheer to-day. In the spring of 1905 the adjoining barn and stable were destroyed by fire, and the house narrowly escaped destruction.

The venerable old house must be one of the oldest hostelries in the State. But it is well preserved and seems likely to welcome the wayfarer for many years to come. In the main part of the house is one of the old-fashioned chimneys, about ten by twelve feet square, and there are great, roomy fireplaces in several of the rooms. What stories the old hostelry could tell were its walls gifted with utterance of that ancient time when the great, six-horse coach from Boston to Windsor used to draw up before its door and unload its passengers! What well-known men it has sheltered and what rare bumpers have been drunk at its bar. Its rooms breathe of the aroma of the past, and we hope it may long remain to welcome the stranger beneath its hospitable roof.

Probably the next oldest building in Warner Village is the stately old mansion, known far and wide, to the last generation as the Squire Porter house. It is at least a

hundred years old, being erected in 1805 by Jacob Davis, a son of Wells Davis and a grandson of Francis Davis, the pioneer. Jacob Davis was a captain in the old state militia and was a man of note in the early part of the last century. He set out the huge elms in front of the Upton block, bringing them on his shoulders when young shoots from what is now called the North road. His wife was a sister to Mrs. James Bean, who built the Robinson house a few years later. Mr. Bean and his wife were married in the parlor of this house in 1811, it being probably the first marriage to occur in the Center Village. After living here several years Mr. Davis sold to Dr. Moses Long and removed to the Waterloo district.

Doctor Long was the first historian of the town, and his "Historical Sketches" have a high value. He was a brother of the famous Col. Stephen H. Long, and came from Hopkinton. Doctor Long sold to Nathan S. Colby, who built the adjacent store, now the Jewell and Lewis stand, and also managed the village hotel across the way. Colby was an active, stirring man, was much in town affairs and was a state senator and a Van Buren elector in 1836. The next occupant of the old house was the Hon. Benjamin Evans, previously referred to, and who, after Squire Chase, was the most prominent and noteworthy man in town. He was the father-in-law of Nathan S. Colby, and another son-in-law, Squire Reuben Porter, succeeded Evans in the ownership of the house. Gilman C. George, cashier of the old National Bank and treasurer of the Kearsarge Savings Bank, purchased the place in 1882, and it is now the home of his son-in-law, Fred Myron Colby.

The ancient house has an aristocratic look, reposing under the shadow of its tall elms, and has a wide and well-kept lawn. The house has fifteen rooms and four tall chimneys. One of its rooms is wainscoted, and several of them retain the ancient cornices and moldings. The cellars have stone floorings and are rat-proof. In old Squire Ben Evans' day, on the night previous to the annual elec-

hundred years old, being erected in 1803 by Jacob Davis, a son of Wells Davis and a grandson of Francis Davis, the painter. Jacob Davis was a carpenter in the old state militia and was a man of note in the early part of the last century. He set out the huge stone in front of the Upper block, bringing them on his shoulders when young boys were what is now called the North road. His wife was a sister to Mrs. James Hearn, who built the Robinson house a few years later. His house and his wife were married in the garden of this house in 1811, it being probably the first marriage to occur in the Center Village. After living here several years Mr. Davis sold to Dr. Moses Lang and removed to the Western District.

Doctor Lang was the first physician of the town, and his "Historical Sketches" have a high value. He was a brother of the famous Dr. Stephen H. Lang and came from Hopkinton. Doctor Lang sold to Nathan S. Colby, who built the adjacent stone wall the house and lot, and also changed the village road across the way. Colby was an active surveyor and was much in town affairs and was a state senator and a Van Buren elector in 1840. The next occupant of the old house was the Hon. Benjamin Evans, previously referred to, and when after John Chase was the most prominent and noteworthy man in town. He was the father-in-law of Nathan S. Colby, and another son-in-law, Spence Hadden Fowler, succeeded Evans in the ownership of the house. Nathan S. Colby, cashier of the old National Bank and treasurer of the Kennebec Savings Bank, purchased the place in 1883, and it is now the home of his son-in-law, Ford Myron Colby.

The present house has an interesting look, especially under the shadow of its tall chimney and has a wide and well kept lawn. The house has fifteen rooms and four tall chimneys. One of its rooms is wainscoted and several of them retain the original corner and moldings. The ceilings have stone moldings and are painted in all shades of blue, green, and yellow, giving to the interior a

tions, he would have the rooms crowded with voters, and when a man became too drunk for business he was bolted downstairs till he became sober. This of course was in the good old ante-Washingtonian days. Ben Evans ruled the town politically for many years, and he had a larger number of devoted followers than any other public man ever had in Warner. His sons-in-law (he had five daughters who married citizens of Warner), though able and influential men, never exercised such power as was wielded by Squire Ben Evans for forty years of his active life.

Remote from the village some three or four miles, on the road that leads to Kearsarge Mountain and about a mile from the "gateway," so called, where the new road begins that conducts to the summit of the mountain, there stands an old, unpainted farmhouse, untenanted and fast falling to decay. The storms of nearly a century have beaten upon its roof and its weather-stained clapboards tell of the passage of the years. Located in a wild and romantic place, it is well worth a visit, if only for its picturesque surroundings.

This weather-beaten structure, which only a few years ago was an inhabited and comfortable farmhouse, is one of the most interesting relics of a former age that there is in the township, and perhaps has seen more of life in its various phases and vicissitudes than any other building in town. In its day and generation it has been successively a school-house, a town house, a church and a dwelling, and connected with it is a bit of old-time history—the story of an interesting epoch and a romantic incident in the annals of the town. Few who pass it by are aware of the place it has filled in the past, of those exciting days when Warner Gore was a township by itself, and this building was the center of the little world that congregated around the historic mountain.

For thirty years or more Kearsarge Gore was a busy and prosperous little community. In 1800 its population numbered nearly two hundred souls. By 1811 the popula-

tion had fallen off to one hundred and twenty-five. This was owing to the fact that the north part of the Gore had been taken off to form part of the town of Wilmot, organized in 1807. But even after this the Gore was a bustling and enterprising borough and contributed its quota to the history of the State. Several of its citizens were well-to-do and competent men, and ambition found its votaries in the little township as elsewhere. The inhabitants met annually, elected their town officers, and conducted in many respects like an organized town. In 1811 the Gore was permitted to have a voice, through her representative, in the legislative halls of the State, being classed that year with Wilmot. The annual meetings were held at this old house, which was then the school-house of the district.

One of these elections was particularly stormy and resulted in the election of two representatives, though the two towns were entitled to but one. It seems that at an earlier hour than the one set for the organization of the meeting, the Gore party, setting forward the nearest clock there was, hastened to the polls and elected a certain Jason Watkins as representative. An hour later, as the voters came in from the other side of the mountain in their sleighs and pungs—via Smith's Corner, Googin's Mills and Birch Hill, they treated this previous action as a nullity. All through that March day the contending factions swayed to and fro, and the house was in an uproar. John Palmer was the moderator of the day and Jason Watkins was the clerk, both being Gore men, but as the sun went down on the scene of conflict, Gen. Eliphalet Gay of Wilmot was declared the candidate for representative to the General court. It was a day long remembered in the annals both of the Gore and Wilmot.

The last election ever held in this house or in the Gore was on March 10, 1818, for by an act of the legislature of the State, approved on June 13 of that year, Kearsarge Gore was annexed to and made forever thereafter part and

parcel of the town of Warner. The last vote ever given in the Gore as a municipal organization reads as follows:

"Voted to have meetings of worship in the school-house."

So the old house which had been erected for a school-house in 1807, and which for eleven years had been used also as the town house of the borough, became now a place of prayer and worship, as well as a hall of learning. These meetings were regularly held there till 1825, when a new school-house was built farther up the highway, and Stephen Stanley bought the house and made it into a dwelling house, erected an L, a barn and sheds, and raised there a family of children. His son, Benjamin Stanley, lived there all his life and died there in 1901. His widow resided there a year or two after his death, but the place is now deserted and rapidly going to decay.

It is to be regretted that the mutations of time should be allowed to destroy so interesting a landmark. In front of it used to muster the military company of the Gore a hundred years ago, under its captain, Jonathan Watkins, as they came out for inspection and duty twice a year. From its dooryard, in the year 1810, Captain Watkins marched to meet the Wilmot company for drill and exercise on the top of Kearsarge Mountain. Toward the close of the summer day the two companies were brought face to face on the very summit of the mountain, and there, two thousand feet higher than Hooker's celebrated battle "above the clouds," on Lookout Mountain, a "sham fight" of great spirit was indulged in. According to tradition, there had been considerable of the ardent drank by the men of both companies and, as those of the Wilmot side had drunk the larger portion, the victory of the day rested with the hardy troopers of the Gore.

In Mother's Old Garden

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

Hallowed by prayerful communings,
Here where she whispered to God,
I stand at the eventide holy
In the garden my mother once trod!

Here where she blessed me and kissed me
All tearful, I'm kneeling once more,
And in spirit she seems to be near me,
Her first born, to soothe as of yore.

O mother! from hedges and highways,
From over the trackless blue sea,
Your boy to the old home returning,
Is thinking, dear mother, of thee!

In the paths where you wandered at twilight,
In the bower whose roses you trained,
By the trellis your white fingers fashioned,
O, would that your presence remained.

And, indeed, though in flesh you are absent,
I feel that, as an angel of light,
With eyes O so love-lit and dewy,
You hover beside me to-night!

THE WINDY CITY

By George Washington Peck

Hallowed by legend and song,
That where the wind is so strong,
I stand at the window and
In the garden my garden I find

There where the wind is so strong,
And where the wind is so strong,
And in the garden I find
The wind is so strong

Is there a wind so strong,
From over the garden I find
The wind is so strong
Is there a wind so strong

In the garden where the wind is so strong,
In the garden where the wind is so strong,
By the garden where the wind is so strong,
O, would that your garden were so strong

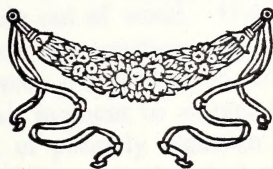
And, indeed, though in the garden I find
I find that, as in the garden I find
With the wind I find that
You have built me to find

Come, seraph of glory, I murmur,
I walk in the garden you trod;
I touch the bright flowers you nurtured,
Perfumed by the breath of our God.

Though sweet are their fragrance and precious,
For me, in your heart's inmost shrine
You treasured a love everlasting,
A spark which was surely divine!

And so, in the eventide's quiet,
I walk in this garden alone,
Yet feel that it is not forsaken,
For hither her spirit has flown.

From the world with its rushing and turmoil
I'm now for a moment apart;
Like the hush in a temple of worship
The stillness appeals to my heart.



The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER III

THE LIVING TOMBSTONE

He'll watch an' he'll wait with a patience sublime.—*Eugene Hall.*



THE Prodigal and his companion turned abruptly at the opening of this strange speech, given at the close of Chapter I, to discover the speaker standing in a distant corner of the yard, at the head of a low mound of earth, with his arms outstretched, so that with his body and head they formed a living cross, at that moment as immovable as if made out of wood. Half-hidden by the intervening headstones, his position was such it was no wonder they had not seen him before, especially as he had done nothing until this moment to attract their attention.

He was a youth of possibly eighteen years, his tall, ungainly figure clothed in a suit that had apparently been discarded by some shorter and smaller person, after having filled a long contract with its original owner. So worn and faded were the garments that the back of the coat,

The Spahnous Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WATSON LAMONT

Illustrated and Printed by Andrew

What questions we are and what answers we receive—Gladly

CHAPTER III

THE LIVING TOMBSTONE

But what is left now of a patient soldier—Gladly, Gladly

THE PROLOGUE and his companion turned sharply at the opening of the strange speech, given at the close of Chapter I, to discover the speaker standing in a distant corner of the yard, at the head of a low mound of earth, with his arms outstretched, so that when his body and head they formed a living cross, at that moment as immovable as if made out of wood. Withheld by the intervening headstone, his position was such it was no wonder they had not seen him before, especially as he had done nothing until this moment to attract their attention. He was a youth of possibly eighteen years, his tall, ungainly figure clothed in a suit that had apparently been discarded by some shorter and smaller person, after having filled a long contract with its original owner. So worn and faded were the garments that the back of the coat

with its rents and tatters, presented a vivid impression of the map of the Western Hemisphere, there being just about cloth enough left to show the shores of the land. His features, freckled and sunburned, were not prepossessing, but bore the stamp of honest simplicity. He did not appear to see them.

"Hallo, there, youngster!" called out Reuben Rover, as I shall continue to call him until I have reasons for giving him another name;" who are you and what are you doing here?"

"A pauper is poor only in his poverty of friends," was the indirect reply.

"Whoever he is and whatever he is doing here, he has a strong element of poetry in him," whispered Leonard Quiver. "I couldn't make a better alliteration myself."

"What fakir performance are you trying?" demanded Rover, with more sternness than before.

"Who drops a penny here helps to pay for a tombstone to a man who deserved better things than a neglected grave from those whom he trusted not wisely but too well."

"I should think he had a living tombstone now," declared the other, "which is more unique and faithful than the Newbegin monument of stone. There is more truth in its epitaph than in all of these lying headstones about us."

At this remark, tinged with satire and bitterness as it were, the youth cast his first direct glance toward the speaker and his companion, showing gratitude in his looks, though he remained as motionless as ever, saying in his even, dreary tone:

"All men are equal in death, and no one should be judged by the size of his monument."

"Who lies in the grave at your feet, young man?" asked Rover.

"My father, sir."

"What was his name?"

"Joel Harvester."

"What! 'Easy-said Joe' Harvester?" to quickly add, as

if to divert the attention from what he had said: "I take it you are trying to raise in this unusual way a subscription to buy him a gravestone?"

The youth simply nodded his head while keeping his body as rigid as ever.

"How much have you got toward it?"

"Sixty-two cents, not counting a handful of shingle nails, two yaller punkins, and a yard of braided onions."

"How long have you been collecting this munificent donation?"

"A week and two days."

"Shade of Moses! you haven't met with a very flattering success. That may be due to the weather, and it may be to your location. How would it do for you to move to some more central place? I hail it as a misfortune to you, and a source of regret to us, that we have come at an inopportune time. The fact is our available funds are low; that is, like yours, our bank is too far removed from the center of gravitation. But banks come and go. Say, young man, it is too bad for you to lose so much time that must be valuable, to say nothing of the hardship and exposure you have to endure. So I will come to your assistance, and you may consider your object gained. I will take the responsibility to rear a stone to the memory of your father that shall be better than that reared to mark the grave of Moses, the meekest man that ever lived."

The blank countenance of the youth suddenly lightened, and he asked, joyfully:

"Shall it be as good as that of Justin Jones?"

"Yes; or any other Jones that is passing his halcyon days beneath this mantle of sand."

It was clear that the boy had only a faint conception of the meaning of the words of this fluent stranger, but his heart must have bounded with pleasure. With a broad smile on his lips, he left his post, and approached the new comers, saying:

"I never see you before. You're very kind to a poor-

simple feller like me. Who are you anyway, young man?"

With that fluency of speech so natural to him, and a certain seriousness that marked his tongue, Reuben Rover replied without hesitation:

"Young man, the modest person always hesitates about disclosing his identity, so you must excuse us for not introducing ourselves before. You must also excuse me for not offering you our cards. Unfortunately the last one was printed blank, and besides it fell by the wayside on our journey hither. The fact is, taken collectively, we are a couple of gifted savants from the realms of mystery-bound India, and we come as heralds of a masterly machination to restore to the paternal fold the lamb that vanished from its native haunts. Taken individually, my name is Leonadis Alexander Frothingham, P. O. M. P. of E. T., which last means in English, as you would read it, 'Professor of Occult Mystery and Divine Prophet of the Everlasting Triumph.' My honored associate here is none other than the Honorable Leonard Xerxes Quiver, High Chancellor to the Ancient Royalty of the Order of the Temple of Silence."

Small wonder if the boy was bewildered by this extravagant speech, delivered with the rapidity and smoothness of yarn running off of a spindle turned by machinery. He stared in silence upon the speaker for some time after he had ceased speaking.

"Well, youngster, we are not exactly on exhibition, and when you have taken our measurement you may tell us your name."

"It's Sam. Most everybuddy calls me 'Everybuddy's Sam,' but most everybuddy lies."

"Thank your stars they do not call you 'Everybody's Fool.' But you have this consolation, Sam, which is that the crowd is made up of the simpletons, and that the crowd makes the majority, the majority makes the mob, the mob makes the rabble, and the rabble makes the rioters the world over."

"Say, Reu—Professor," interjected Quiver, "that illit—"

"A parrot should hold his tongue if he does not wish to show his ignorance," interrupted Rover. "I suppose you know every one around here, Sam, and all they are doing."

"I knows everybuddy in Sunset and on Beetle Hill. Why, I've lived all over th' Flats and th' Ridge."

"Sort of lived on the public I take it, Sam. Well, never mind; people like to have you live on them. If you will only feed their vanity, they will feed your stomach. Man's vanity is his armor against the truth of the world. Go ahead, while we walk along, and tell us what you know about the folks."

"You won't forget about that gravestone for dad?"

"Did you ever know me to forget? I may conclude to get you a monument like that of the Newbegins, and I won't forget what I have promised you. Tell me what you know about the town's people of to-day."

By this time they had regained the road, and as they moved slowly along the dusty way, Everybody's Sam said:

"I s'pose it would be properest for me to begin with Squire Newbegin, seein' he owns about half of the town, an' has a mortgage on t'other. He's the meanest man in the world."

"What!"

"Everybuddy says so," stammered the abashed youth.

"A minute ago you said everybody lied."

"About me an' dad."

"I see! the color of a lie depends on the individual towards whom it is sent. But tell me wherein the squire is meanest man in the world."

"Jess runs in th' fambly I s'pose. His dad Aaron made more money 'n th' res' of th' town. When he died he left his boy named Aaron, who is the squire, all on't. He's had so many chances he couldn't help bein' mean I s'pose. Crackers an' cheese! jess see the offices he's got. He's postmister, store-keeper, mayor, squire, skul committee, mod'rator, town treasurer, hog reef, an' sometimes,

when Deacon Goodwill ain't there, he picks up th' money in th' church."

"I think he has an excuse for being mean if the town asks all of that of him."

"Town don't ask him, but jess lets him."

"I see; a case of leaving the door open for the thief while you bar the windows. But you haven't told me in what particular he is the meanest man in this town of saints."

"Well—er—he jess is! It don't have to be told. Why, Bim Gooseberry says as how he overheard the squire trade hosses on Sunday, an' he beat Jock Jenness, th' sharpest jockey this side of Coldbrook, out'n more'n fifty dollars. Then he lets folks as he knows can't pay it back have money, an' then he takes their house'ns an' lands for his own. He's jess owned Lish Whittle's hull farm for years and years, an' it us' t' be one of th' best farms in Sunset. He's owned Josh Spriggins's a long time, an' Life Story's little place. Uncle Life an' me are clus fri'nds. He larnt me that fine speech to make when I wanted folks to give for dad's tombstone. Weren't it a goll-snoozer? Crackers an' cheese! won't th' greenies stick out their eyes when I tell 'em what you are goin' to do for me?"

"Perhaps so; but go on with your interesting story. Tell me more about the squire."

"I ain't begun yet. He let Cap'n Century, who's fit in three wars an' is gol-darned anxious for another, have money that he couldn't pay; an' th' Widder Hawkins; an' this very day th' Widder Temple an' her darter Mary are goin' to be sold out'n house an' home so Mark Crafts can pay fifty dollars to th' squire that he's owed him more'n a dozen years. As if ownin' th' town weren't enough, th' squire sot out to flick a railroad right through the Flats. He went so fur 's to have men stick a row of sticks where she wus to go, an' they stuck one on 'em right in Pell Dickey's dooryard. This wuz more'n th' town could stand, an' she riz in town meeting an' there wus some tall spoutin' ag'in it. Uncle

Life riz to make a speech, but he got switched off into tellin' his stories—he's got his weak p'int, if he is my fr'ind—an he spun his yarn so long that it got to be milkin' time afore he wus done, so th' mod'rator, who didn't happen to be th' squire, shut up the meetin'. The squire was orful put out. Jock Jenness, who lives on Beetle Hill, an' he has a spite of long standin', was tickled most to death. Deacon Goodwill felt so grand he moved th' meetin' be closed with a prayer. It must have been a stunnin' time.

"But they got th' railroad, with the squire a-workin' for it, but it cost the town forty thousand dollars of borrowed money. Some say this money wus never paid, and that th' squire gobbled it. Anyway th' road didn't pay, an' so the guv'nor come down one Sunday, though I never knowed why he come then, and ripped up the rails. Then th' town had a big lawsuit which lasted for ten years, with the squire ag'in it, an' of course he licked. He alwus does—alwus has ever sence he was no higher'n a toad. This made it orful hard for th' town, so when th' squire offered to give the land an' th' lumber fur a town-house, it wus voted they were too poor to take the gift of one. So th' squire has kept pretty mum ever sence. But you can mark your ears there's sumthin brewin'."

"No doubt of it. I suppose in addition to this heavy load of sin the squire has been grossly guilty of selling rum to these saints of Sunset?"

"No; they can't lay that up ag'in th' squire, though they do say he us't'r sell rum. They say that wus what set his boy Free wild. An' when he run'd away, killed hisself by fallin' from a big high buildin', th' squire took an axe an stove in th' head to every rum barrel he had. Sence, no man, not even Cap'n Century, can get a drop from him. Say, mister, did you hear that hollerin', a-soundin' like a flock of wild geese goin' over in the spring?" asked Sam, suddenly changing the drift of his talk.

"I heard some one trying to drive a yoke of oxen I should say by the language he is using. He seems to be

like this to make a speech, but he got switched off into telling his stories—his got his work done. It was a long time as he spent his years so long that it got to be nothing but a habit. The speaker, who had been in the audience, put out. Jack Jackson, who lives on the street, has a right to long standing, was killed in the war. Jackson's speech was so good he was in the audience, he closed with a prayer. It must have been a thousand times.

But they got it, raised with the spirit's working for it, but it cost the forty-four thousand dollars in new money. Some say this money was never paid, and that the speaker finished it. Anyway the road didn't get to the city nor come down one Sunday, though I never knew why he came then, and signed up the road. The town had a big business which lasted for two years with the speaker as it so of course he asked. He then came—always the same way he was no higher a road. The made it right hand for the town as when the speaker offered to give the road to the town for a thousand dollars. So the road they were to take the gift of one. So the speaker had a good time over there. But you can see your own share in the matter.

"No doubt of it. I suppose in addition to the heavy load of sin the speaker has been guilty of selling you to those spirits of sin."

"No; they can't say that up to the speaker though they do say he's a sell-out. They say that was what he was like with. As when he was a way, killed himself by falling from a big high building, the speaker took an axe and drove in the head to every man he had. Since he was, but even up to the speaker can get a drop from him. Say, mister, did you hear that speaker, a second like a flock of wild geese go over in the spring," asked Sam, suddenly changing the drift of his talk.

"I heard some one trying to drive a spoke of wood. I should say by the language he is using. The speaker is to

well supplied with lung power."

"Wull, mister," said Sam with a grin, as if hugely pleased with the thought, "that's Job Ramsbottom, an' he's drivin' his spotted steers down Break-neck Hill 'way over on t'other road. Marster man to holler to his cattle you ever see; hear him way over on Beetle Hill sometimes. Job's funny, he is; round as a punkin an' noisy as a loon. Hear him," and as the three listened a rather mixed compound of ejaculations, commands, threats, and complaints was borne plainly to their ears:

"Haw, Buck; gee, Breck; stand up in line there, yeou catamounts; wh'rsr'hs, Buck; stand up to the bow, Breck; now, together, whoa, haw, gee, back, get up; whut in creation ails yeou, Bowcannon and Brokenridge. Th' more yeou mind the worse yeou act!"

"That's Job," declared Sam, with a low laugh. "He alwus drives jess like that. He's bin ccurtin' Belindy Beters, 'long with Bim Gooseberry, for years and years. They us't' be fr'inds, but they've got so now they don't speak to one another—I mean Bim an' Job—an' I heerd t'other day, down to th' squire's store that Job wus goin' to shoot Bim th' next time he kotched him hangin' round Belindy's house. Hear Job keep up his hollerin'!"

"Hol' up yeour head, Breck; hump up yeour back, Buck; by th' great horn spoon, yeou'll hang me on th' stone wall! Haw, Buck! gee! gee! haw, gee, back, whoa, get up! th' more yeou mind th' worse yeou—"

The cries growing fainter as they continued the last word was lost to the listeners, though there was slight doubt as to what it was, and they resumed their journey down the road, Reuben Rover requesting Sam to continue his description of Squire Newbegin and his family.

"There ain't much to tell about th' squire's fambly matters. He's orful clus-mouthed, so even Belindy Beters, who's marster smart at findin' out other folks' business, don't know much about 'em. The squire had a boy named arter him, who run away 'bout twenty years ago. I

well supplied with long power."

"Well, winter," said Sam with a grin as he lazily glanced with the thought, "that's Job Henderson, as has driven his spotted steers down Black Jack Hill way over out of the road. Another man to follow on the same year over seat; then him way over on Horse Hill somewhere. Job's house, as he's used as a point of interest, is a long, thin, and as the three houses, which stand on a point of elevation, commands, threats, and complaints was borne plainly to their ears:

"Haw, huck; haw, huck; stand up in line there, you caimons; w-h-e-r, huck; stand up to the bow, huck; haw, together, w-h-e-r, haw, huck; get up; what is the show this year, Henderson and Henderson? The more you mind the worse you act!"

"That's Job," declared Sam with a low laugh. "His always drives just like that. He's his cousin, Belinda, but they say he's a little, but they've got so now they don't speak to one another—I mean that in 'job'—as I heard 'other day down to the square's store that Job was going to shoot him; he said that he wanted him hanged, round to shoot him. Now Job keep up his heels!"

"Haw, up your head, huck; hump up your back, huck; up to your head, you'll hump, as in the show, haw! Haw, huck; haw, huck; haw, huck, w-h-e-r, get up! the more you mind the worse you act!"

The other growled, haw, as they continued the last word was lost to the distance, though there was slight doubt as to what it was, and they resumed their journey down the road, Hanson never forgetting Sam to continue his description of "Job's New Year's and his family."

"There ain't much to tell about the square's family matter. He's a real one-mouthed as even Belinda, but that, who's master, as at that, out other folks, but best, don't know much about 'em. The square had a boy named after him, who ain't any more than a year ago."

guess he weren't of much 'count. Anyway he was killed by fallin' from a buildin' over in Goshen, or some furaway town. At fust th' squire said he wouldn't go arter his buddy, but th' mother cried so he did go. Then to please her he built that fine monument. It was lucky he did for she died within a year, an' wus buried beside her boy. They say she wus an orful good woman, an' that she took her boy's actions bad."

"God bless her memory," declared the returned prodigal fervently, while he looked away from his companions as if something in the distant woods had arrested his attention. Finally he asked, with a tremor in his voice: "Were there other children?"

"Crackers and cheese! you mus' be 's ignerent 's a hoss to ask that question. There's Nat, his darter, 's peart a miss 's ever you see. She keeps th' deestrect skule, an' the way she shakes out th' boys would 'mind you of her dad. Oh, she's another squire in skirts, an' she'll have her way every time. They do say even th' squire hisself has to knuckle to her. She's a whole team an' th' driver to boot. Handsome 's a pictur'; looks like her mother, they say. I heerd only yesterday that Cap'n Eb's son John is tryin' to spark her. It's sot th' Root's up orfully sence th' ol' man's got to be cheerman of the sillickmen."

In this way the garrulous Sam entertained his interested listeners until a mile had been passed, when he was led to say:

"I mustn't forget Homer Bland, th' blind fiddler, who comes along every year singin' his songs, tellin' his stories, an' fiddlin' like all-possessed. He makes up potery, an' though he's blin' 's a bat, he's a man an' kerridge. Say, if you're goin' to stop in town you're in luck; folks are lookin' for him about this time. He alwus gets along jess afore Bige Little, th' fat pack peddler, an' Bige alwus comes right arter th' equinoctural. You can alwus count on Bige, an' he grows rounder and jollier every year. Then there's Ken Fok'sle, who lives down toward th' harbor in th' ol' Brunt house.

Cap'n Ken, 's they call him, has gone clean daft over the drownin' of a boy at sea; ship an' everybuddy went down. He's got it into his head he's goin' to build a ship and go and find his boy, and so he's makin' one down on the bog. Guess the squire let him hev his lumber, and he gets most of his livin' from the squire. Crackers an' cheese! he's so crazy he builds a fire every dark and stormy night on the shore of the pond, so's to show the way home for his boy. And if it ain't dark enough for his beacon fire, his wife sets a candle in th' winder. The folks call 'em 'harbor lights.' They must be looney, for in coorse a feller gone twenty years will never come back ag'in, d'you think?"

"He might," replied Reuben Rover, turning his head away so as to avoid the gaze of his companions. These broken reminiscences were touching a tender spot in his memory, and more than once, unseen by his friends, he had brushed the unbidden tear from eyes that had not wept for many years.

"Twenty years seems to be about the time they all go for, eh?" interrogated Leonard Quiver, with a sly nudge of his elbow against the side of the last speaker.

CHAPTER IV

SELLING A HOME AT AUCTION

Behind a range o' wooded hills,
That hid it from the highway,
A low, old-fashioned farm-house stood,
Beside a leetle by-way.

—Hall.

As Reuben Rover and his friend moved slowly along the country road, so overhung at places by the encroaching bushes that they had to bow their heads to escape them,

Cap'n Kent's they call him has gone down last over the
 downin' of a boy at sea; also an everybody went down.
 He's got it into his head he's goin' to build a ship and go
 and find his boy, and so he's makin' one down on the bog.
 Guess the tender let him get his lumber, and he goes over
 of his first time the night. "Children no, choose! he's so
 crazy he builds a five every day and every night on the
 shore of the pond, so to show the way home for his boy.
 And if it ain't dark enough for his lantern, his wife sets
 a candle in the window. The folks call 'em shadow lights."
 They must be money, for to cover a better gone twenty
 years will never come back as he'd you think."

"The night," replied Keaton Rover, turning his head
 away so as to avoid the gaze of his companion. These
 broken reminiscences were touching a tender spot in his
 memory, and more than once, when by his friends he had
 brushed the shadows from their eyes that had not wept for
 many years.

"Twenty years seems to be about the time they all go
 for 'em," interrupted Leonard Oliver, with a slight nod of
 his elbow against the side of the last speaker.

CHAPTER IV

LEAVING A HOME AT AUCTION

It was a day of winter still,
 and the air was cold and dry,
 and the sun was shining bright,
 and the wind was blowing soft.

—

The Keaton Rover and his friend moved slowly along
 the country road as overhang at places by the overhanging
 bushes that they had to bow their heads to avoid them.

keeping up a running conversation with the simple Sam, they began to find farm-houses more frequently. Then, in the midst of this quiet journey, the sound of loud voices, as if several persons were speaking at once without any regard for those who might be listening, reached their ears, when the boy said :

"There's an auction at th' Widder Temple's to sell her house and Mary's, with their belongings. They are owin' Mark Crafts a lot o' money, an' so he called th' auction to sell everything they had, so as to git a part back. But, crackers an cheese! 'twon't half pay him, 'cos th' place ain't worth more'n a hundred dollars. Mark has got Jock Jenness for auctioneer, an' he'll git more'n any other man. Hear him spout!"

The medley of voices had suddenly given way to one resonant tone, which seemed to roll and expand, as it left the speaker's lips, until the swift-flowing volume of words filled the space for rods around. The auctioneer was a large, broad-shouldered, angular man, with a slight stoop to his shoulders and eyes that peered out from under overhanging eyebrows with a light that would flash up at times and then die away to a faint gleam. Just now they were burning with the fire of excitement.

In order to command a good view of his audience he had mounted a chair standing in the hallway of the little red-painted cottage, while the listeners stood outside, except the few who had crowded into the rooms opening from the narrow stairway. Some of these spectators were leaning against the wall of the building; some had climbed into the wagons and vehicles of various kinds that stood in the yard; others maintained an awkward and unsupported position, where they could hear the speaker and watch the play of his features as his earnestness increased. With one exception the auctioneer held the closest attention of his hearers. This exception to the rule was a stout-built man, a little over the shady line of fifty, who was leaning against a wagon wheel, while he busied himself whittling a pine stick,

chuckling now and then as he made an uncommon long shaving. As might be expected the crowd was a typical country gathering of men, women and children.

"Come, gents, speak right out, and not stand round like so many geese just out of water! Here's this piece of antique furniture, if not valuable for its actual worth still rich enough to make any man a nabob in its associations. Here may have been cradled in the innocent sleep of childhood a president of this great and glorious country! Just think of it, ladies and gents, and tumble over each other in your bids. Why here has slept in tranquil peace such a boy or girl as you might have known. A quarter for this birthplace of childish dreams! Twenty-five cents am I offered, who says the half? Re—"

He was interrupted in his glowing peroration by the piercing scream of a woman, who rushed forward bare-headed, with uplifted arms, and tears streaming down her grief-drawn countenance. She was an elderly woman, with snow-white hair and features that showed gentleness and refinement, though pinched with years of hard work and suffering.

"Please do not sell that, sir! Oh, let me keep my dear little Roy's trundle bed! It's all I have to remember him by, and he looked so pretty curled up there in the innocence of childish sleep. Please, sir; spare me that. It will not bring much."

At this juncture she was joined by a younger woman, whose close resemblance to her showed that she must be her daughter, who added her supplication to that of her trembling parent.

"Mrs. Temple and Mary," whispered Sam. "They have come to be very poor, though Mary has worked hard."

(Begun in the July number; to be continued)



Photo by George W. Manter

THE SMYTH TOWER

(See page 106).



THE SOUTHERN TOWER

View from the top of the tower

Journal of Moses Kelsey

An Officer in the Seven Years' War

Notes by COL. LUCIEN THOMPSON, Durham, N. H.

Moses Kelsey served in the Seven Years' War; first, as a sergeant in Captain Shepherd's Company, Col. Nathaniel Meserve's Regiment, sent from New Hampshire in 1756 to operate against the French around Lake Champlain.

In 1757 he was apparently quartermaster to one of the companies detached from Colonel Meserve's Regiment to join the Earl of Loudon's Expedition against Louisburg, during which campaign he kept a brief diary with valuable memoranda, which is in the writer's possession.*

He afterwards served in New York, where he was killed† in 1758.

THE JOURNAL

Thursd July & 21th 1757

one Bord the Cat Ship Mary — Louise per forty five men on weke Cam from fort Lannis on monday Before Saturday Henery Hill — for Thurteen men onbord 23 day 4 days

Durham august 27th 1757

Then Recid on order from Benjmin hall to whicher of Six Dolors

Notingham august 27 1757

Received on order of Benjmin Hall to Receved four Dolors

*This diary, which has been kindly loaned us by Mr. Thompson, is a small 12 mo., bound in hog-skin and in a good state of preservation, though stained and worn from having been carried so long in the pocket of its owner.

The following minute given on the first page seems worthy of quotation:

"Bought halefex July ye 19, 1757."—*Editor*.

†The writer's grandmother, Jane DeMeritt, was named after her maternal grandmother, Jean (Kelsey) McCrillis, daughter of William Kelsey and Margaret Hay, his wife. Her brother, Hugh Kelsey was killed at the seige of Louisburg in 1745; another brother was Moses Kelsey, mentioned above; her sister Sarah married Thomas Allison, who settled in Barrington, N. H., and they were the grandparents of Gen. B. F. Butler, ex-governor of Massachusetts. Another sister, Mary, married James Morrison of Nottingham, and one of their sons, James Morrison, was a captain in the Revolutionary Army, and another son, Robert Morrison, was at Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Stillwater.—*L. T.*

port milor (?) Septembr 20 1757

Then Recived on ord of Samuel Wilkinson of Tenn dolors
to Robrt kelse Bearin deat Sep 3

Recived on order from Cornel of on dolor

LIST OF ALL THE MEN'S NAMES

SARG ^t FARRY	Const Gilman
" DREWS	Edmund Stephins
" PEWELY	John Stanson
SARG HILL	John Smith
Josiah Haild	Josiah Smith
Charls Crimbal	waltor Swain
Jeremiah Smith	Samuel Patol
Daniel Tailor	Simon Patol
moses Bleak	Deniel Mason
Thimothy Bleak	John Jones
John Sambon	Jonathan Hoyt
W ^m Lang	John Halon
gorgs Kiniston	Benjmin fox
Simoen ball	John Blake
Benjmin Brown	Robrt Kimbal
" Abtte	John Spenser
Trastam Sambon	Limuel Drew
John Jenines	Sa ^m Hall
Joseph ^r Rand	Robrt Simpson
Benson Ham	David Beuely
Richerd Parsons	Ebenezer Cornel
Nathan molton	Jeremiah Gilman
Sa ^m Ham	Jonathan Sambon
John mchonne Sin	Henaery Lang
Josiah Robeson	Joshuay Cate
Thomas Pirkins	Isace Curer
mark Nelson	Sam wilkinson
Sa ^m Keley	Thom Chandler
Jeremiah Lang	Isace Grifin desed
Sa ^m Leghton	James Hall
Bengman Hall	

MISIN

Joseph Rend	Jeremiah gilman
Sam wilkinson	Denial mason
Rob Kimbal	John Jons
John Sambon	Jams Hall
Josiah Hald	Jonath Sambon

Com in Robert Kembal Room Hail Stephens

Com in Jerimiah Gilman Room Jonathan Stephens

Abraham Rewel	John Whitden
John Quigg	Jeremiah Smith
Willm Davis	Samuel Robson
John Cooper	Deniel gilman
Pattan Simpson	Joseph Cass

April 2 went to Lonenderey and Tarreyed ther til monday and then went through Notingham and Dunstubl and grotin and Lancestor and Choxford and holdon and old Rutland and New Rutland over the Rockey hills throu New france some towns forgot and then to New Swamp and then to Sanden Land where we met the Compney in 5 days

JOURNAL OF THE GATE BATAL YEAR 1757

months days

March	16	marct to Notingham	20	mils
	17	to Epsom	12	
	18	to Rumford and terred ther Seven		
		Days til the 25	18	
	25	to Hopkin Toun	9	
April	1 st	to Major Blises fort	50	
	3	to nomber two	10	
	4	to hansdals fort	22	
	5	to North feld	9	
	7	to Mountien and Sunderland	18	
April	8	to hadley	9	
		and Crost the Canneaticut River and		
		Com to North hampton	3	

April	9	to Chikary where I left my hors	12
	10	we went on bord the Bots and Came down the river by Springfield and wstfeald and the Long madors and infeald and Shufeald winsor and harford and wathersfeld to Rockey hilds	50
	11	to mideltown	7
	13	went on Bord of a sloop and Sailed by old hadley hadam and East hadam to Seebrook	30
	14	to New Hauein and Lay ther four days and Sailed to west hauin	40
	20	Saild by milford and Statford	
	21	to Long Island	
	23	Threw hals gayt to NæwYork	62
	24	to Stans Island and Bordered out three weeks	8
May	11	we imbarged on Bord the Sloop Betsey at York	8
	21	Saild up husons River after desart- ors to Tapan and Took one	30
	25	Reurned to York	30
June	1	the fleet moued Down to Sandy huck	32 miles
	15	our Sloop was Condaned and we ware poot on Bord of on of the king Ships Caled the Mary while we Lay hear at Sandy hook four of the Reglers Swiming was Cathed By the Sharks and five men ware drowned by the squil	
	20	Sat Sail for halifix	
	28	Came in Site of Land at the East of the—	
	30	arived in the harbor	

- July 3 quet the Ship and in Campt on dart-
mouth Sid of the harbor
- 4 marct for Sisincok
- 5 marct to Lavington 16
- 6 marct to Sisincok 20
- 9 two of Cp^t Starks Compeny ware
wounded By a gun going of aksa-
dantly
- 10 we took one of the Reglors desarted
that was going to the frenth
- 14 Returned to Lavington 16
- 15 Returned to dartmouth 12
- 17 Scouted on the norwast arm and
- 18 Returned one the next day
- 21 Two Boys was whipt to dath for
trying to Blowe oup the ship
- July 26 three men of the Rengors ware
takin at Lanistown as they ware
picking straberis in sight of the
fort
- August 2 imbarqued on bord the Snow for
Capbriton
- 5 imbarqed for Boston one Bord the
Egal galle and Lay wnd Bound
Seuerel days
- 13 Sargent Job Leebey and Thomas
Chas died in the ospitel on the
island
- 15 we Sayled for Boston
- 20 Isace grffin died on his Pashege
from halefex at on in the morning
- 21 we arived at Portsmouth
- 27 marct to Exetor 13
- 28 to Chastor 12
- 29 to deray and Notingham and to 18
Dunstubl
- 30 to Groten 17

July	1	quar the ship and in Camp on date
	2	month 2nd of the harbor
	3	month 3rd of the harbor
16	4	month 4th of the harbor
20	5	month 5th of the harbor
	6	month 6th of the harbor
	7	month 7th of the harbor
	8	month 8th of the harbor
	9	month 9th of the harbor
	10	month 10th of the harbor
	11	month 11th of the harbor
	12	month 12th of the harbor
16	13	month 13th of the harbor
17	14	month 14th of the harbor
18	15	month 15th of the harbor
21	16	month 16th of the harbor
25	17	month 17th of the harbor
26	18	month 18th of the harbor
27	19	month 19th of the harbor
28	20	month 20th of the harbor
29	21	month 21st of the harbor
30	22	month 22nd of the harbor
31	23	month 23rd of the harbor
1	24	month 24th of the harbor
2	25	month 25th of the harbor
3	26	month 26th of the harbor
4	27	month 27th of the harbor
5	28	month 28th of the harbor
6	29	month 29th of the harbor
7	30	month 30th of the harbor
8	31	month 31st of the harbor

Sept	1	to Luninburg	16
	2	to Naregansent	16
	6	to So dearfeld Huseeck	

NOTE.—The following items found in another part of the book are thought worthy of preservation in print. Besides these are several entries of accounts with different soldiers by Quartermaster Kelsey.—*Editor.*

Thomas Chase died August 13 175 at Halefex

on New french gun marked T C

on Coton and Linin Shirt

on frock asinbrgs

on pare of asinbrgs Trousers

on powderhorn one boolet pouth

on par of yarn Stockins

on Betel

fifteen Spenesh mild dolers

on gray Jacket two par of Stockins

two par of Brithis

on Strped Jacket on Shirt

on old hat and Cap

thes thengs ar kept in Charge

with John Holon

Newcastel august 23^d 1757

Recd the above Contents

I Sas Received By me

Moses Chase

August the 21 1757

Isaac Grifin died on his pashis from Halifex and Left the Things folowing

on Cott

on Striped

on pare of Britches

on Cotin and Linin Shirt

Two par of yarn Stockins

on old felt hat

on gun marked I G 1757

on pouder horn and Bolet pouch

Forty one Spenesh mild dolers

Portsmouth

Receved the of the above Contents

Sargen^t Job Lieby

on gun

on Cott

on blew Jeaket

on Red par of britches

on par of Sleeve Butens Silver

three par of Stoakins

on flask on par of Lather Briteis

on Tow Shirt on hat

on par of Shoes

on Chist

Died at hallefex August the 13th 1757

Newcastel August 23 1757

Recived the above Contents

I Say Reaced By me

Joseph Libbe

Albany, May 23th 1758

The Rec^d the full of our Wages on a muster roll Commencing from the 25th of February and Ending the 24th of Apr^r 1758 We Say Rec^d Pr Us.

Henry Lang

Beneon Ham

Mark Nelson

Steven Swett

Corn Philosophy

By SAM H. EDES

"A hoein' corn the other day,"

Old Brown, the farmer, said,

"Some pretty wise and wonderful thoughts

Came runnin' through my head.

Portsmouth

Received the of the above Contents

Sargent, Job L. J. J.

on gun

on Cart

on blow Jakes

on Red part of British

on part of Stone Buttons Silver

three part of Stochastic

on back on part of British British

on Tow Sheet to hat

on part of Sheet

on Chair

Died at Newbury August the 13th 1757

Newmarket August 25 1757

Received the above Contents

I say Received by me

Joseph L. J.

Albany, May 25 1758

The Recd the bill of our Wages on a master tall Cow

amounting from the 25th of February and ending the 24th of

Apr 1758 We say Recd P. L.

Henry Lang

Reuben Ham

Mark Nelson

Steven Swift

COAST PHILOLOGY

to the Editor

"A book, says the other day,"

OM Brown, the famous, said,

"Some pretty well and wonderful thought"

Can't write through my head

"The cultivator comes along
And buries the blades out of sight,
And they'd die in a day if I didn't go
And set 'em all upright.

"Corn's tender. But weeds and grass,
Why goodness sakes alive,
The more you cut and mangle 'em
The more they seem to thrive.

"'Now ain't that just the way with life?'
Says I, as I worked along,
'The useful folks are easy killed
And don't seem no ways strong;

"'While them that never was worth their salt
'Till stand more bumps and blows;
When you think they're done for, up they jumps
As smilin' as a rose.

"'Now,' says I, 'such bein' the case,
What's the livin' reason
That the old world don't all grow bad
'Stead o' better every season?'

"I thought on that till an answer came
That seemed to fit in good,
An' I guess I got as near the truth
As the best philosopher could.

"'It's the farmer that kills the grass and weeds
With strokes of his iron hoe,
And frees the corn from their chokin' grasp
And gives it a chance to grow;

"'And so,' says I, 'it's as clear as light
That the whole world grows in love,
Because of the careful hand and eyes
Of a Farmer up above.'"



"The cultivator comes along
And pulls the blades out of sight,
And says, 'It is a day if I didn't go
And set 'em all upright."

"Corn's wonder - that makes the grain
Why goodness takes care
The more you eat and struggle, you
The more they seem to grow."

"How else, that just the way with life,
Says I, as I walked along
The whole lot are easy killed
And don't seem no ways strong."

"While then that corn was worth their talk
It stood more bump and blow;
When you think they're dead for, up they jump
As well as a row."

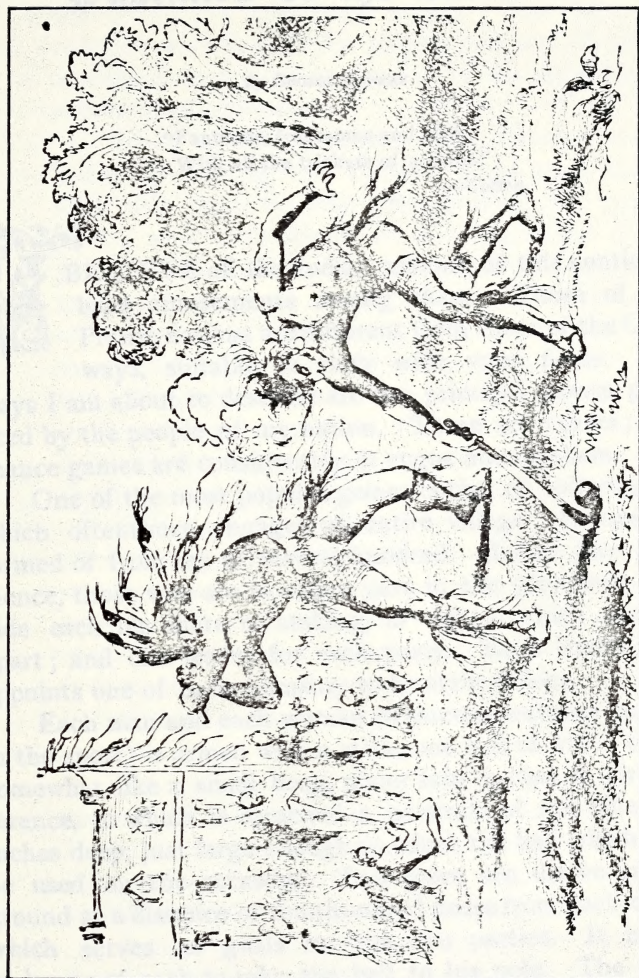
"Now, says I, such talk, the more
What's the best, says
That the old world, they all grow bad
Such a better way reason."

"I thought on that all no more when
That seemed to be in good
Ah, I guess I got to hear the word
As the best philosophy could."

"It's the farmer that kills the grain and weeds
With strokes of his hoe and
And gives the corn from their choice, says
And gives it a chance to grow."

"Now, says I, it's no more as light
The whole world, they all grow bad
Such a better way reason."





From a Drawing by Copway

INDIAN PASTIMES

Pastimes of the Indians

By GEORGE COPWAY

"Fantastic, frolicsome and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child."

—Cotton.



BELIEVE all the Indian nations of this continent have amusements among them. Those of the Prairie nations are different from those of the Ojibways, suitable to their wide, open fields. The plays I am about to describe are the principal games practiced by the people of my nation. There are others; and chance games are considerably in vogue among them.

One of the most popular games is that of ball playing, which oftentimes engages an entire village. Parties are formed of from ten to several hundred. Before they commence, those who are to take a part in the play must provide each his share of staking, or things which are set apart; and one leader for each party. Each leader then appoints one of each company to be stake-holder.

Each man and each woman (women sometimes engage in the sport) is armed with a stick, one end of which bends somewhat like a small hoop, about four inches in circumference, to which is attached a network of raw-hide two inches deep, just large enough to admit the ball which is to be used on the occasion. Two poles are driven in the ground at a distance of four hundred paces from each other, which serves as goals for the two parties. It is the endeavor of each to take the ball to his pole. The party which carries the ball and strikes its pole wins the game.

The warriors, very scantily attired, young and brave, fantastically painted—and women, decorated with feathers,

assemble around their commanders, who are generally men swift on the race. They are to take the ball either by running with it or throwing it in the air. As the ball falls in the crowd the excitement begins. The clubs swing and roll from side to side, the players run and shout, fall upon and tread upon each other, and in the struggle some get rather rough treatment.

When the ball is thrown some distance on each side, the party standing near instantly picks it up, and runs rapidly, with three or four after him, at full speed. The others send their shouts of encouragement to their own party. "Ha! ha! yah!" "A-ne-gook!" and these shouts are heard even from the distant lodges, for children and all are interested in the exciting scene. The spoils are not all on which their interest is fixed, but is directed to the falling and rolling of the crowds over and under each other. The loud and merry shouts of the spectators, who crowd the doors of the wigwams, go forth in one continued peal, and testify to their happy state of feeling.

The players are clothed in fur. They receive blows whose marks are plainly visible after the scuffle. The hands and feet are unincumbered, and they exercise them to the extent of their power; and with such dexterity do they strike the ball that it is sent out of sight. Another strikes it on its descent, and for ten minutes at a time the play is so adroitly managed that the ball does not touch the ground.

No one is heard to complain, though he be bruised severely or his nose come in close communion with a club. If the last-mentioned catastrophe befell him, he is up in a trice and sends his laugh forth as loud as the rest, though it be floated at first on a tide of blood.

It is very seldom, if ever, that one is seen to be angry because he has been hurt. If he should get so they would call him a "coward," which proves a sufficient check to many evils which might result from many seemingly intended injuries.

I well remember witnessing a game of ball which was played in the presence of a large crowd of spectators.

On one side was a thicket of thorns; on the other a lake shore with a sandy beach of half a mile. There were but two rivals in this group of players. One of these was a small man from the region of the Great Lakes, whose name was *Nai-nah-aun-gaib* (Adjusted Feathers), who admitted no rival in bravery, daring or adventure, making the contest more interesting. The name of his competitor was *Mah-koonce* (Young Bear), and he belonged to the home tribe.

The first, as I said before, was a small man. His body was a model for sculpture; well proportioned. His hands and feet tapered with all the grace and delicacy of a lady's. His long black hair flowed carelessly upon his shoulders. On the top of his raven locks waved in profusion seventeen signals (with their pointed fingers) of the feathers of that rare bird, the western eagle, being the number of the enemy he had taken with his own hand. A Roman nose with a classic lip, which wore at all times a pleasing smile. Such was *Nai-nah-aun-gaib*. That day he had not the appearance of having used paint of any kind. Before and after the play I counted five bullet marks around his breast. Three had passed through; two were yet in his body. Besides these, there were innumerable marks of small shot upon his shoulders, and the graze of a bullet on his temple.

His rival on this occasion was a tall, muscular man. His person was formed with perfect symmetry. He walked with ease and grace. On his arms were bracelets composed of the claws of grizzly bears. He had been in the field of battle but five times; yet on his head were three signals of trophies.

The parties passed to the field: a beautiful green, as even as a floor. Here they exhibited all the agility and graceful motions. The one was as stately as the proud elk

of the plains, while the other possessed all the gracefulness of the antelope of the western mountains.

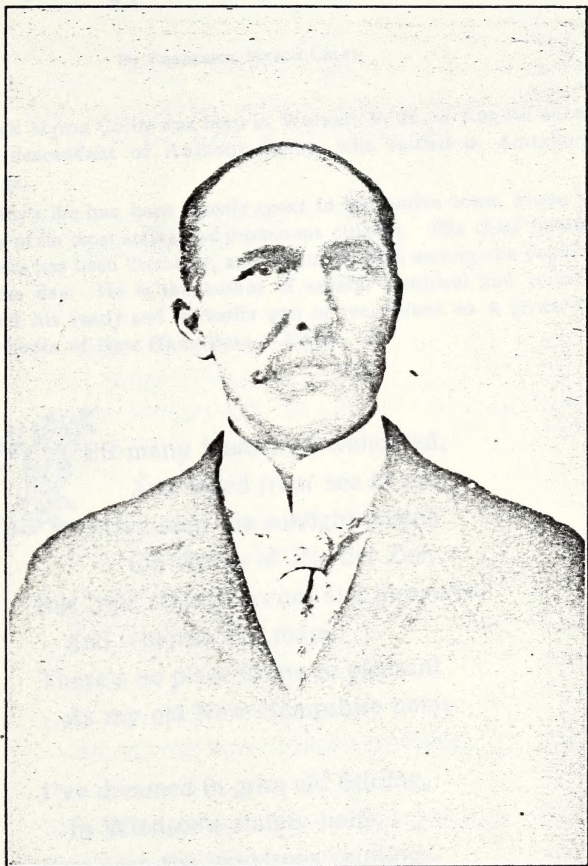
Shout after shout arose from each party, and from the crowd of spectators. "Yah-hah—yah-hah," were all the words that could be distinguished. After a short contest the Bear struck the post, and at that moment the applause was absolutely deafening. Thus ended the first day of the play, which was continued for some length of time.

The Smyth Tower

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR



THE visitor to the heights overlooking the city of Manchester and the valley of the Merrimack for miles up and down the river cannot be other than curious to know what the stone tower pictured by the camera of our artist stands for and by whom it was built. Is it a mystery rivalling the Newport tower? If romance loses something by the explanation we find that it was erected by the late Frederick Smyth, former governor and prominent citizen of New Hampshire, in commemoration of the purchase of the first real estate that he owned in Manchester, and really marks the beginning of a successful career both in industrial and political life. The tower was built from stone and timber obtained near by, is circular in form, twenty feet in diameter, two stories in height, and at one time was completely furnished for occupancy by the governor and his family. Less frequently visited now it begins to show its neglect, and to take on the picturesque appearance of the old towers of England, after which it was happily planned by its projector.



FREDERICK MYRON COLBY



FREDERICK WATSON COLBY

My Old New Hampshire Home

By FREDERICK MYRON COLEY

Frederick Myron Colby was born in Warner, N. H., of English ancestry, being a descendant of Anthony Colby, who settled in Amesbury, Mass., in 1832.

Mr. Colby's life has been mostly spent in his native town, where he ranks as one of its most active and prominent citizens. His chief pursuit for many years has been literature, and he stands high among the popular writers of the day. He is the author of several historical and juvenile volumes, and his ready and versatile pen is recognized as a power far beyond the limits of New Hampshire.—*Editor.*



ER many lands I've wandered,
And sailed from sea to sea;
I've seen the sunlight glisten
On waves of Zuyder Zee;
But 'mid strange scenes and pleasures,
And whereso'er I roam,
There's no place to me so pleasant
As my old New Hampshire home.

I've dreamed in grim old Stirling,
In Windsor's stately halls;
I've seen the wondrous paintings
On the Louvre's gleaming walls;
But not in hall or castle,
'Neath shining spire or dome,
Have I found the sweet contentment
Of my old New Hampshire home.

My Old New Hampshire Home

By Frederick W. Brown

Frederick W. Brown was born in Warren, N. H., in 1854. He is a descendant of Anthony Colby, who settled in America, 1633.

Mr. Colby's life has been spent, from its early years, when he was in one of its most active and productive periods. His chief interests for many years have been literature, and he has written the popular writers of the day. He is the author of several historical and juvenile volumes, and his ready and versatile pen is recognized as a power in regard to the life of New Hampshire.—*Excerpt*

As my old New Hampshire home

There's no place to me so pleasant

And where'er I roam,

On waves of Lyones' Bay,

But still strange scenes and adventures

And where'er I roam,

There's no place to me so pleasant

As my old New Hampshire home

I've dreamed in glim'ring

In Windsor's stately halls,

I've seen the wondrous paintings

On the canvas's glowing walls,

But not in hall of castle,

North spinning spin at home,

Have I found the sweet contentment

Of my old New Hampshire home

Sweet are the clust'ring olives
Among the hills of Spain;
And fair the blooming orchards
Of Normandy and Maine;
But not in cot or homestead
Beyond the swelling foam,
Can you find the cosy comfort
Of my old New Hampshire home

Bright are the streams of Hellas
Girt with their woods of pine;
And gay the Tuscan vineyards
'Neath purple Apennine;
But fairer than the landscapes
Of sunny Greece or Rome,
Are the hilltops and the valleys
Of my old New Hampshire home.

O warmly falls the sunlight
O'er Bagdad's domes of snow;
And rich the gelds of roses
Where Pharpar's waters flow;
But sweeter grow the violets
By merry brooklet's foam,
And fairer still the sunshine
Of my old New Hampshire home.

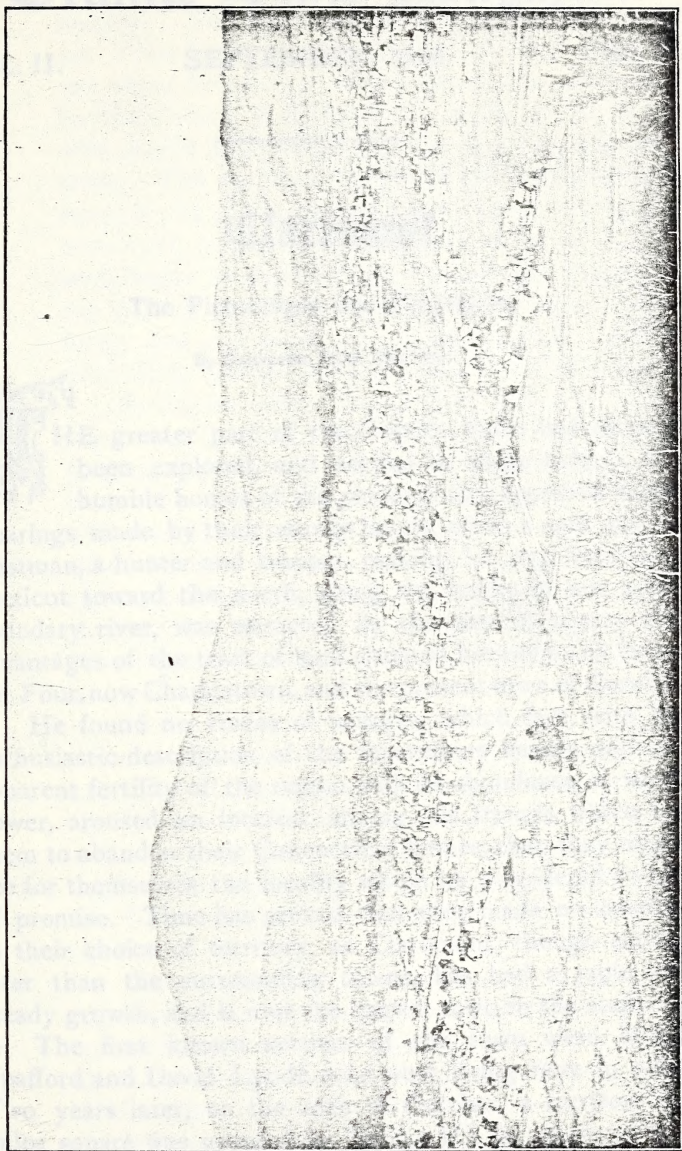
New Hampshire! O New Hampshire!
I love to think of thee,
Dreaming by vine-clad mountain,
Or lulled by tropic sea;
My heart will always hunger
While foreign lands I roam,
For the comforts and the blessings
Of my old New Hampshire home.

Of my old New Hampshire home
 Can you find the cosy comfort
 Beyond the swelling foam,
 Beyond the swelling foam,
 Ol' New Hampshire and Maine;
 And take the towering cliffs
 Among the hills of Spain;
 Sweet are the clanging arms

Of my old New Hampshire home
 Are the hills and the valleys
 Ol' sunny Greece or Rome,
 But later than the landscape
 'Neath purple Agamemnon,
 And say the Trojan legends
 Out with their words of prose;
 Bright are the streams of Helles

Of my old New Hampshire home
 And later with the sunset
 By many a mother's knee,
 But sweeter grow the visions
 Where Pliny's waters flow;
 And rich the gifts of trees
 Ol' England's dews or snow;
 O wondrous tale the sunlight

New Hampshire! O New Hampshire!
 I long to think of thee,
 Dreaming by vine-clad mountain,
 Of lakes by tropic sea;
 My heart will always hunger
 While foreign lands I roam,
 For the comfort and the blessing
 Of my old New Hampshire home.



CLAREMONT, N. H.
Ascutney Mountains in the Distance

Granite State Magazine

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

No. 3.

Claremont

The Picturesque and Progressive

By GERTRUDE JONES BARTLETT



THE greater part of the Granite State had already been explored, and settled to some extent; the humble homes of the pioneers had appeared in the clearings made by their sturdy hands, when a man named Eastman, a hunter and trapper, making his way from Connecticut toward the north, along the banks of our noble boundary river, was attracted by the natural beauty and advantages of the tract of land situated between Old Number Four, now Charlestown, and the present town of Cornish.

He found no traces of savages, which fact, with his enthusiastic description of the marvellous beauty and the apparent fertility of the region with its abundance of water power, aroused an interest among his friends which led them to abandon their Connecticut homes, that they might see for themselves the locality which he considered so full of promise. Time has proved that they made no mistake in their choice of territory, as Claremont, though settled later than the surrounding towns, has had a rapid and steady growth, and is now the largest town in the state.

The first known settlers of the town were Moses Spafford and David Lynde, who were living here in 1762. Two years later, on the 26th of October, a territory six miles square was granted by George III. to about seventy petitioners, most of whom were Episcopalians from Con-

necicut. The grant was divided into equal shares, Governor Wentworth keeping for himself five hundred acres; one share for foreign religious work, one share for a glebe for the Church of England, one share for the first minister who should settle here, and one share for educational purposes. The grantees succeeded in making terms with the squatters by giving them generous parcels of land. Cabins were built, mostly in the west part of the town. Husbands soon began to send for their wives and children, and we can picture the inhabitants, even in their rough cabins, happy and contented, yet looking eagerly forward to the time when greater good fortune should be theirs.

No Indian relics having been found on this soil, it is safe to say that this was never the abode of any tribe of Indians, and the only red man found here by the early settlers was a certain Tousa, supposed to have been a chief, who seemed quite friendly so long as the territory which he called his own was not disturbed. As the town grew he appeared irritated by its prosperity, and after a heated discussion with some of the settlers was never seen again. His skeleton having been found years afterward upon his own ground, we may draw our conclusions as to his fate.

In the early part of 1767, a mechanic, Benjamin Tyler, came to Claremont on foot from Connecticut and, having succeeded in securing mill privileges on Sugar river, where the Jarvis and Coy mills now stand, built the first dam, as well as saw and grist-mills in this vicinity. In 1785 he built larger mills where H. W. Frost's grist-mill now stands. Mr. Tyler held many town offices and did much to benefit the town.

On the eighth day of March, 1768, the first town meeting was held at the house of Capt. Benjamin Brooks and a town clerk, selectmen, constable and tithingmen chosen, also a committee to lay out necessary thoroughfares. One of the oldest roads was that running north and south over the hills in the west part of the town. It was over this road that President Wheelock and his family, with servants

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No Indian relics having been found on this soil, it is safe to say that this was never the abode of any tribe of Indians, and the only one now found here by the early settlers was a certain Indian supposed to have been a child who seemed quite friendly so long as the territory which he called his own was not disturbed. As the town grew he appeared inclined to be propitious, and when a notice of caution with reference to the settlers was given, even again, this Indian having been found years afterwards upon his own ground, we may draw our conclusion as to his fate.

In the early part of 1757, a mechanic, Benjamin Tyler, came to Claremont as footman to Governor Wentworth, and having succeeded in securing mill privileges on Sugar River, where the Jarvis and Gay mills now stand, built the first dam, as well as saw and grist-mills in this vicinity. In 1757 he built larger mills where H. W. Frost's grist-mill now stands. Mr. Tyler held many town offices and did much to benefit the town.

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and students, passed on their way from Connecticut to Hanover, where they established Dartmouth College, which was an outgrowth of Moor's Indian Charity School at Lebanon, Conn.

The population of Claremont, in 1775, was 523, but after the breaking out of the Revolutionary War the inhabitants scattered and in less than a year's time there were not more than forty families remaining. The greater part of the townspeople were in favor of open hostilities with England, and no favor was shown suspected Tories, who were in danger of their lives. British spies were scouring remote parts of the country and about a mile below the village, near the river, is a spot called Tory Hole, which was used as a place of hiding. As the affairs of the country became settled the population began to increase, manufacturing was carried on in all parts of the town, and after 1810 water power was used largely for manufacturing purposes.

The most fashionable residences were built and the center of business was located on or near Town Hill, in the west part of the town. A few of the houses are now in the possession of prosperous farmers, the land here being particularly fertile, while many of the buildings have gone to decay and only parts of cellars and other slight evidences of their location remain.

Soon after the settlement of the town two ecclesiastical bodies were formed. The first Congregational minister, Rev. George Wheaten, was ordained according to the Congregational platform in 1772, and held meetings on Town Hill in a building which was used for a school. This house was built of logs, covered with rough boards, and had a floor of earth. The meeting house erected later on the Junction road, near the land now used by the Sullivan County Fair Association, was taken down in 1790 and removed to Broad street, where it was used for town meetings as well as religious services. The site was given by Josiah Stevens, together with the land south of it, to be

used by the town as a park. This building, which was afterwards twice remodelled, was used exclusively for town meetings and public gatherings after the Congregational church on Pleasant street was built in 1835. So strong was the attachment felt by the people for this historic landmark that the demolition of the old building and the erection of the present opera house in its place, seemed to many nothing less than sacrilege.

The Episcopalians formed an organization in 1771, but meetings were not held regularly until 1773, when Union church was erected in the west part of the town, the Rev. Ranna Cossitt having been appointed rector. He was an outspoken Royalist, a fact which did not please most of his parishoners, yet he must have been successful in his work here for the church prospered. A tower and belfry were added to Union church in 1800, and soon after a bell was hung and an organ, a rarity at that time, placed in the church. Services have been held regularly in this historic edifice during the one hundred and thirty-three years since its erection. This parish was divided and a new parish organized in the village in 1843. The corner-stone of Trinity church was laid on June 16, 1852, on the site of the earlier Trinity chapel on Broad street.

A Baptist organization was formed in 1776, Methodist in 1800, Roman Catholic in 1823, Universalist about 1834, and Claremont may well be proud of the continued prosperity and efficiency of her churches.

People gradually moved farther east to a new section which has been for many years the center of business and social interests. The schools have kept pace with the general progress of the town, the present system being thoroughly up to date. Private schools, where the higher branches were taught, were succeeded by Claremont Academy, for which a building was erected at the corner of Sullivan and Walnut streets. It is now used as a dwelling house. This institution in turn gave way to Stevens High School, which through the munificence of Paran Stevens,

son of Josiah Stevens, a native of the town, was erected in 1868. Mr. Stevens' gifts to the school have aggregated \$65,000, to which has been added the more recent bequest of \$70,000 from Mrs. Helen Richards Healy, also a native of the town. The Alden fund provides for an annual prize to the three graduates of the highest rank. Mrs. Harriet E. Tappan left over \$30,000 for the district schools, the income to be divided among the pupils according to their standing at the close of each term, so that each child should receive a share of the prize money.

A free library was founded, in 1873, by Samuel P. Fiske, a native of the town. Its first permanent location was in the old Bailey block, since known as the library building. Four years ago the library was removed to its present structure presented by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

Prominent among the business organizations of the town are the Claremont National Bank, J. Duncan Upham, president, organized under the name of the Claremont Bank in 1826, and the People's National Bank, Frank P. Maynard, president, organized in 1892.

Three newspapers are published in Claremont at the present time. The *National Eagle* was established in 1834 as a Whig paper, with John H. Warland as editor. The present publishers are Fay, Thompson and Fay, who purchased it in 1880. The *Claremont Advocate*, started as a Free Soil paper by Joseph Weber in 1849, under the name of the *Northern Advocate*, is now published by J. H. Whiting. The *Narrative*, a monthly prohibition paper, has been published since 1870 by S. H. Story.

Foremost among the charitable organizations stands the Ladies' Union Aid Society, which has done most efficient work for the last twenty years, and in 1892 the society founded the Claremont Cottage Hospital, now indispensable to the community.

A large number of secret orders and other organizations are represented here, among them Hiram Lodge, A. F. and A. M., Webb Chapter, R. A. M.; Columbian

Council, R. and S. M., Sullivan Commandery, K. T., Order Eastern Star, Knights of Honor, Knights of Pythias, Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, Red Men, Wachipauka Council, D. of P., Odd Fellows, Evening Star Encampment, Canton Oasis, Daughters of Rebekah, Ancient Order United Workmen, United Order Golden Cross, La Societe St. Jean Baptiste, Societe L'Union Canadienne-Francaise, Daughters of the Revolution, Foresters of America, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Patrons of Husbandry, Chellis Rifles, the Claremont Club, and business organizations.

In the old days, when the main stage route from Massachusetts to northern Vermont ran through Claremont, its many taverns were well patronized, among them the Cook Tavern, built in 1779, on the road to Windsor; the Cupola House, four miles west of the village, known as the Cupola Farm; the Ralston Tavern, built in 1784, with a spacious hall in which the Free Masons held their meetings. An amusing story is told of Mrs. Ralston who, prompted by the curiosity accredited to her sex, went to the unfinished attic during one of these meetings to listen to the proceedings. She had not succeeded in satisfying her curiosity, however, when her feet went through the ceiling and she had to be extricated from her embarrassing position by her husband and his fellow Masons. The broken ceiling was in evidence until the house was renovated in 1887. The tavern changed hands many times and in 1815 was sold, together with the farm lands, for private purposes. It is now owned by Charles E. Bailey. The "Bill" Barnes Tavern, on North street, was built in 1790, and is now occupied as a residence by the granddaughter and great-grandson of the original owner. D. Chase's Tavern, better known as the Sullivan House, Willis T. Redfield, proprietor, was built in 1794. The Maynard Tavern at West Claremont, originally built for a private residence, was used as an inn for many years, and is now known as Hotel Cross, Fred C. Buzzell, proprietor.

Council, R. and S. M. Sullivan Commandery, K. T.
 Order Eastern Star, Knights of Honor, Knights
 Pythias, Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, Red Men,
 Washington Council, D. of P., Odd Fellows, Evening Star
 Encampment, Canton Orlin, Daughters of Rebecca,
 Ancient Order United Workmen, United Order Golden
 Cross, L. A. Society, St. Jean Baptiste, Société L'Union
 Canadienne-Française, Daughters of the Revolution, For-
 esters of America, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Farmers
 of Husbandry, Chellis Riders, the Claremont Club, and
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 the Cook Tavern, built in 1759, on the road to Windsor;
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 with a spacious hall in which the first Maine state
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 prompted by the curiosity accorded to her son, went to
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 ceiling and she had to be extricated from her embarrassing
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 broken ceiling was in evidence until the house was re-
 vated in 1835. The tavern changed hands many times and
 in 1815 was sold, together with the farm lands for pasture
 purposes. It is now owned by Charles E. Bailey. The
 "Old" Burnett Tavern, on North street, was built in
 1760 and is now occupied as a residence by the grand-
 daughter and great-grandson of the original owner. D.
 Watson's Tavern, better known as the Sullivan House,
 Maynard Tavern or West Claremont originally built for a
 private residence, was used as an inn for many years, and
 is now known as Hotel Cross, Fred C. Burnett, proprietor.

The Tremont House, built in 1800 by Josiah Stevens for a residence, was afterwards enlarged and well known as a hotel from 1823 to 1879, when it was destroyed by fire. This hotel had entertained many persons of note, among them General Lafayette, in 1824. It was in this house that Paran Stevens, so well known as a hotel proprietor in Boston, New York and the South, began his experience in hotel life. It was owned from 1839 to 1880 by Aurelius Dickinson, and later kept by his son, Henry A. Dickinson, and others. The Junction House, named for its location near the junction of the Sullivan, and Concord and Claremont Railroads, has been open at intervals. The lower village hotel, built about 1815, was destroyed by fire about 1848. The Belmont House, now Clark's Hotel, H. A. Clark, proprietor, erected in 1872, on Pleasant street, by Joel Heywood, is now owned by his son, E. B. Heywood, and is a well appointed hotel. The Ascutney View House, Charles M. Atwood, proprietor, was built in 1891 by Ira F. Chandler and is now in the possession of Charles F. Fletcher. The Central House, George S. Cook, proprietor, at the corner of Sullivan and Pearl streets, is well patronized. Hotel Claremont, E. A. Winter, proprietor, which cost \$110,000, was built in 1892 by a syndicate, on part of the site of the old Tremont House, and is one of the finest hotels in New Hampshire.

The Connecticut Valley is particularly fertile and Claremont abounds in beautiful farms. One of the largest and most productive farms in the state is the Cupola Farm of five hundred acres, owned for nearly one hundred years by the Sumner family, since then by the late Pomeroy Rossiter, and is now owned by the widow of Charles P. Rossiter and her son Leonard. The Hubbard Farm is the land granted by Governor Wentworth in 1776 to Joseph Waite, in recognition of his services in the French and Indian War. After Mr. Waite's death the title was acquired by Lieut. George Hubbard, and it was in the hands of his descendants until purchased by David Farwell.

The Tremont House, built in 1833 by Josiah Stevens for a residence, was afterwards enlarged and well known as a hotel from 1837 to 1879, when it was destroyed by fire. This hotel had entertained many persons of note among them General Lafayette in 1780. It was in this house that John Stevens, so well known as a hotel proprietor in Boston, New York and the South, began his experience in hotel life. It was owned from 1839 to 1880 by Amos Dickinson, and later kept by his son, Henry A. Dickinson and others. The Junction House, named for its location near the junction of the Sullivan, and Concord and Claremont Railroads, has been open at intervals. The latter village hotel, built about 1815, was destroyed by fire about 1848. The Belmont House, now Clark's Hotel, H. A. Clark, proprietor, erected in 1872, on Pleasant street, by Joel Heywood, is now owned by his son, E. B. Heywood, and is a well appointed hotel. The Academy View House, Charles M. Atwood, proprietor, was built in 1841 by Dr. F. Chandler and is now in the possession of Charles F. Fletcher. The Central House, George S. Cook, proprietor, at the corner of Sullivan and Pearl streets, is well patronized. Hotel Claremont, E. A. White, proprietor, which cost \$10,000, was built in 1874 by a syndicate on part of the site of the old Tremont House, and is one of the finest hotels in New Hampshire.

The Connecticut Valley is particularly fertile and Claremont abounds in beautiful farms. One of the largest and most productive farms in the state is the Clark farm of five hundred acres, owned for nearly one hundred years by the Sumner family, since then by the late Pomroy Rosier, and is now owned by the widow of Charles T. Rosier and her son Leonard. The Hubbard farm is the land granted by Governor Wentworth in 1770 to Joseph White, in recognition of his services in the French and Indian War. After Mr. White's death the title was acquired by Lieut. George Hubbard and is now in the hands of his descendants until purchased by Dr. J. F. French.

Among other farms of considerable size are the Labar Ainsworth Farm, now owned by his sons, George and Ralph Ainsworth; the Horace Dean Farm, on the Charlestown road, owned by John F. Jones; the Oliver Ashley Farm, owned since 1882 by John Bailey; the Jarvis Farm on Town Hill, bought in 1785 by Dr. Leonard Jarvis, and which has since been in the hands of the Jarvis family, is now owned by Russell Jarvis; the Dr. Samuel Jarvis Farm at West Claremont, which was a part of the territory claimed by the lone Indian, Tousa, and which is now occupied by Dr. Leonard Jarvis and ex-Consul Dr. William Jarvis, sons of Dr. Samuel Jarvis; the Breck Farm on the Windsor road, owned in 1792 by William Breck and since his death by his descendants, is now in the hands of Stephen Breck. This farm has been widely known for the breeding of fine cattle. The Nathaniel Goss Farm has been owned by three generations of Rossiters, Timothy B., George P., and now by Charles T. Rossiter; Highland View, the fine estate of William H. H. Moody, overlooks the village from a high eminence, which commands one of the finest views in this locality.

The manufacturing interests of this town have been so numerous that it would take more than the space allotted for this entire article to give a good idea of both the past and present plants, so that only the largest and those which have been in operation during the last ten years will be mentioned.

The Monadnock Mills, with a capital of \$250,000, Frank P. Vogl, agent, chartered in 1832, manufacture high grade quilts and sheeting. The employees number 450. This company owns over fifty tenement houses, also one of the largest gas plants in New England, which furnishes gas to the town.

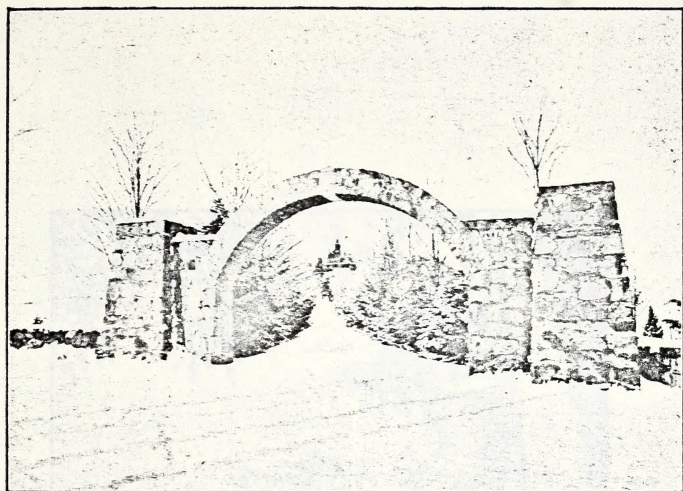
The Sullivan Machinery Company, J. D. Upham, treasurer, T. W. Fry, works manager, was started in 1851. The product of the Claremont plant is diamond drills for prospecting mineral lands, rock drills, air compressors and

Among other farms of considerable size are the I. John Alworth Farm, now owned by his sons, George and Ralph Alworth; the Homer Dean Farm, on the Clarendon road, owned by John F. Jones; the Oliver Ashley Farm, owned since 1885 by John Bailey; the Jarvis Farm on Town Hill, bought in 1785 by Dr. Leonard Jarvis, and which has since been in the hands of the Jarvis family, now owned by Russell Jarvis; the Dr. Samuel Jarvis Farm at West Claremont, which was a part of the territory claimed by the first Indian, Toner, and which is now occupied by Dr. Leonard Jarvis and ex-Governor Dr. William Jarvis, sons of Dr. Samuel Jarvis; the Brock Farm on the Winton road, owned in 1795 by William Brock and since his death by his descendants; is now in the hands of Stephen Brock. This farm has been widely known for the breeding of fine cattle. The Nathaniel Good Farm has been owned by three generations of Rockport families, George F. and now by Charles T. Rosner; Highland View, the late estate of William H. H. Moody, overlooks the village from a high eminence, which commands one of the finest views in this locality.

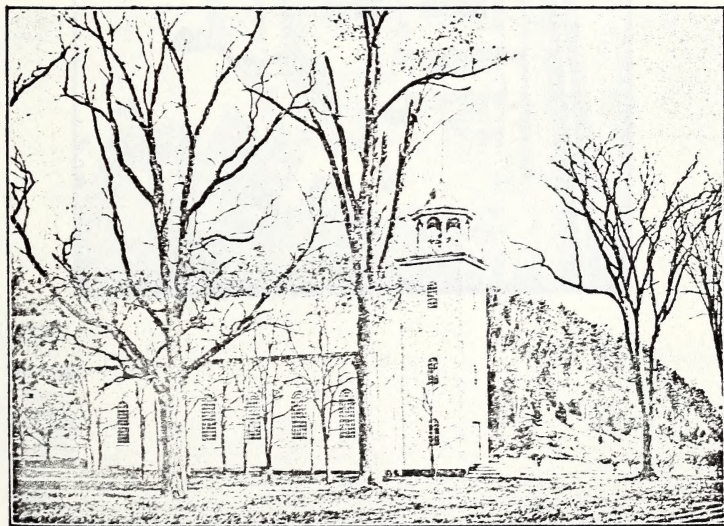
The manufacturing interests of the town have been so numerous that it would take more than this space allotted for this article to give a good idea of both the past and present plants, so that only the largest and those which have been in operation during the last ten years will be mentioned.

The Moorcroft Mills, with a capital of \$125,000, Frank P. Vogt, agent, chartered in 1892, manufacturing high grade galls and spinning. The employees number 120. The company owned one fifty thousand dollar saw one of the largest saw plants in New England, which furnished gas to the town.

The Sullivan Machinery Company, J. D. Upson, treasurer, T. W. Foy, works manager, was started in 1911. The product of the Claremont plant is diamond drills for prospecting mineral, black rock drills, air compressors and



HIGHLAND VIEW ARCHWAY



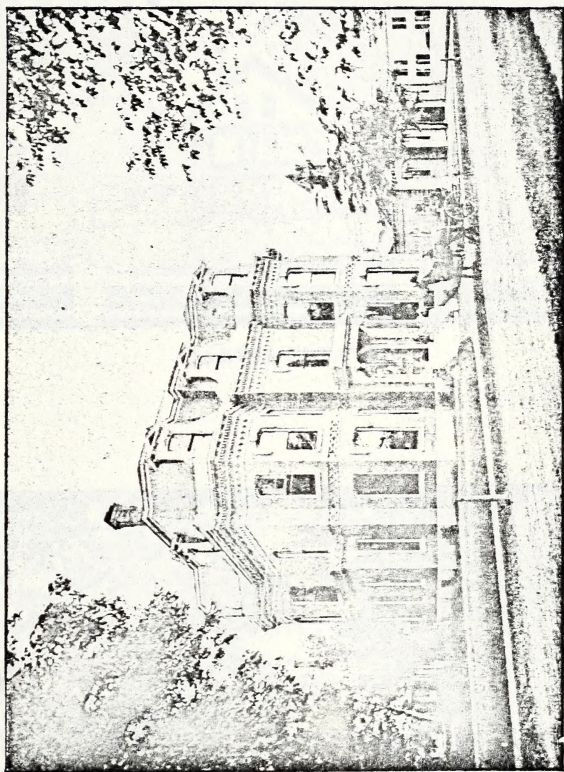
UNION CHURCH



HIGHLAND VIEW ARCHWAY



UNION CHURCH



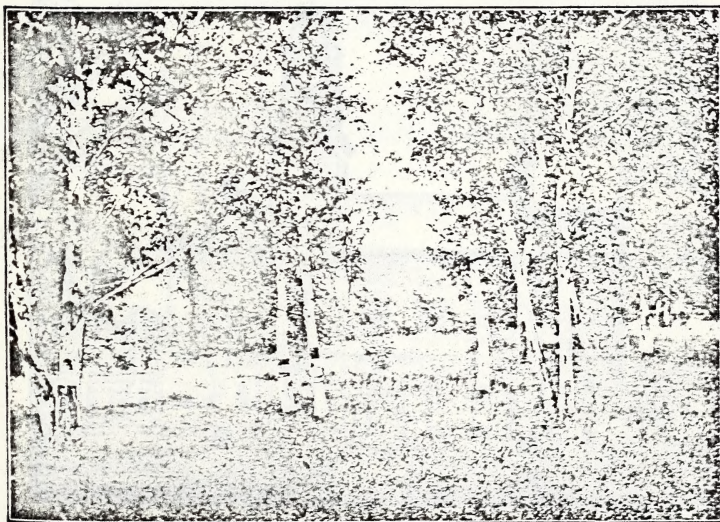
TYLER RESIDENCE

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

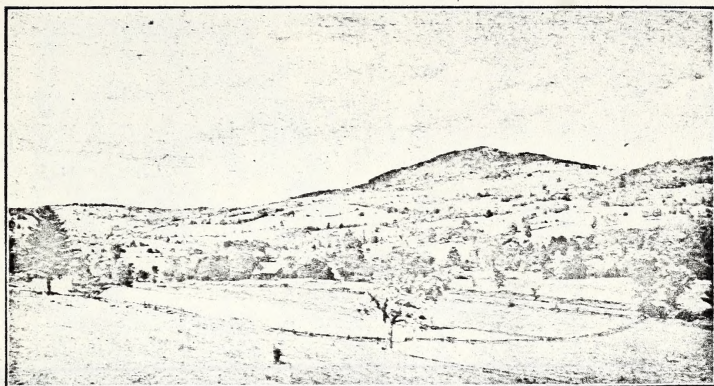




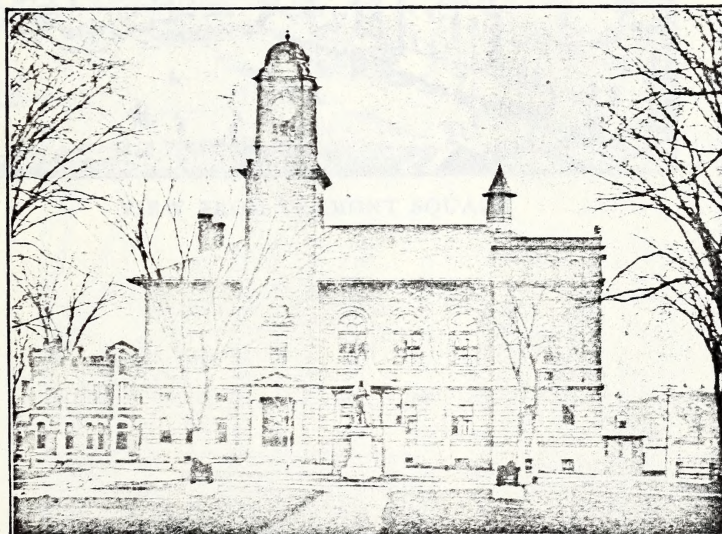
JARVIS ESTATE



THE BIRCHES



GREEN MOUNTAIN



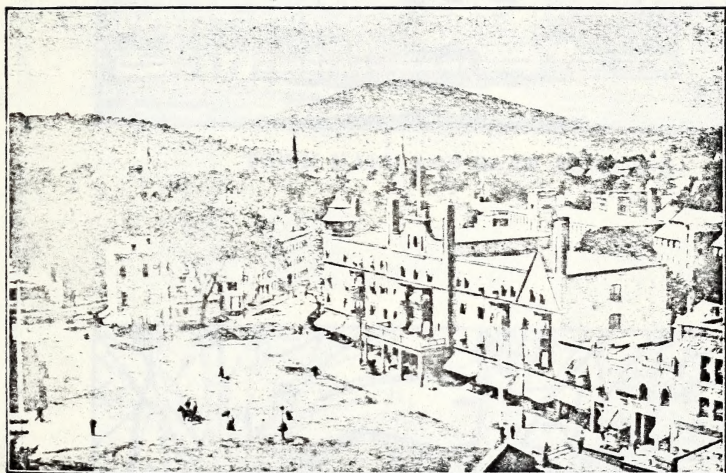
OPERA HOUSE



GREEN MOUNTAIN



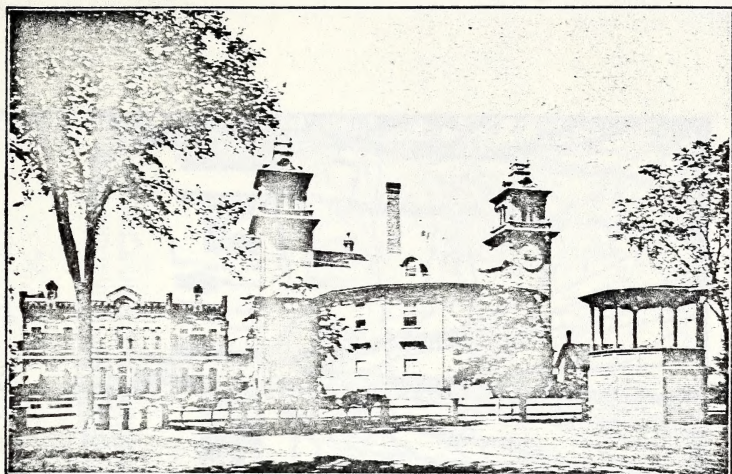
OLNEY HOUSE



VIEW FROM TREMONT SQUARE



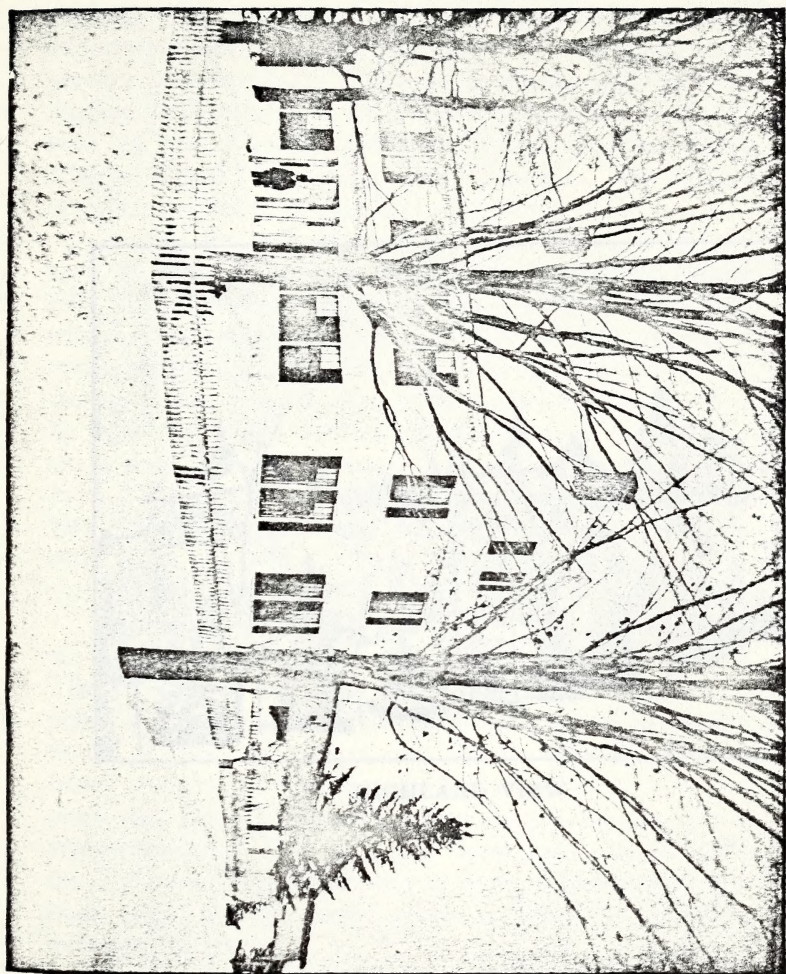
VIEW FROM TREMONT SQUARE



TOWN HALL AND BANK BUILDING

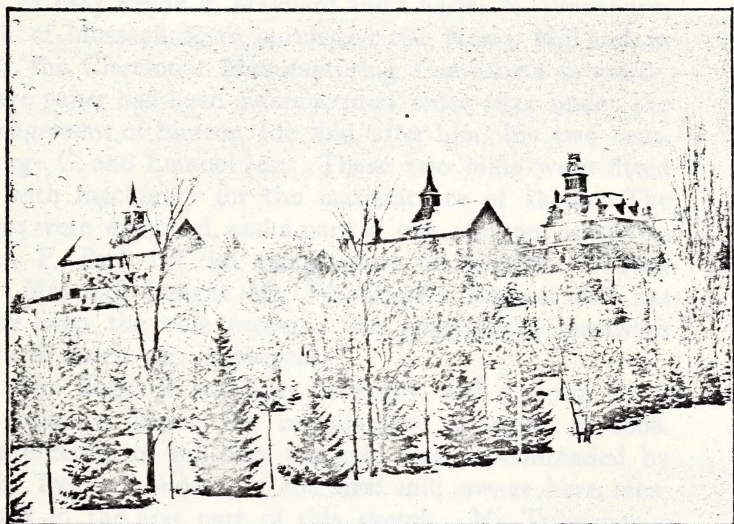


STEVENS' HIGH SCHOOL



"HILL" BARNES TAVERN





HIGHLAND VIEW

coal mining machinery. At the Chicago plant they employ about 250 men, making air compressors and heavy hoisting engines. The company employs in manufacturing plants and sales offices in various parts of the country about 1,100 persons, and machinery is shipped to mining and quarrying regions throughout the world and to important contracts such as the Chicago Drainage Canal, Panama Canal, Niagara Wheel Pits and New York Tunnels. The number of hands employed at the Claremont works is 700.

In 1883 Frank P. Maynard and Charles N. Washburn, both of Massachusetts, purchased the Home Mill and, in 1887, the Claremont Manufacturing Company's property, where paper had been manufactured since 1834 under the management of Simeon Ide and, after him, his two sons, George C. and Lemuel Ide. These two mills were fitted up with machinery for the manufacture of shoes. The shops were extended, and a part of one of them leased to John F. Park for the manufacture of slippers. In 1893 Mr. Maynard bought Mr. Washburn's interest and has since been the sole owner. The plant to-day furnishes work to nearly 400 employees.

The Sugar River Paper Company, with a capital stock of \$100,000 began the manufacture of paper in 1868. The erection of the dam and mill was superintended by John Tyler, grandson of the first mill owner here, mentioned in the first part of this sketch. Mr. Tyler was a heavy stock-holder and was elected president of the company, Mr. John T. Emerson, agent, and J. Alonzo Pierce, superintendent. The property went into the hands of the Claremont Paper Company in 1902. They manufacture book paper of the same grade as formerly, and have enlarged the plant.

A recent addition to the industries of the town is the Novelty Pearl Company, J. P. Carl Weis, proprietor, which occupies the buildings formerly known as Bailey's Mills.

In the mills formerly owned by the late George L. Balcom, A. Roberts & Co. manufacture woollens.

The Sullivan Railroad, opened in 1849, was the first to be built through the town and became a part of the Central Vermont, and was afterwards transferred to the Connecticut Valley Railroad. It is now leased by the Boston & Maine Railroad, the principal station being Claremont Junction. This road gives Claremont access to the north, to New York, via Springfield and Hartford, and to Boston by the way of Keene and Fitchburg. The second railroad, the Concord & Claremont, opened in 1872, runs through the village to Claremont Junction. This road passed into the hands of the Northern Railroad and later became a part of the Boston & Maine system. This line connects with the Merrimack Valley system at Concord, N. H.

At a point two miles south of Claremont village, Ashley's Ferry crosses the Connecticut river to Weathersfield Bow, Vt. It was chartered in 1784. The locality is picturesque and is often visited by tourists. About two miles above the ferry was a toll bridge connecting Claremont with Ascutneyville, Vt. This bridge was swept away by high water in 1902, and a ferryboat substituted.

The many fine business blocks are a credit to the town. Most of them are located on or near Tremont Square. The stores being well stocked with first-class goods, much trade is attracted from the surrounding towns. Claremont owns a fine system of water works and also a model electric lighting system. It has electric car service and free postal delivery.

Among the prominent and influential citizens the ministry claims the Revs. W. E. Patterson and Charles S. Hale, Episcopalians; J. M. Wathen, Congregationalist; G. C. Garland, Methodist Episcopal; W. A. Tuttle, Universalist; V. V. Johnson, Baptist; Frs. A. F. Simard and M. J. Moher, Roman Catholic.

Among the physicians are Robert H. Brooks, E. P. Cushman, Emery Fitch, Leonard Jarvis, G. W. McPherson, Henry C. Sanders, J. H. Theriault, Clarence W. Tolles, Osman B. Way.

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At a point two miles south of Claremont village Ashley's Ferry crosses the Connecticut river to Westburyfield, N. H. It was chartered in 1788. The ferry is picturesque and is often visited by tourists. About two miles above the ferry is a tall bridge connecting Claremont with Ashcutt's Ferry. This bridge was torn away by high water in 1902, and a temporary substitute.

The many fine business blocks are a credit to the town. Most of them are located on or near Town Square. The stores being well stocked with groceries, much trade is attracted from the surrounding towns. Claremont owns a fine system of water works and also a model electric lighting system. It has electric car service and free postal delivery.

Among the prominent and influential citizens the following claim the town: W. E. Patterson and Charles S. Hale, Episcopalians; J. M. Watson, Congregationalist; G. C. F. (Episcopal Episcopal); W. A. Tabor, Unitarian; J. M. Watson, Baptist; F. A. F. Smith and M. J. M. (Roman Catholic).

Among the physicians are Robert H. Brown, R. F. Chapman, Emory F. Leonard Jarvis, G. W. McPherson, Henry C. Smith, J. H. Therman, Clarence W. Toller, Osmun B. Way.

The attorneys are as follows : Frank H. Brown, county solicitor, Bert Chellis, Ira Colby & Son (Ira Gordon Colby), Herman Holt, E. E. Leighton, Hosea W. Parker, ex-member of congress.

The picturesque surroundings are ever a delight to the inhabitants and visitors. Green Mountain in the east, Flat Rock and Bible Hill in the south, Trisback and Barber's Mountain in the west part of the town, Sugar River, winding and beautiful, the outlet of Sunapee Lake, flows through the heart of the town, while just over the Vermont line Ascutney Mountain, three thousand feet above sea level, stands like a sentinel guarding not only the nestling villages of her own state, but also the neighboring New Hampshire towns which take just pride in her overshadowing majesty and the beauty of her ever-changing light and shade.

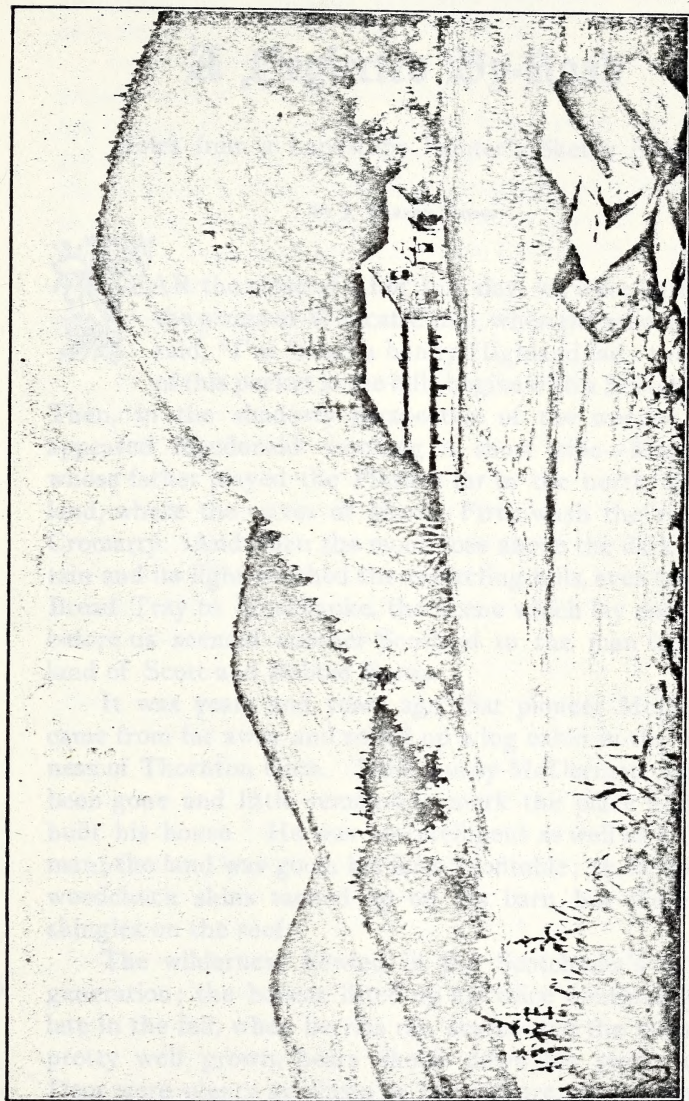
A place possesses historical interest because of the character and deeds of its natives and citizens. As in civil life the men of Claremont have been sturdy and progressive, so in times of military necessity they have been among the first to respond. The town furnished a large quota of men, in proportion to its size, at different times during the Revolutionary War, and her soldiers were at Saratoga, Ticonderoga, and with Stark at Bennington. Col. Samuel Ashley, Chaplain Augustine Hibbard, Lieut. Col. Joseph Waite, Capt. Oliver Ashley, Lieut. Joseph Taylor, and Lieut. Barnabus Ellis were among the officers who deserve honorable mention and, if space permitted, a much longer list could be given of non-commissioned officers and privates who endured the hardships of the struggle for liberty. The names of Matthias Stone, Joseph Rice, William Osgood, Stephen Higbee, Thomas Goodwin, Lemuel Hubbard, Asa Jones, Ambrose Cossitt, Nathaniel Goss, "Bill" Barnes, Elihu Stevens and Ichabod Hitchcock appear prominently in town affairs at this time. These men served as a committee of safety, selectmen, and in other town offices, raising troops, collecting funds, and driving out the Tories.

Claremont was also represented in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Rebellion and the Spanish-American War. Among the officers who went from Claremont to the Civil War were Col. Alexander Gardiner (deceased), Capt. Charles H. Long, Capt. Edwin Vaughan (deceased). Officers to the Spanish War were Capt. Julius C. Timson, Lieut. Fred J. Miller (deceased) and Capt. Walter F. Walker.

Major Jarvis Post, Women's Relief Corps, Tent Fanny G. Patrick, Daughters of Veterans, and the Spanish War Veterans are active organizations in this town.

The town park contains a fine monument, surmounted by the Milmore figure of a soldier, in bronze, which was dedicated by the citizens of Claremont in 1869. Dr. J. Baxter Upham, who delivered the oration at the dedication in speaking of the response to the call for service in the Rebellion said: ". . . Major Waite set forth with the eighty-five patriot soldiers recruited by Captain Austin for the rendezvous at Concord, a full company, nearly, from this town of about four thousand inhabitants, and if the whole population of the state had been represented in the same ratio, instead of a single regiment of 708 rank and file, more than enough for ten regiments could have been had in the first call to arms."

The early settlers of this town, like those of other New England communities, were men and women of stern moral and religious principles who spent their lives in the midst of hardships of which our generation can have but the faintest realization. Many of them were persons of culture and refinement, and some there were of high intellectual attainments. But all devoted themselves heroically to the upbuilding of a community among these New Hampshire hills where they laid securely and permanently the foundations of this beautiful and prosperous town, of which her sons and daughters are justly proud.



Drawn from Nature for the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by J. WARREN THYNG

VIEW FROM WILDCAT CAMP

ALFA ROMEO RACING TEAM

La più grande passione del mondo è la velocità. Alfa Romeo Racing Team è la più grande passione del mondo.



A Neglected By-Road

Notes from a Landscape Painter's Sketch Book

By J. WARREN THYNG



TEAR the close of a hot July day, we were sitting on the piazza of Wildcat Camp, when the schoolmaster said, "I've found a bonny Highland lad; the story of this pocket in the hills begins with a Scotchman." Then, in the shadowy perspective of the wooded road, appeared Macdonald smoking a short pipe—Macdonald whose father played the Pibroch far in the north of Scotland, where the waves of Moray Firth wash the rocks of Cromarty. And when the moon rose above the dark mountain and its light touched the encircling hills, even from the Bread Tray to Moosilauke, the scene which lay enchanted before us seemed another Scotland to the man from the land of Scott and Bobbie Burns.

It was years and years ago that pioneer McDermott came from far away and rolled up a log cabin in the wilderness of Thornton Gore. Now sturdy McDermott has long been gone and little remains to mark the place where he built his house. He was an intelligent as well as a thrifty man; the land was good, his farm profitable; there were no woodchuck skins tacked up on his barn, but there were shingles on the roof.

The wilderness howled in the Scotchman's day and generation; the bobcat lifted up his voice continually and, late in the fall, when berries ran scarce and the cubs were pretty well grown, bears shook down his sweet apples. Deer were plenty as sheep in his pasture, and in time of peril came to his dooryard, not fearing assassination. A few deer are there now, and there are men who can look

into their great speaking eyes and take their lives; then, even among Christians, boast of the act.

In the fullness of time other settlers came, and the section became granted land; but to whom I do not know, not having enough interest in the business to ransack the records to find out. Just now it is sufficient to know that the surveyor's transit and chain mapped out a fertile spot that to-day should be under cultivation instead of a waste land, on a neglected by-road, where the smoke of no chimney ascends, and where broken rafters and rotten sills are the melancholy token of many homes forsaken and forgotten.

If birthrights were sold for a mess of pottage, it is now too late to regret.

This rubbish-filled hole in the earth, about which nature has drawn a fretwork of running blackberry vines to hide the shame of neglect and shiftlessness, was once a cellar; and this flat stone, where an old-fashioned single red rose is blooming, was once the doorstep of some man's house. How keenly the fragrance of a flower may return to memory a perished hope!

I counted twenty-five abandoned farms in Thornton Gore. In the piping times of their occupation there were two school-houses, a meeting house, a bobbin mill and a large saw-mill. The meeting house is gone—some one came and hauled it away. I well remember the little meeting house. It had queer box pews and singing seats up in a gallery at the end, but no paint anywhere. If the day was hot, and the sermon heavy, why you could look out of the window and see the great purple-blue wall of Moosilauke cool against the sky, with many green hills, like the waves of the sea, lying between. One day a minister came and preached from the first verse of the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains, from whence shall my help come."

Now, as of old, the cloud shadows shift and wander upon the hills, light shimmers on distant river or pond, and

into their great speaking eyes and take their lives; then, even among Christian people, of the act.

In the fulness of time other settlers came, and the section became a great land; but to whom I do not know, not having enough interest in the business to research the records to find out. Just now it is sufficient to know that the surveyor's line and chain mapped out a fertile spot that to-day should be under cultivation instead of a waste land, on a neglected by-road, where the smoke of no chimney ascends, and where broken rollers and rollers still are the melancholy tokens of many human labours and lost hopes.

If birthrights were sold for a morsel of postage, it is now too late to regret.

This rabbit-holed hole in the earth, about which nature has drawn a network of running blackberry vines to hide the shame of neglect and indifference, was once a cellar; and this first stage, where an old-fashioned stage and road is blazoned, was once the doorway of some man's house. How keenly the fragrance of a flower may return to memory a perished hope!

I counted twenty-five abandoned farms in Thornton Gore. In the piping times of their occupation there were two schoolhouses, a meeting house, a rabbis' hall, and a large saw-mill. The meeting house is gone—scarcely a name and buried is away. I well remember the little meeting house. It had queer box pews and singing seats up in a gallery at the end, but no pews anywhere. If the day was hot, and the sermon heavy, why you could look out of the window and see the great purple-blue wall of Mount Lebanon cool against the sky, with many green hills like the waves of the sea lying between. One day a minister came and preached from the first verse of the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains, from whence shall my help come."

Now, as of old, the cloud shadows shift and wander upon the hills, light elements on distant river or pond, and

the perfume of wild flowers is finer than Parma violets.

Windowless and doorless, the remains of the school-house stand at the foot of the hill, within a bow-shot of Wildcat Camp. Old Mr. Hart told me that he remembered the time when fifty scholars went to school there, and more than forty tax payers lived in what is known as Thornton Gore. The ruined mill, with its overshot water wheel nearly thirty feet in diameter—perhaps the last of its kind in the state—was for a long time an object of interest to visitors from summer boarding houses in the valley. Last year the rotten wreck, leaning heavily on the stone wheel pit, pitched headlong into the brook. Somebody hauled away the bobbin mill, and somebody else pulled up the planks of the dam and let out the water of the mill pond.

Along by the neglected by-road other roads, now obliterated and lost, once led to productive farms. Roadways and fields and pastures have returned to a state of nature. I found, in the deep woods, three miles from the remaining road, old cellars out of which trees nearly a foot in diameter were growing and becoming a part of the surrounding forest. Again, a crumbling chimney stack with a great oven could be seen, showing where some man's bread was once baked. Far back, in a dark recess of the wood, is said to have been the ruined cottage of the witch of the glen; but of her history, real or fanciful, I could learn nothing.

The neglected by-road, leading from Woodstock up through Thornton Gore, ends at the "Cyclone house," now a heap of broken timber. Tradition says that a whirlwind once picked this house up, turned it around, and left it uninjured. I have seen few landscapes of greater beauty than the view from a point in the lumber road near by.

This is a trout country; else the schoolmaster and the bookman were not here with me to-day. No less than ten brooks flow from the nearer hills into the valley to join the Pemigewassett; and up here in the wilderness the trout

the perfume of wild flowers is fiercer than from violets. Windows and doors, the remains of the school-house stand at the foot of the hill within a few rods of Wilkes Camp. Old Mr. Hart told me that he remembered the time when fifty scholars went to school there, and more than forty tax-payers lived in what is known as Thornton Grove. The school still with its overgrown walls, which nearly thirty feet in diameter—perhaps the last of its kind in the state—was for a long time an object of interest to visitors from summer boarding houses in the valley. Last year the rotten wreck, leaning heavily on the stone wall, pitched headlong into the brook. Somebody else pulled up the planks of the dam and let out the water of the mill pond.

Along by the neglected by-road other roads, now obliterated and lost, once led to productive farms. Road-ways and fields and pastures have returned to a state of nature. I found in the deep woods, three miles from the remaining road, old cellars and of which there nearly a line in diameter were growing and becoming a part of the surrounding forest. Again, a crumbling chimney stack with a great oven could be seen showing where some man's hand was once placed. Far back in a dark recess of the wood, it said to have been the ruined cottage of the witch of the Glen; but of her history, real or fanciful, I could learn nothing.

The neglected by-road, leading from Woodstock up through Thornton Grove ends at the "Cypress house," now a heap of broken timber. Thornton says that a whistling once picked this house up, turned it around, and left it unharmed. I have seen few landscapes of greater beauty than the view from a point in the harbor road near by.

This is a trout country; the schoolmaster and the bookman were not here with me to-day. No less than ten brooks flow from the nearer hills into the valley to join the Fenningskill; and up here in the wilderness the trout

have a chance to escape the natives' early hook. Now, the coarser sportsman, with "Dobson" and "Helgamite," may seek coarser fish in coarser waters; but, after all, there is only one kind of fish—the brook trout. East pond is some five miles beyond Wildcat Camp; here large trout are frequently seen—if never caught.

The highway, near the Woodstock mill, turns sharply to the left and begins to climb the hills; on this by-road are a few houses in good repair; indeed, Mr. Nelson Brown has lately built a fine summer house on a sightly spot. Still, here and there along the road, are relics of the good old times; orchard trees where no home is; wells to which no man comes for water; over-grown paths that lead to nowhere, and sometimes a house with windows boarded up. Then there is a queer little meeting house, with a tadpole steeple, where once they talked not so much of the dear Evangel of St. John as of the near coming of a Messiah.

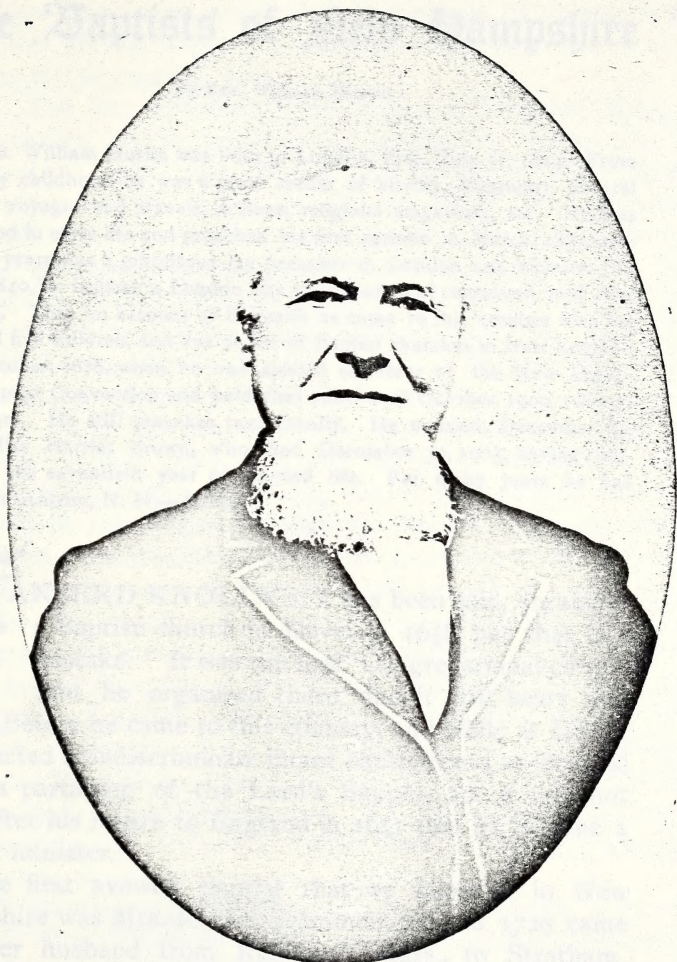
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And now it had come to pass that the evening and the morning were the tenth day; then the schoolmaster, having fried his last mess of trout, locked the door of Wildcat Camp.

The Lesson

By ARTHUR J. BURDICK

It takes a life of woes and joys,
Of taking and of giving,
Of smiles and tears, of hopes and fears,
To learn that life's worth living.



REV. WILLIAM HURLIN



WILLIAM H. HARRIS

The Baptists of New Hampshire

By REV. WILLIAM HURLIN

Rev. William Hurlin was born in London, Eng., July 31, 1814. From his early childhood he was a great reader of history, biography, natural history, voyages and travels, science, religious magazines, etc. He was converted in early life and preached his first sermon in March, 1835, and for five years was a gratuitous lay preacher in London and vicinity. In April, 1840, he became a London city missionary and continued until May 31, 1849. Then on account of ill health he came to this country with his wife and five children, and was pastor of Baptist churches in New England until October, 1878, when he was elected secretary of the New Hampshire Baptist Convention and held that office until October, 1900, twenty-two years. He still preaches occasionally. He married, December 25, 1836, Miss Harriet Brown, who died December 30, 1905, having commenced the seventieth year of married life. For many years he has resided in Antrim, N. H.—*Editor*.



ANSERD KNOLLYS, it has been said, organized a Baptist church in Dover in 1638, but that is a mistake. It was the first Congregational church that he organized there, and it still bears that date. Before he came to this country, and while at Dover, he objected to indiscriminate infant baptism and to immoral persons partaking of the Lord's Supper, but it was not until after his return to England in 1641 that he became a Baptist minister.

The first avowed Baptist that we know of in New Hampshire was Mrs. Rachel Scammon, who in 1720 came with her husband from Rehoboth, Mass., to Stratham. Here she talked freely of her Baptist views, and late in life she bought one hundred copies of "Norcott on Baptism," and distributed them in and around Stratham, but there was no Baptist church formed in that town until after her death.

The first Baptist church in New Hampshire was organized in Newtown (now Newton) in 1750, and in 1755 Elder Walter Powers was ordained its first pastor. The members of this church endured much persecution from the members of the standing order.

The Rev. Hezekiah Smith settled in Haverhill, Mass., December 1, 1764, and a Baptist society was formed there, January 1, 1765, and a Baptist church was organized May 9, 1765, and Mr. Smith was chosen pastor. He was not satisfied to be merely a pastor at Haverhill, but he traveled extensively and preached in the regions beyond. In 1766 he formed a branch church in Weare, N. H., which afterwards became an independent church. On June 28, 1768, he organized a Baptist church in Berwick, Me., and some of its members who lived in Madbury, N. H., were some years afterwards formed into a separate Baptist church in that town. In 1769 he visited Hopkinton and baptized a number of persons and formed a branch church, which in 1771 became a separate church. In 1793 there was an extensive revival under the preaching of Elder John Peak, then pastor at Deerfield, and twenty-one were baptized at Hopkinton, forty-five at Bow and sixteen at Goffstown. The converts at Bow and Goffstown were organized as branch churches of Hopkinton, and afterwards became separate churches. For twenty-four years four deacons did most of the preaching at Hopkinton, but in 1795 they called Rev. Elisha Andrews to be their first pastor, and to preach to them half the time. He also preached in Londonderry, and formed a branch there of the Hopkinton church, which later became a separate church.

On June 14, 1770, Hezekiah Smith baptized at Deerfield Rev. Eliphalet Smith, the Congregational minister, with his wife and most of the members of his congregation, and on the same day he formed them into a Baptist church. Samuel Shepard was a young physician who, while at the house of a patient at Stratham, saw one of the books of "Norcott on Baptism," which Mrs. Scammon had

The first Baptist church in New Hampshire was organized in Newtown (now Newton) in 1750, and in 1751 Elder Walter Powers was organized its first pastor. The members of this church endured much persecution from the members of the standing order.

The Rev. Hesebald Smith settled in Haverhill, Mass., December 1, 1754, and a Baptist society was formed there. January 1, 1755, and a Baptist church was organized May 2, 1755, and Mr. Smith was chosen pastor. He was not intended to be merely a pastor at Haverhill, but he traveled extensively and preached in the regions beyond. In 1755 he formed a branch church in West N. H., which afterwards became an independent church. On June 28, 1756, he organized a Baptist church in Haverhill, Mass., and some of its members who lived in Madbury, N. H., were some years afterwards formed into a separate Baptist church in that town. In 1759 he visited Hopkinton and baptized a number of persons and formed a branch church, which in 1771 became a separate church. In 1759 there was an extensive revival under the preaching of Elder John Park, then pastor at Derryfield, and twenty-one were baptized at Hopkinton, forty-five at New and seven at Goffstown. The converts at New and Goffstown were organized as branch churches of Hopkinton, and afterwards became separate churches. For twenty-four years past (about 1783) they met at the preaching at Hopkinton, but in 1783 they called Rev. Elijah Andrews to be their first pastor, and to preach to them half the time. He also preached in Loudensbury, and formed a branch there of the Hopkinton church, which later became a separate church.

On June 14, 1759, Hesebald Smith baptized at Derryfield Rev. Ephraim Smith, the Congregational minister, with his wife and most of the members of his congregation, and on the same day he formed there into a Baptist church. Samuel Shepard was a young physician who while at the house of a patient at Stratham, saw one of the books of "Newcott on Baptism," which Mrs. Newman had

distributed. He read it and was convinced by its arguments, and on June 16, 1770, he was baptized by Rev. Hezekiah Smith who, on June 20, baptized fourteen persons in Stratham, and on July 18 organized a Baptist church in that town. In May, 1771 or 1772, Mr. Smith organized a Baptist church in Nottingham with sixteen members, and another in Brentwood with thirteen members, and both these, with the church in Stratham, were placed under the care of Dr. Shepard. Under his guidance Brentwood was made the central church, and the others were called branches of it. Other branches of this church were formed in Canterbury, Chichester, Epping, Hampstead, Hawke (now Danville), Lee, Loudon, Meredith, South Hampton and other places. At one time the whole of these contained about one thousand members. In 1773 a Baptist church was organized in Northwood.

While this work was going on in the eastern part of New Hampshire, other agencies were at work in other parts of the State, and Baptist churches were formed in Chesterfield, Hinsdale and Richmond in 1770; in Westmoreland, 1771; Gilmanton, 1773; Marlow, 1778; Newport, 1779; Canaan and Rumney, 1780; Sutton, 1782; Dublin, 1785; Claremont, 1786; New London, 1788; Cornish and Troy, 1789; Hanover, 1790; Plainfield and Swanzy, 1792; Lyme, 1794; and Conway, 1796.

It may be stated here that Benjamin Randall, an unordained Baptist preacher, finding that his doctrinal views were not in full accord with those generally held by the Baptists, formed the first Freewill Baptist church in New Durham on June 30, 1780. As several other Baptist ministers joined him, the new denomination spread and grew, and I think some of the Baptist churches became connected with it.

In the "History of the Baptist Churches in New England," by Henry S. Burrage, D. D., it is stated that in 1790 there were in New Hampshire thirty-one Baptist churches, twenty-three ordained and licensed preachers, and 1,732

distributed. He read it and was convinced by its arguments, and on June 16, 1770, he was baptized by Rev. Hezekiah South who on June 20, baptized fourteen persons in Stratham, and on July 11 organized a Baptist church in that town. In May 1771 or 1772, Mr. South organized a Baptist church in Northampton with sixteen members, and another in Brentwood with thirteen members, and both these, with the church in Stratham were placed under the care of Dr. Shepard. Under his guidance Brentwood was made the central church, and the others were called branches of it. Other branches of this church were formed in Canterbury, Canterbury, Exeter, Hampton, Haver (now Danville), Lee, Loudon, Meriden, South Hampton and other places. At one time the whole of these contained about one thousand members.

In 1773 a Baptist church was organized in Northwood. While this work was going on in the eastern part of New Hampshire, other agencies were at work in other parts of the State, and Baptist churches were formed in Chesterfield, Hillsdale and Richmond in 1770; in Waterford, 1771; Chatham, 1771; Methuen, 1772; New Port, 1772; Canaan and Rumney, 1780; Sutton, 1781; Dublin, 1781; Charlestown, 1785; New London, 1785; Nash and Troy, 1789; Henniker, 1790; Fitchburg and Newry, 1791; Lyme, 1794; and Concord, 1794.

It may be stated here that Benjamin Hurd, an eminent Baptist preacher, feeling that the doctrinal views were not in full accord with those generally held by the Baptists, formed the first Free Will Baptist church in New Durham on June 10, 1788. As several other Baptist ministers joined him, the new denomination spread and grew, and I think some of the Baptist churches became troubled with it.

In the "History of the Baptist Churches in New Hampshire," by Henry S. Burdette, D. D., it is stated that in 1790 there were in New Hampshire thirty-one Baptist churches, twenty-three ordained and licensed preachers, and 1,000

members. In 1905 there were eighty-nine churches, of which seventy-six had pastors or stated supplies; eighty-five ordained ministers; twelve, licentiates; and 9,566 members.

THE ASSOCIATIONS

When the early Baptist churches in New Hampshire were organized, most of them united with associations in other states, the Warren in Rhode Island, the Boston in Massachusetts, and the Woodstock in Vermont. The Brentwood Conference was formed in 1776, and was composed of three churches: Brentwood in New Hampshire and Berwick and Sanford in Maine. In 1785 this conference was reorganized as the New Hampshire Association with eight churches: Brentwood, Gilmanton and Northwood in New Hampshire, and Berwick, Coxhall (now Lyman), Sanford, Shapleigh and Wells in Maine. This arrangement continued until 1818, when this association was divided, the churches in Maine becoming the York Association, and those in New Hampshire the Salisbury Association with eight churches, six ordained ministers and 484 members. Before this arrangement had been made, however, two other associations had been formed in New Hampshire. The Meredith Association was formed in 1789 with five churches and 578 members, and the Dublin Association in 1809 with six churches and 343 members. Three other associations were formed in 1828, making a total of six, the present number. The Milford Association was composed of eight churches, five ordained ministers, and 720 members. The Newport Association had eight churches, six ordained ministers and 901 members. The Portsmouth Association had six churches, five ordained ministers and 720 members. In 1842 a small association was formed in the north part of New Hampshire with the name White Mountain Association. It had five churches, one ordained minister and 164 members. It disbanded in 1880, the three churches remaining joining other associations.

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THE ASSOCIATIONS

When the early English churches in New Hampshire were organized, most of them united with associations in other states; the *Warren* in Rhode Island, the *Boston* in Massachusetts, and the *Woodstock* in Vermont. The *Brimwood* Conference was formed in 1776 and was composed of three churches: *Brimwood* in New Hampshire and *Berwick* and *Sandwich* in Maine. In 1783 the conference was reorganized as the *New Hampshire Association* with eight churches: *Brimwood*, *Gilmanston* and *Northwood* in New Hampshire, and *Berwick*, *Cashell* (now *Lewiston*), *Sandwich*, *Shapleigh* and *Wells* in Maine. This arrangement continued until 1818, when the association was divided, the churches in Maine becoming the *York Association* and those in New Hampshire the *Salisbury Association* with eight churches, six ordained ministers and 425 members. Before this arrangement had been made, however, two other associations had been formed in New Hampshire. The *Meredith Association* was formed in 1789 with five churches and 275 members, and the *Dothan Association* in 1809 with six churches and 242 members. Three other associations were formed in 1828, making a total of six the present number. The *Millard Association* was composed of eight churches, five ordained ministers, and 720 members. The *Newport Association* had eight churches, six ordained ministers and 601 members. The *Portsmouth Association* had six churches, five ordained ministers and 720 members. In 1842 a small association was formed in the north part of New Hampshire with the name *White Mountain Association*. It had five churches, one ordained minister and 145 members. It disbanded in 1850, the three churches remaining joining other associations.

THE STATE CONVENTION

While the associations served their purpose in the different parts of the State, it was found that a more comprehensive organization for the whole State was needed to do necessary work in destitute sections. For this purpose the New Hampshire Baptist Domestic Mission Society was formed at Concord in 1819; and it employed ministers to spend a few weeks at a time in preaching at different places, but it was felt that something more than this was needed, and after a preliminary meeting of delegates had met at Salisbury, October 12 and 13, 1824, and had decided that a state convention was desirable, another meeting was held at Meredith June 21, 1825, and a state convention was formed. But it seems that afterwards it was thought desirable to obtain an act of incorporation from the legislature of New Hampshire, and therefore at a meeting at New London, June 27, 1826, this Convention was dissolved and a new one was formed under the act of incorporation approved by the governor June 22, 1826, which organization has continued until the present time. It meets every year in October, with some church in the State, and is composed of the ordained ministers and delegates from the churches. The meeting in 1905 was at Newport, and that of 1906 is to be at Exeter. As there was no need of two organizations with similar objects in view, the Domestic Mission Society was dissolved in 1828.

The present officers of the New Hampshire Baptist Convention are: President, Rev. J. H. Robbins, Concord; vice-presidents, Deacon F. A. Hawley, Manchester, and Rev. M. F. Johnson, Nashua; secretary, Rev. O. C. Sargent, Concord; treasurer, Mr. L. E. Staples, Portsmouth. These with twenty-two other persons form the Board of Management. One of the leading objects of the convention is to aid poor churches in sustaining pastors or stated supplies. Last year forty churches were thus aided to the amount of \$4,370.26. A missionary to the French was

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also sustained, half of his salary being paid by the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and a colporter with a gospel wagon, half of whose salary is paid by the American Baptist Publication Society. The convention also employs a missionary pastor. The salaries and expenses of these three persons amounted to \$1,715.20, making a total of \$6,085.46. The convention obtains its funds from the voluntary contributions of the churches, and the interest from its permanent fund. The amount of this fund is now \$132,161.80, of which \$112,403.31 has been received from the legacy of the late Daniel S. Ford of Boston, Mass.

BAPTIST MINISTERS

The late E. E. Cummings, D. D., spent most of his ministerial life as the pastor successively of the two Baptist churches in Concord, and was for fifty-one years a member of the Board of Convention. He prepared a biographical catalogue of the Baptist ministers in New Hampshire from 1755 to 1832, which catalogue contained 132 names. Rev. William Hurlin, who was secretary of the convention twenty-two years, 1878-1900, prepared another catalogue of Baptist pastors in New Hampshire from 1832 to 1892, which contained 535 names, a total of 667 up to that time. Of those in the catalogue of Dr. Cummings, the last two died in 1895, viz.: Rev. S. Coombs, aged ninety-five years, and Rev. E. Worth, aged ninety years. Mr. Worth was recording secretary of the convention for nineteen years. Of those in Mr. Hurlin's catalogue, it is known that 353 have died, 174 are supposed to be still living, and eight have not been heard from for some time. Between September, 1892, and September, 1905, there have come into New Hampshire 112 other pastors, making a total of 779 Baptist pastors in 151 years.

Among prominent ministers in the catalogue of Dr. Cummings may be named Thomas Baldwin, D. D., of Canaan, who was afterwards pastor of the Second Baptist church in Boston, until his death in 1825; John N. Brown,

also sustained, half of his salary being paid by the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and a copyist with a gospel wagon, half of whose salary is paid by the American Baptist Publication Society. The convention also employs a missionary pastor. The salaries and expenses of these three persons amounted to \$4,775.00, making a total of \$5,084.40. The convention obtains its funds from the voluntary contributions of the churches, and the interest from its permanent fund. The amount of this fund is now \$12,101.80, of which \$11,402.91 has been received from the legacy of the late Daniel S. Ford of Boston, Mass.

BAPTIST MINISTERS

The late E. E. Cummings, D. D., spent most of his ministerial life as the pastor successively of the two Baptist churches in Concord, and was for fifty-one years a member of the Board of Convention. His proposed geographical catalogue of the Baptist ministers in New Hampshire from 1725 to 1812, which catalogue contained 122 names. Rev. William Hurlin, who was secretary of the convention twenty-two years, 1815-1837, prepared another catalogue of Baptist pastors in New Hampshire from 1812 to 1837, which contained 225 names, a total of 347 up to that time. Of those in the catalogue of Dr. Cummings the last two died in 1837, viz: Rev. E. Cummings, aged ninety-five years, and Rev. E. Worth, aged ninety years. Mr. Worth was recording secretary of the convention for nineteen years. Of those in Mr. Hurlin's catalogue it is known that 252 have died, 174 are supposed to be still living, and eight have not been heard from for some time between September, 1837, and September, 1837, there have come into New Hampshire 122 other pastors, making a total of 779 Baptist pastors in 1812 years.

Among prominent ministers in the catalogue of Dr. Cummings may be named Thomas Baldwin, D. D., of Grafton, who was afterwards pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Boston, until his death in 1837; John W. Brown,

D. D., of Exeter and New Hampton, who was afterwards noted as an author in Philadelphia until his death in 1868; and Baron Stow, D. D., of Portsmouth, who was afterwards well known as the pastor of several Baptist churches in Boston, until his death in 1869. Of those in Mr. Hurlin's catalogue who have died may be mentioned W. H. Alden, D. D., who was pastor of the Baptist church in Portsmouth for twenty years, and died in 1900; W. H. Eaton, D. D., of Nashua and Keene, who was a member of the convention board for forty years, and died in 1896; King S. Hall, D. D., of Hopkinton, Manchester and Lake Village (now Lakeport), who was secretary of the convention for eighteen years; and Rev. Noah Hooper, Jr., of Exeter and Great Falls (now Somersworth), who was the son of Rev. Noah Hooper; and grandson of Rev. William Hooper, he died in 1896.

The Pastoral Association was organized in 1832, and it was continued until 1878, when it was dissolved on the organization of the Conference of Baptist ministers in New Hampshire, which continues at the present time. One of its objects is to aid disabled and destitute ministers. The present officers of the conference are: President, Rev. J. L. Crane, Rumney; vice-president, Rev. D. Donovan, South Lyndeborough; secretary, Rev. J. H. Nichols, West Derry; treasurer and statistical reporter, Rev. William Hurlin, Antrim. These officers with six directors form the Board of Managers.

There are three other general organizations which hold annual meetings in connection with the convention and the Conference of Ministers, viz.: The New Hampshire Baptist Sunday School Convention, organized in 1867; the New Hampshire Baptist Historical Society, organized in 1881, and the New Hampshire Baptist Young People's Union, organized in 1893.

EDUCATION

The subject of general and ministerial education early attracted the attention of the Baptists of New Hampshire.

D. D. of Exeter and New Hampton, who was afterwards noted as an author in Philadelphia until his death in 1858; and Byron Snow, D. D. of Portsmouth, who was afterwards well known as the pastor of several Baptist churches in Boston, until his death in 1859. Of those in Mr. Hall's category who have died may be mentioned W. H. Alden, D. D., who was pastor of the Baptist church in Portsmouth for twenty years, and died in 1905; W. H. Eaton, D. D., of Nashua and Keene, who was a member of the convention held for forty years, and died in 1895; King S. Hall, D. D., of Hingham, Manchester and Lake Village (now Lakewood), who was secretary of the convention for eighteen years; and Rev. Noah Hooper, Jr., of Exeter and Great Falls (now Somersworth), who was the son of Rev. Noah Hooper, and grandson of Rev. William Hooper, he died in 1895.

The Federal Association was organized in 1857, and it was continued until 1875, when it was dissolved on the organization of the Conference of Baptist ministers in New Hampshire, which continued at the present time. One of its objects is to aid disabled and destitute ministers. The present officers of the conference are: President, Rev. A. J. Crane, Rumney; vice-president, Rev. D. D. Dummer, South Lyndeborough; secretary, Rev. J. H. Nichols, Westbury; treasurer and statistical reporter, Rev. William Hurlin, Andover. These officers with six others form the Board of Managers.

There are three other general organizations which hold annual meetings in connection with the convention and the Conference of Ministers, viz.: The New Hampshire Baptist Sunday School Convention, organized in 1867; the New Hampshire Baptist Literary Society, organized in 1881; and the New Hampshire Baptist Young People's Union, organized in 1897.

EDUCATION

The subject of general and ministerial education early attracted the attention of the Baptists of New Hampshire.

An academy in New Hampton, which had been established some four years, was offered to the Baptists in 1825 and they accepted it and made arrangements for carrying it on as "The Academical and Theological Institution of New Hampton." Rev. B. F. Farnsworth was the first principal. In 1833 he was succeeded by E. B. Smith, D. D., but it was found difficult to obtain sufficient funds and in 1852 this school was removed to Fairfax, Vt. Among noted Baptist ministers who were students at New Hampton I may name F. H. Archibald, D. D.; W. H. Eaton, D. D.; D. C. Eddy, D. D.; J. C. Foster, D. D.; K. S. Hall, D. D.; E. G. Robinson, D. D.; and Amos Webster, D. D.

Although it was deemed necessary to give up the Theological Institution at New Hampton, the Baptists of New Hampshire were not willing to remain without an educational institution. Ebenezer Dodge, D. D., was pastor at New London, and he urged taking up the academy in that town. This was done and on August 27, 1853, the school was opened under Baptist auspices. G. W. Gardner (who was afterwards a noted Baptist minister in Massachusetts) was principal and he was assisted by Prof. Ephraim Knight. Miss Mary J. Prescott was head of the female department. This school at New London, now called Colby Academy, continues to be the Baptist school of New Hampshire. The present principal is Justin O. Wellman. He is assisted by a corps of competent teachers and "the future is bright, giving promise of increased usefulness."

Were there space I might go on to speak of the numerous home and foreign missionaries who were born in New Hampshire, but I will name only three. Sarah Hall was born in Alstead. She became the wife of George Dana Boardman, the first missionary to the Karens in Burma, and after his death she became the second wife of Adoniram Judson, D. D., the first missionary to Burma. Moses H. Bixby, D. D., was born in Warren and was a missionary in Burma eleven years, and was afterwards a noted Baptist

An academy in New Hampton, which had been established some four years, was offered to the Baptists in 1825 and they accepted it and made arrangements for carrying it on as "The Academeical and Theological Institution of New Hampton." Rev. H. F. Farnsworth was the first principal. In 1827 he was succeeded by E. K. Smith, D. D., but in 1828 was found difficult to obtain sufficient funds and in 1829 the school was removed to Fitchburg, Vt. Among noted Baptist ministers who were students at New Hampton I may name F. H. Archibald, D. D.; W. H. Eaton, D. D.; B. C. Eddy, D. D.; J. C. Foster, D. D.; K. S. Hall, D. D.; E. G. Robinson, D. D.; and Amos Webster, D. D.

Although it was deemed necessary to give up the Theological Institution at New Hampton, the Baptists of New Hampshire were not willing to remain without an educational institution. Ebenezer Dodge, D. D., was for some time at New London and he urged taking up the academy in that town. This was done and on August 17, 1829, the school was opened under Baptist auspices. G. W. Gardner (who was afterwards a noted Baptist minister in Maine) was principal and he was assisted by Prof. Ephraim Knight. Miss Mary A. Leonard was head of the female department. This school at New London, now called Cady Academy, continues to be the Baptist school of New Hampshire. The present principal is James O. Wellman. He is assisted by a couple of competent teachers and "the future is bright, giving promise of increased usefulness."

Were there space I might go on in speak of the numerous home and foreign missionaries who were born in New Hampshire, but I can name only three. Nathaniel Hall was born in Andover, became the wife of George Davis, Boardman, first missionary to the Karens in Burma, and after his death she became the second wife of Adoniram Judson, D. D., the first missionary to Burma. John H. Kirby, D. D., was born in Warren and was a missionary in Burma eleven years, and was afterwards a noted Baptist

minister in Providence, R. I. Rev. C. H. Carpenter was the son of Rev. Mark Carpenter and was born in Milford. He spent many years as a missionary in Burma and was in charge of the Bassein Sqaw Karen Mission, with seventy churches and about seventy thousand native Christians under his care. He was also president of the Rangoon Baptist College. After this he was for some time a missionary in Japan.

Heartbreak Hill

A Legend

By MARION HENDRICK

There's a maiden of the wigwams,
A brown maiden, lithe and slender,
Daughter of the highest chieftain
Of the tribe of the Algonquin.
Strong is she as the young eagle,
Straight and slender as the birch tree,
Lovely as the dawn of morning
Glowing rosy through its shadows.
In her hair is seen the midnight
Of the storm cloud in the summer,
Eyes like pools within the forest,
Placid, yet with depths of darkness;
Teeth that mock the snows of winter
Hid by lips that vie in scarlet
With the leaves of Indian summer.
From afar there comes a stranger
O'er the sea; a craft unheard of
Bears him on; a bird of strong wood
Flying o'er the sea with pinions
White as snowbanks in the winter.
Stranger still is this man's color;—
Paleface is the name they call him—
Yellow as their corn his hair is

minister in Providence, R. I. Rev. C. H. Carpenter was the son of Rev. Mark Carpenter and was born in Bedford. He spent many years as a missionary in Burma and was in charge of the Hamaun Spaw Karen Mission, with seventy churches and spent seventy thousand native Christians under his care. He was also president of the Karegion Baptist College. After this he was for some time a missionary in Japan.

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A Legend

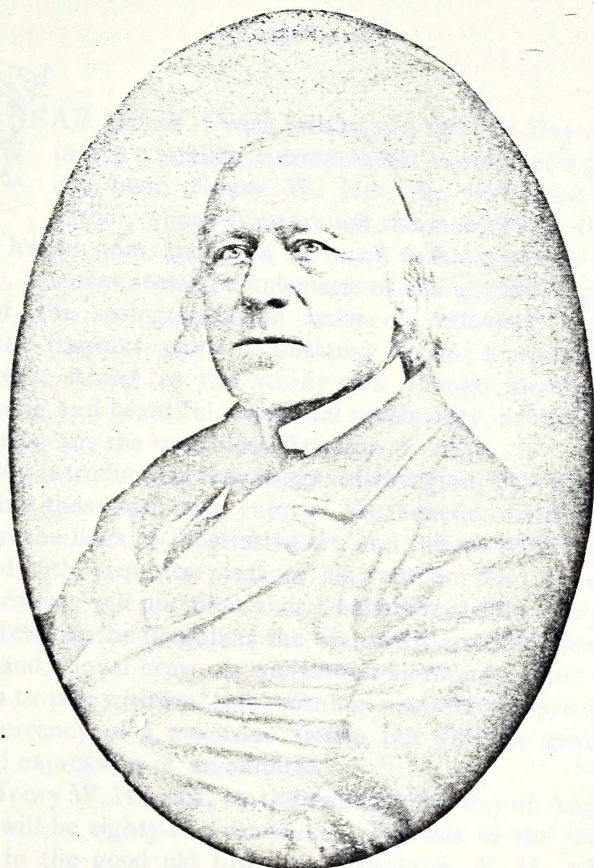
By Misses Kennedy

There's a nook of the wilderness
A brown hillside, high and rugged,
Drooping to the highest crag,
At the foot of the Alps,
Gazing is this as the young world
Shall rise and stand at the foot of
Looms as the dawn of morning
Looms away through the shadows
In her hair is seen the sunlight
Of the storm cloud in the distance,
Eyes like pearls within the forest,
Floods you with depths of darkness,
Tears that mark the snows of winter
Hill to hill that rise in secret
With the power of hidden waters
From afar there comes a stranger
On the hill's crest, and at
Knew she not a kind of strong word
Through the air with passion
While an answer came to the voice
Stronger still in the air's voice,
Faded in the same day and time
Yellow as the sun the hill is

And his eyes well match the wavelets
Over which his good ship bears him.
With goodwill they meet the stranger,
Make him welcome in their wigwams,
Build for him and for his followers
Lodges made of bark and birchwood,
And he stays with them a summer.
There the white man meets the maiden,
Meets the handsomest of women
Of the tribe of the Algonquin.
And as quick there creep around them,
As the passing of an arrow
From the bowstring to the target,
Chains of fire, those charmed fire chains,
Forged by Love, the great magician,
Drawing man and maid together.
For three moons their love grows stronger,
Binding each one to the other,
Wandering hand in hand together,
Through the pathways of the forest,
Children of their mother, Nature,
As the wild grape binds the treetops.
But life's pathway runs not smoothly.
With the autumn comes a feeling
Of unrest upon the stranger,
And his ship is soon made ready
For departure ere the winter.
"Grieve not, melting snows and mayflowers
Will to my beloved Zeetah
Bring me back an eager lover.
O my woodland Nenemoosha,*
Let your eyes look not so sadly
From the shadow of your dark hair,
Lest within my heart a picture
So unlike your own, I carry."
Thus the lover going reasons
And with this makes his departure.
Sad as is the wailing northwind.
Silent as the white snow's falling
Is the maiden all the winter.
As the golden sun creeps northward
And the leaflets burst their covering,
Daily to a nearby hilltop
Goes the maiden from her wigwam,
Eagerly she scans the ocean,
Sometimes hopeful, sometimes sighing,
Till at length a second winter
Spreads the earth with spotless whiteness.
Then, her broken spirit passing
To the land of the Hereafter,
There they laid her on the hilltop
Heartbreak called by them forever.

*Sweetheart.

And I'll ever well with the wayward
 Over which his good wife bears him.
 With good will they meet the stranger,
 Make his welcome in their wigwam,
 Tell him his tale and his followers,
 Lodge him in tent and bivouac,
 And he stays with them a season,
 Then the night men meet the maiden,
 Make the banquet of women
 Of the night of the Algonquins.
 And as they creep around them
 As the passing of an eagle
 From the bowing in the target,
 Chances of her, those charged the chain,
 Fought by love the great magician,
 Dances men and maid together,
 For their music that love makes strong,
 Blushing each one to the other,
 Whirling hand in hand together,
 Through the pathway of the forest,
 Children of their mother Nature,
 By the wild songs that the winds
 Her life's pathway runs not lonely,
 With the summer comes a feeling
 Of youth upon the stranger,
 And his ship is soon made ready
 For departure to the water.
 Years not ending years and seasons
 Will be my beloved's dawn
 When we look no more back
 O my woodland, blossoming,
 Let your eyes look out on earth
 From the shadows of your forest
 Let within my heart a picture
 Be written now and I say,
 That the love goes on
 And with this makes the fountain
 And as in the valley of the
 Silent as the white snow's falling
 In the meadow all the year,
 As the golden sun comes morning
 And the golden sun comes morning
 Daily to a sunny vision
 Does the maiden love her sign,
 Ready she waits the dawn,
 Her heart is open to the sun,
 All at once a golden dawn
 Spreads the light on the world
 That the golden sun comes morning
 From east to the west
 That the golden sun comes morning
 Hand in hand by the river



HENRY W. HERRICK

Henry W. Herrick

By JOHN FOSTER



DEAR friends, I wish talk to you this fair May morning, in a familiar, heart-to-heart manner, of a grand old man, Henry W. Herrick, the artist and author, whose life through the many years that I have known him, and been in touch with his tender sympathy, has ever seemed emblematic of the gladsome promise of the springtime, the smile of returning verdure and the fragrant glory of bursting bloom; a man highly endowed, strong as the sturdy oak though modest, unassuming and beautiful in mental personality, as that pearl of spring air, the matchless Arbutus of May.

My introduction may seem extravagant, but I assure you that those who have enjoyed the benefit of his teachings in the lines of illustrative art, and the many who have viewed with exquisite pleasure his reproduction of nature upon canvas will not allow that I have overdrawn. It is of Mr. Herrick, the neighbor, the man with an ever pleasant word and a loyal heart, as well as the all-round genius that I wish to talk with you this morning, not with the precision and currency of a magazine article, but with the genuine, soulful expression of an admirer.

Henry W. Herrick, on the twenty-third day of August, 1906, will be eighty-two years old. He was to the manor born, in the good old town of Hopkinton, N. H., where every morning the dome of Kearsarge cast its protecting shadow over his home, and I assert that from the surrounding radius of fifty miles, which the old mountain watches and guards, has gone out to the world as much of lofty intellect, as much genius and power pro rata to its population, as from any area of similar extent in Christendom.

That sturdy sentinel has saluted the birthplace of a president; the natal homes of statesmen and soldiers whose statues are now in the halls of fame; governors, congressmen and senators who served state and nation with honor and faithfulness; artists, writers of prose and song whose works will last while our race survives. By no means least among them is our esteemed author and artist, the subject of this sketch.

His father was Israel Evans Herrick and his mother's maiden name was Martha Trow. He has revolutionary stock behind him and a strain of grand old blood in his veins. He can trace his ancestry back to the fifteenth century, to find his family name identified with the times of Richard III. and the battle features of Bosworth Field.

To meet him to-day, sit under the spell of his kindly eye, note the strength of the man, stalwart in form and massive in feature, one cannot fail to realize the sterling lineage and iron fibre of the old-time cavalier, and as such I would describe him: a cavalier, a knight of good deeds, ever brave and watchful, his gleaming sabre wielded by manly hands, and guided by a loyal heart for the support and promulgation of truth and beauty.

Whenever a worthy cause has appealed to the people, it has found in him a fearless and earnest supporter and advocate. And so I wish to speak of him, not as a tiller of one particular delicious fruit, but as a broad-minded, large-hearted, fearless cavalier, defender, and promoter of all that is good and true and beautiful, much of which he has perpetuated with matchless artist skill in living, lasting colors.

When he invites you to his home, don't fail to go.

And there seated in his cosy study,
Surrounded by works of consummate art,
You may listen with entrancing pleasure,
To the story of a grand man's heart.

And his eye will brighten as he tells it;
And your pulses thrill with joy,
As he gives in simple language
His life work as a man and boy.

Follow along the trail of honor and usefulness which he has trod for nearly seventy years. It will be a pleasant journey and you will not weary, for the path is bordered with shades of beauty, and here and there beside the way are restful bazaars of art and fancy which his genius has created that humanity might be elevated and made better, that this world life might be made to appear a little more in our conception like the world life to come,

Where clear streams are ever flowing,
And grand trees give grateful shade,
Where ripe fruits are ever growing,
And rare flowers never fade.

He has created banks of flowers so exquisite and so perfect that it would seem a bee might find honey in the depths of their beauty; wild birds in leafy bowers, oh, if they could but sing the glorious songs of morn; pictures of nature, forest views, you may almost hear the vesper winds sigh through the evergreen trees.

The steadfast pines upon the hills,
Ever green through heat and cold,
Ever giving friendly cheer,
Never seeming to grow old.

The woodland stream,
Flowing on with foam and spray,
Heedless of the night or day;
Splashing, bubbling, glad and free,
Seeking ever the distant sea.

The brook trout flashes thro' its wave;
The heron sounds his call;
The wood bird sings his morning song,
God's glory over all.

Permit him to lead us where he may; he will doubtless guide us backward, far away where the milestone of life marks but the seventh or eighth year, and show us there a mere child, under the inspiration of a gifted artist mother, beginning with hope and promise the work which the Creator designed as his destiny; at first making simple

Follow along the trail of honor and usefulness which
 he has trod for nearly seventy years. It will be a pleasant
 journey and you will not weary, for the path is bordered
 with shades of beauty and here and there beside the way
 are sparkling fountains of art and fancy which his genius has
 created that beauties might be elevated and made better.
 That this world has been made to appear a little more in
 our conception like the world life to come.

When clear streams are seen flowing
 And green trees give grateful shade,
 Whence the birds are seen flying
 And the flowers are seen to fade.

He has created banks of flowers so exquisite and so
 perfect that it would seem a bee might find honey in the
 depths of their beauty; wild birds in leafy bowers, and
 they could but sing the sweetest songs of morn; flowers
 of nature's loveliest flowers, you may almost hear the whisper
 of sighs through the overgrown trees.

The standard flags upon the hills
 Ever green though bare and cold,
 Ever giving beauty cheer,
 Never seeming to grow old.

The wooded stream,
 Flowing on with foam and spray,
 Hurdles of the water in play,
 Splashing, sparkling, glad and free,
 Singing over the stones and

The brook from Jordan that in water
 The flowers of the earth,
 The wood bird sings its morning song,
 And the sky over all.

He has created a world of beauty and usefulness which
 guide us backward to the beginning of the world, and show us there a
 more child, under the inspiration of a great artist master,
 beginning with hope and promise the work which the God
 alone designed as his destiny at the beginning of time.

sketches in ink. A few years later he is painting upon ivory, in the water colors which have made him famous, miniature portraits, before Daguerre had his day, before photography was known.

Steadfastly the ambitious youth pursued his chosen way; genius, talent and resolute purpose were his beacon lights, and as we still follow this course and pass a few more milestones we find that the path grows broader, wood engraving and drawing on wood are added to the scope of his works.

He is appreciated by the great publishers; he is employed by the Harpers, and his designs may be found through all their publications of forty years ago. The Great American Bank Note Company sought him and his original figurative symbols decorate many of the bonds floated by the government during the Civil War period. The Appletons employed him. Ah, this man who is now in the highway of fame is the humble boy who was born in the shadow of Kearsarge. How great are the possibilities of talent and intellect in this land of ours! The New York School of Design for Women sought him. He served that great institution four years as instructor and two years as principal. His duties here were in the line of his taste and culture. There was a perfect adaptation, the requirements were congenial, the service was to an eminent degree satisfactory. But the old cavalier spirit ruled; duty, a small but sometimes a stern and commanding word, impelled him; he resigned his position that he might return to New Hampshire and care for his aging mother.

He came to Manchester in 1865, and here resumed his work of designing on wood. The same spirit controlled him, always expanding and broadening the field of culture. Fascinated in the development of the water color art, he has given his latest and best years to its careful and minute study in portraying life and nature. How well he has succeeded, the wholesome praise and admiration of the world's best critics will attest.

sketches in ink. A few years later he is painting upon ivory, in the water colors which have made him famous. miniature portraits before Daguerre had his day, his photography was known.

Steadily the ambitious youth pursued his chosen way; genuine talent and resolute purpose will his lesson teach, and as we follow this course and pass a few more milestones we find that the path grows broader, wider engraving and drawing on wood are added to the scope of his work.

He is appreciated by the great publishers; he is employed by the Harper, and his designs may be found through all their publications of forty years ago. The Great American Book Company sought him and his original figurative symbols decorate many of the books issued by the government during the Civil War period. The Appletons employed him. Ah, this man who is now in the highway of fame is the humble boy who was then in the shadow of Kearney. How great are the possibilities of talent and intellect in this land of ours! The New York School of Design for Women sought him. He served that great institution first years as instructor and two years as principal. His duties here in the line of his taste and culture. There was a perfect adaptation, the requirements were congenial, the service was to an eminent degree satisfactory. But the old cavalier spirit rebelled; duty, a small but sometimes a stern and commanding word impelled him; he resigned his position that he might return to New Hampshire and care for his aging mother.

He came to Manchester in 1861 and here resumed his work of engraving on wood. The engraving controlled him always especially in the field of culture. He followed the development of the water color and he has given the artist and best years to his careful and intense study in perfecting life and nature. How well he has succeeded, the wholesome praise and admiration of the world's best critics will attest.

In the finer shades of light and color, purity of washes, exactness of drawing and the truthfulness of his illustrations, in the universal exquisiteness of his work, he is without a peer.

It would be presumption for a novice to assume a critical inspection of his efforts; they are the vintage of a lifetime of patient study. Though native genius and talent are ever apparent in the fervid eloquence of effect, still these inherent gifts have been guided and controlled by studious thought. There are no random lines, no haphazard colors or shades, every touch of his master brush is made for a purpose, with view of obtaining a definite result; every line is exact in proportion; every variation of light and shade is a studied, thoughtful production. From his youthful essays on ivory to his latest peerless creations, his aim seems ever to have been at perfection in construction, and hence at truthful results.

I cannot leave my friend without mentioning a few of his most praise-deserving efforts, those works of art before which I stood in wonderment and admiration on a recent visit to his home.

"This," he said, "I consider my best figure piece," and he directed me to his water-color fancy of "Cinderella," the beauty of fabled story, and it would seem the tale of sisterly jealousy must be verified, for there in feature, expression and physical development is the perfect ideal of female beauty.

While here as his guest it will be a pleasure for us to silently gaze and listen. He will call the roll of the children of his fancy and, as they pass in review before you, in the terse, chaste language of the artist, will tell you of their conception and development.

With a pleasant twinkle of the kindly eye, he will introduce "No Dance, No Supper," a half-grown trick bear, with all the uncouthness of his bear nature, performing a jig at the command of his master, that he may earn the tempting morsel held before him. No camera work here—

In the finer shades of light and color, purity of wash, exactness of drawing and the truthfulness of his illustrations in the universal enjoyment of his work, he is without a peer.

It would be presumption for a novice to assume a critical inspection of his efforts; they are the vintage of a lifetime of patient study. Though native genius and talent are ever apparent in the Jewish eloquence of effect, still these inherent gifts have been guided and controlled by studious thought. There are no random lines, no haphazard colors or shades, every touch of his master brush is made for a purpose with view of obtaining a definite result; every line is exact in proportion; every variation of light and shade is a studied, thoughtful production. From his youthful days on, every to his latest penwork creation, his aim seems ever to have been at perfection in construction, and hence at masterful results.

I cannot leave my friend without mentioning a few of his most brilliant literary efforts, those works of art which I stood in wonderment and admiration on a recent visit to his home.

"This," he said, "I consider my best figure piece," and he directed me to his water-color study of "Cleopatra," the beauty of faded story, and it would seem the tale of early jealousy must be verified, for there in feature expression and physical development is the perfect ideal of female beauty.

While here as his guest it will be a pleasure for us to sit and listen. He will tell the tale of the children of his land, and as they pass in review before you, in the long story of the artist will tell you of their conception and development.

With a pleasant twinkle of the kindly eye he will introduce "No. 100," a half-grown Irish boy, with all the unconscious of his best nature, performing his duty at the command of his master, that he may not be tempted to hold before him. No camera was used.

it is from life—bruin was there in the star part. He did his duty well, and if in his fancy waltz or polka step he slightly disturbed the tenets of the strictly orthodox creed, he gained praise and a supper for himself and contributed his humble share to the fame of Mr. Herrick.

God bless the Deacon, God bless the bear!
Each did well in his way;
And tho' the Church may not approve,
The "Dance" goes on for aye.

In the creation of the unique and beautiful design, "Gathering the Christmas Greens," without a doubt Mr. Herrick intended to portray in truthful and lasting colors a memory of his early days in his native Hopkinton. Every person, farm boy raised, can recall a similar feature in his heart of hearts.

The Yule Tide season is on, there is to be a festival in the "school-house under the hill," a gift tree and decorations. Every girl and boy in the district is there in the forest busily gathering and packing on the rude sled stores of evergreens. Even the beasts of burden, the half-trained (or broken) steers partake of the spirit of the spell. See the saucy toss of the "off" one's head, and the roguish twist of the "nigh" one's tail! Every feature of this remarkable fancy is in exquisite line and coloring, true to nature and perfect in technique.

Many years ago this picture was printed as a full-page feature in *Harper's Weekly*, at a time when the cost of engraving alone was between three and four hundred dollars.

But we must, though it be reluctantly, leave this reminder of childhood joys and pass to other ideals.

In a niche of our friend's studio, his workshop as he calls it, is a most interesting collection, which has added much to his fame.

A lover of the wild life of forest and field, a worshiper at Nature's shrine, must pause and say in his heart, "What

it is from life—brain was there in the start. He did his duty well, and if in his long walk he pulled step back slightly disturbed the tenets of the strictly orthodox world, he gained praise and a supper for himself and contributed his humble share to the fame of Mr. Herick.

God bless the Nation, God bless the land,
Each did well in his way,
And the Church may not suppose,
The "Nation" goes on for aye.

In the creation of the unique and beautiful design "Gathering the Christmas Greens," without a doubt Mr. Herick intended to portray in truthful and lasting colors a memory of his early days in his native Hokanson. Every person born boy raised, can recall a similar picture in his heart of hearts.

The Yule Tide season is on, there is to be a festival in the school-house under the old, a gilt tree and decorations. Every girl and boy in the district is there on the forest busily gathering and packing on the red and green of evergreen. Even the house of burden, the half-wild (or broken) sister partner of the spirit of the spell. The twigs of the "old" one's hand, and the young twist of the "right" one's tail. Every feature of the romantic fancy is in exquisite line and coloring, true to nature and perfect in technique.

Many years ago this picture was painted as a landscape in the artist's studio at a time when the cost of engraving stone was between three and four hundred dollars.

Not so much though it be reluctantly leave this reminder of childhood joys and pain to other ideals. In a niche of our friend's studio, his workshop as he calls it, is a most interesting collection, which has added much to his fame.

A lover of the wild life of forest and field, a worshiper at Nature's shrine, must pause and say in his heart, "Why

hath God wrought, what has He made that it is not possible for his skilled child to picture!"

Here is the tanager, of brilliant plumage but deficient in song; the bobolink, whose rhapsodies are the charm of the fields in early summer; the blue jay, the courtier of the woodland, a remarkable bird, beautiful, brave and garrulous, a sort of regulator and vigilance committee of our feathered tribes; the semi-domestic robin redbreast, a sweet singer, whose early spring notes are ever welcome; the Virginia quail,

Which ever thro' the morning light,
Sounds forth his call: Bob White! Bob White!

The central figure of this bird group is suggestive of a pathetic story. There was a time, even in the memory of living men, when the passenger pigeon flight was marvelous for the millions which composed it. Vast flocks would reach from horizon to horizon with such density as to darken the sun.

Flying, flying, ever flying,
The cloud storm and the wind defying,
With burnished breast and pinions strong,
Swept the pigeon flocks along.

The last specimen of this remarkable, but now extinct, bird that was ever captured in this vicinity was obtained by Mr. Herrick through a friend, and now perfect in picture life he sits here a gem of art, and in his seeming loneliness a sad reminder of that unquenchable thirst for destruction which controls mankind.

These perfect representations of wild bird life were all produced at the request of Prang and copied by him in his famous natural history illustrations.

Of course, to mention more than a limited number of Mr. Herrick's life vintage of choice works would be to refined judgment, perhaps, mildly objectionable, but I wish to call attention to two of the latest pieces, as yet hardly

both God wrought, what has He made that it is not possible for his skilled child to picture?"

Here is the image, of brilliant plumage but delicate in wing; the bobolink, whose capricious are the charm of the fields in early summer; the blue jay, the sentinel of the woodland, a remarkable bird, beautiful, brave and generous; a sort of refrigerator and vigilance committee of our forests; the robin, the semi-domestic robin redbreast, a sweet singer, whose early spring notes are ever welcome; the Virginia quail.

Which ever that the morning light
Sends forth his call, Bob White! Bob White!

The central figure of this bird group is suggestive of a pathetic story. There was a time, even in the memory of living men, when the passenger pigeon flight was marvelous for the millions which composed it. Vast flocks would reach from horizon to horizon with such density as to darken the sun.

Flying high, ever flying
The cloud rose and the wind dying
With hundred breast and pinion strong
Sweep the pigeon flocks along.

The last specimen of this remarkable, but now extinct bird that was ever captured in the vicinity was obtained by Mr. Herick through a friend, and now perfect in picture life he sits here a gem of art, and in his seeming loneliness a sad reminder of that unspeakable throe for destruction which controls mankind.

These perfect representations of wild bird life were all produced at the request of Frank and copied by him in his famous natural history illustrations.

Of course, no mention more than a limited number of Mr. Herick's life images of choice work would be to refined judgment, perhaps, mildly objectionable, but I wish to call attention to two of the latest pieces, as yet hardly

dry from his brush, one life-size portrait in oil of the late Hon. William Windom, at one time McKinley's secretary of the treasury, and the other of his brother artist and long-time friend, U. D. Tenney, Esq.

Further elaboration of merited praise might seem cumulative to the reader, but in justice to my friend, mindful that he has a trail behind him covering more than seventy years of earnest art study, I must say that it does seem as if the experience of all those years, the deductive results of applied genius on a mentality elaborately trained and highly endowed are pooled in full value to the development of these two noble efforts, making them, perhaps, the crowning glory of a gentle though brilliant life.

He was a charter member and long-time president of the Manchester Art Association, and for years devoted himself to its interests with knightly courage, and this prosperous and now richly endowed institution, more than to any one else, owes to him its existence to-day.

For when from out the darksome sky
No sunlight did appear,
He alone had courage,
He alone gave cheer.

He was president of the Manchester Historic Association for four years, and some of its finest literary works have been furnished by him.

In 1880 he compiled and published a comprehensive work on "Water Color Painting," and now has another volume ready for the press, designed to be bound in royal octavo size, embodying the educational power of art, its elevating, enlightening influence, tracing a comparative analogy between music, language and art. This latter work, the result of the studious experience of a lifetime, will surely be a benefit and a blessing to generations to come. In the tone of his nature, the chasteness of his language and symphonic purity of expressed thought, by word or brush, he is the embodied demonstration of the truth he teaches.

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 results of applied genius on a mentally elaborately trained
 and highly endowed are pooled to full value in the develop-
 ment of these two noble efforts, making them, perhaps, the
 crowning glory of a gentle though brilliant life.

He was a charter member and lifetime president of
 the American Art Association, and for years devoted
 himself to its interests with untiring courage and the
 persistence and now richly endowed intuition, more than
 to any one else owes to him its existence to-day.

For when from out the darkness lay
 No sunlight did appear,
 He alone had courage
 To show the way.

He was president of the American Historic Asso-
 ciation for four years, and some of its finest literary works
 have been furnished by him.

In 1890 he completed and published a comprehensive
 work on "Water Color Painting," and now has another vol-
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 will surely benefit and a blessing to generations to
 come. Some of his nature, the character of his
 language, the sympathetic purity of expressed thought, by
 word or deed, he is the embodied demonstration of the
 truth he teaches.

His life has been crowded full of good deeds. He has been the earnest supporter of missions and charities, of churches and schools; not a believer merely, but an arduous co-worker, and at all times an advocate of those institutions which were created for the benefit and betterment of our race.

Many an artist, faltering, weary,
When the way seemed dark and dreary,
Arose to hope and life and vim,
At a cheering spoken word from him.

Many a poor, discouraged soul,
Sickened of his life's hard span,
Found comfort, cheer and hope renewed,
By kind words of this goodly man.

He was for over fifty years connected with the City Mission as teacher and superintendent of its Sunday school, and in this as in every service that he has been called to render did his duty faithfully, and it seems to me that all along the pathway that we have followed his life has been, as it were, a mission to aid, elevate and save his fellowmen.

He has been for many years an active working member of the First Congregational church and was for some twelve years a deacon. He married on November 8, 1849, Miss Clarisa Harlow Parkinson, with whose loving companionship he was blessed for many years. A souvenir of their wedded life is the massive silver loving cup presented by friends of the Art Association on the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary, in 1899. Mrs. Herrick died August 16, 1902. Three noble sons live to bless his age, Allan E., Rev. Robert P. and Henry A. Herrick.

He is gifted with a very retentive memory. Among his recollections of boyhood days was the visit of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren to Nashua about the year 1834. Mr. Herrick recalls with pleasure this occasion when he saw these famous men and heard their speeches from the balcony of the old Pearl-Street House. At that time the stately elm tree near the present storehouses of the Indian Head Mills was something of a landmark and he

remembers watching the procession as it passed this tree, at which time he had a close view of the distinguished guests.

In telling this story, of course I am forced to omit much of interest, for a volume might be written. I have done my best. All faults, errors or mistakes are of the writer, not the subject.

* * * * *

Since the above lines were written, the great change has come. Mr. Herrick died July 30, 1906. As he realized that the end was drawing near, he expressed satisfaction that he could meet it in perfect confidence and trust.

Though he walked through the valley of the shadow of death, he feared no evil, and goodness and mercy did follow him all the days of his life.

Ascutney

By MRS. E. M. WELLS

In a low white-washed cottage, overrun
With mantling vines, and sheltered from the sun
By rows of maple trees, that gentle moved
Their graceful limbs to the mild breeze they loved,
Oft have I lingered; idle, it might seem,
But that the mind was busy; and I deem
Those moments not misspent, when, silently,
The soul communes with Nature, and is free.

O'erlooking this low cottage, stately stood
The huge Ascutney. There, in thoughtful mood,
I loved to hold with her gigantic form
Deep converse; not articulate, but warm
With the heart's noiseless eloquence, and fit
The soul of Nature with man's soul to knit.

In various aspect, frowning on the day,
Or touched with morning twilight's silvery gray,
Or darkly mantled in the dusky night,
Or by the moonbeams bathed in showers of light—
In each, in all, a glory still was there.

remember watching the procession as it passed this way,
at which time he had a close view of the distinguished
guests.

In telling this story, of course I am forced to omit
much of interest, for a volume might be written. I have
done my best. All leading errors or mistakes are of the
writer, not the subject.

* * * * *

Since the above lines were written, the great change
has come. Mr. Herrick died July 20, 1904. As he verified
that the end was drawing near, he expressed satisfaction
that he could meet it in perfect confidence and trust.
Though he walked through the valley of the shadow of
death, he feared no evil, and goodness and mercy did follow
him all the days of his life.

Elegiac

By HENRY W. WARD

In a low white-washed cottage, narrow
With mantling floor and shaven roof the wall
By roses of many hues that gently moved
Their graceful heads to the mild breeze that blew,
Oh how I longed to sit in that white room,
For that the light was dim, and I dream
Those moments not without what I deem
The end of things with Nature, and in love

O thinking this low cottage, stately room
The days of youth, I feel in thoughtful mood
I stood to hold with the spirit that
Deep contentment not without but within
With the heart's nobility, and in
The end of things with Nature, and in love

In quietude, knowing no the day
Or touched with morning's early ray,
Or darkly mused in the quiet night,
Or by the moonbeams bathed in shadows of light—
In truth, in all a glory still was there.

The Shadows Men Follow


A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

[Copyright, 1906, by the Author]

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER IV (*Continued*)

LREADY had the gaze of the returned prodigal been turned upon the younger of the two women, and a look that betrayed the deep feeling he felt for the distressed daughter and mother came swiftly over his features. His first impulse was to move hastily forward to her side and disclose his presence, but this purpose he quickly overcame. As yet no one in all that assemblage had seemed to recognize him. In truth, the coming of himself and companion had not created a ripple of curiosity to sweep over the features of the simple folk around him, one and all intently watching the sale, with the exceptions noted. He had recognized a few among them as acquaintances when he had lived in their midst, but he speedily forgot these while he fixed his eyes upon this one person, whose memory next to that of his mother had haunted him through the many years of voluntary separation.

The Shadow of the Past

A Plain Tale of Early People, Some of Whom You May Have Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WATSON BROWN

(Copyright, 1901, by the Author)

What shadows are we and what shadows we possess—Gladys

CHAPTER IV (Continued)

ALREADY had the fact of the returned prodigal been turned upon the younger of the two women, and a look that betrayed the deep feeling he felt for the thousand dangers and mortal sins which lay over his future. His first impulse was to move hastily forward to her side and declare his purpose, but this purpose he quickly overcame. As yet no one in all that assemblage had seemed to recognize him. In truth, the coming of himself and companion had not created a ripple of curiosity or sweep over the features of the simple folk around him, and all intently watching the tale with the exception noted. He had recognized a few among them as acquaintances when he had lived in their midst, but he speedily forgot these while he fixed his eyes upon this one person whose memory went to that of his mother had haunted him through the many years of lonely separation.

"She has changed," he thought, "but not more than the rest. I should know you in any other crowd, Mary. I wonder if you will remember me. I have a mind to speak to you at once. No, I must wait a little longer. I must avoid a scene here." Then, not wishing to attract attention to himself by any indiscreet conduct, he reluctantly allowed his gaze to wander over the crowd of spectators.

A swift change had come over the scene, and the appearance of wearisomeness so plainly shown a moment before had now fled before that of awakened emotions of varied sorts. Women looked anxiously on the distracted mother and then on the stolid auctioneer. Two men trying to swap horses down at one side of the collection dropped the thread of their argument, and turned to gaze steadily on the scene in front. Even the unkempt and unfeeling whittler, paring away at his pine stick as if that were his only aim in life, ceased sending the long shavings flying down to his feet, and allowed his gaze to wander in the direction of the others.

"My orders are to sell everything that comes along," retorted the auctioneer, showing displeasure by this interruption. "A quarter, who says the half? Come, gents, hurry up, I can't blow my wind all in on this trifle with the whole homestead on my hands to strike off. The half I have; who says three quarters? Come, going—going—last call, and—"

For the second time the cries of the distracted woman checked the speech of the salesman, as she fell upon her knees and turned her tear-wet eyes upon him, saying in a tone of intense anguish:

"You may sell my home, sir, but spare me the bed of my little boy—my little Roy, that died."

The spectators looked on amid a hushed stillness, and Jock Jenness, who never before had felt daunted under any circumstances, hesitated before resuming his sale. Then a voice was heard to ask from the crowd:

"Where's Crafts? He's a heart of stone if he don't

"She has changed," he thought, "but not more than the rest. I should know you in any other crowd. May I wonder if you will remember me. I have a mind to speak to you at once. No, I must wait a little longer. I must avoid a scene here." Then, not wishing to attract attention to himself by any indiscreet conduct, he reluctantly allowed his gaze to wander over the crowd of spectators.

A swift change had come over the scene, and the appearance of spectators so plainly shown a moment before had now fled before that of awakened emotions of varied sorts. Women looked anxiously on the distracted mother and then on the stolid auctioneer. Two men trying to swap horses down at one side of the collection dropped the thread of their argument and turned to gaze steadily on the scene in front. Even the unknown and unknown whistler, putting away his pipe stick as if that were his only sin in his career, sending the long straight flying down to his feet, and allowed his gaze to wander in the direction of the others.

"My orders are to sell everything that comes along," retorted the auctioneer, showing displeasure by his intonation. "A quarter, who says the half? Come, gentle, hurry up. I can't blow my nose all in on this side with the whole hoisted on my hands to make off. The half! I have; who says three quarters? Come, going—going—last call, and—"

For the second time the eyes of the distracted woman checked the speech of the auctioneer, as she fell upon his knees and turned her tear-wet eyes upon him, saying in a tone of intense anguish:

"You may sell my home, sir, but spare me the pain of my little boy—my little boy, that died."

The spectator looked on with a hurried silence, and Jack Jannet, who never before had felt haunted under any circumstances, hesitated before resuming his sale. Then a voice was heard to ask from the crowd:

"Where's Craft? He's a heart of stone if he don't."

let the widow keep her trundle bed."

"Crafts went away an hour ago," replied another. "Acted as if he was 'shamed of what he was having done."

Seeing that the only man who had authority to stop him was not present, the auctioneer was about to conclude his sale, when the stout figure of Squire Newbegin stood in front of him, the onlookers having fallen back so as to allow him rapid passage to this position from the rear of the assemblage.

"Hold on there, Jenness!" commanded the selectman. "Let Mrs. Temple have her property. If there is anything else she especially desires spare it and tell Mark Crafts to come to me with his bill. The law that willfully breaks a woman's heart had better be broken itself."

A murmur of satisfaction went up from the crowd, while the florid face of the auctioneer looked redder than ever, but he made no further attempt to continue this sale. The next moment he was as earnestly challenging the bids of his hearers for other objects of doubtful value.

"That is Squire Newbegin, I suppose," said Reuben Rover aside to Everybody's Sam.

"Yeou can plunk yeour last cent on thet. But ain't he generous with somebuddy's else property. She acts so she was purty glad, by th' way she cries an' talks."

The newcomer made no reply to this, but he continued to watch the other, finally exclaiming in an audible tone:

"Grown old like the rest of us. I wonder if he has forgotten the night he drove the party of boys from his orchard, and ran into a network of ropes set to catch him."

"What is that you were saying?" asked Quiver.

"Oh, nothing—I was thinking," stammered Rover, chagrined to know he had unwittingly betrayed his thoughts by speech.

"How long has it been since you have done your thinking out loud?" asked Quiver aside.

Meanwhile the voluble auctioneer had started anew, with characteristic bustle and flow of language that seemed, like the poet's brook, destined "to go on forever." Article after article of personal property was disposed of and above the cries and confusion of the scene rose a shrill voice bidding always on the cheaper goods offered. It was this same voice which had bid first a quarter and then a half on the trundle bed, though no one had taken note of it at the time. Leonard Quiver soon selected out the owner of the active voice, to discover a tall, slim woman, with sharp features, though her nose and chin appeared to be on the most friendly terms, as they were constantly beckoning to each other. Standing in the thick of the crowd she had managed to set around her a circle of articles and packages too numerous and promiscuous to be mentioned readily. She seemed completely unaware of those around her, and neither saw nor heard any one save the man on the chair.

"Sarah, I'll bet my bottom dollar!" said Quiver to his friend, who was too deeply engrossed with other thoughts to notice him. Reuben Rover must have been devoid of the attributes of the human heart not to feel at this time, under those peculiar conditions under which he had returned to the scenes and the companions of his earlier years, sensations that would be difficult to describe. It seemed strange even to him who had felt almost every emotion that the mind is capable of knowing to stand there elbow to elbow with the acquaintances of his boyhood and have no one bestow upon him a glance of recognition. But he would have been bitterly disappointed had he not been able to remain unknown, as all his plans would come to naught under such circumstances. With such conflicting feelings as no one else could have felt he saw the sale go on, until the auctioneer was handed a cheese box filled loosely with bottles of various sizes, all containing more or less of fluids, some dark and others nearly white. There were little boxes, too, holding portions of their original contents.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed Mr. Jenness, "here we have a

medicine chest in truth, and filled with every known and unknown remedy under the sun. Here is a cure for the stomach ache, here a balm for a rotten tooth, a liquid labelled in Latin, a corn cure, liver drops, heart's ease, something for the colic, a plaster for the back. Here is medicine wet, medicine dry, pills and pellets, plasters and paste, cures for all the ills of the flesh, and how much am I of—"

"Two cents!" sang out the shrill voice of the sharp-featured woman, looking longingly at the box and its contents.

"That's where you lead in good judgment, Sarah," replied the auctioneer. "With this medicine chest at your command you can defy both death and Doctor Akerman. No offence to you, doctor, for no doubt you filled this treasury of curables from your own larder. I'm offered only the paltry sum of two cents for this storehouse of good health. Two cents I've been offered—come Sarah, you're a woman of good, sound sense, say four." She nodded, regardless of the fact that it already stood on her bid, and he rattled on without a stop, "four cents am I offered, who says the five? Who's going to get this for—" "Five cents!" cried Sarah, beginning to fidget uneasily. "Good for a woman that has good, sound sense! Five cents—who says six? Come, come! I shan't let this golden opportunity hang over you forever. Who says six cents for this treasury of good health? You nodded, Sarah? Six, who says seven? Now is your time; moments have fled and hours are fleeting. Seven from Sarah, who goes her one better? Don't let this golden opportunity slip by and then blame your doctor because he was an hour too late to bring you back from your grave. Eight cents am I offered by Sarah Gooseberry, who does not come to an auction to stand around like a block of wood."

It could be seen that the promiscuous collection of countenances upturned to the man on the chair were wrinkled with suppressed merriment, and those of the

medicine chest in truth, and filled with every known and unknown remedy under the sun. There is a cure for the stomach ache, here a balm for a rotten tooth's pain, labelled in Latin a cure cure liver drops, heart's ease, something for the cold, a plaster for the back. Here is medicine wet, medicine dry, pills and pellets, plasters and paste, cures for all the ills of the flesh, and how much am I of—

"Two cents!" sang out the shrill voice of the charge-featured woman, looking longingly at the box and its contents.

"That's where you lead in good judgment, Sarah," replied the auctioneer. "With this medicine chest at your command you can defy both death and Doctor Agramm. No offence to your doctor, for no doctor you filled this treasury of cures from your own pocket. I'm offered only the paltry sum of two cents for this storehouse of good health. Two cents I've been offered—come, Sarah, you're a woman of good sound sense, say four." The auctioneer, regardless of the fact that it already stood on her bid and be rattled on without a stop, "four cents and I offered, who says the first? Who's going to get this lot?" "Five cents!" cried Sarah, beginning toidget restlessly. "Good for a woman that has good sound sense! Five cents—who says six? Come, come! I want for this golden opportunity hang over you forever. Who says six cents for this treasury of good health? You method, Sarah! Six, who says seven? Now is your time; merchants have fled and hours are fleeting. Seven from Sarah, who goes for one better? Don't let this golden opportunity slip by and then blame your doctor because he was an hour too late to bring you back from your grave. Eight cents and I offered by Sarah Goodheart; who does not come to an auction to stand around like a block of wood."

It could be seen that the promiscuous collection of counterfeits—apart from the man on the chair were wrinkled with suppressed excitement, and those of the

spectators who had been standing on one foot to rest an aching limb improved this brief lull to change over upon the other foot. And the eager bidder, happily unconscious of the real situation, actually raised her bid to nine cents, and inside of as many minutes, led on by the fluent and audacious auctioneer, had nodded three cents more, when the elated talker declared, "and now I'm offered a dime and two, and for the paltry sum of twelve cents I must let this stock of good health slip away; twelve cents am I offered—going—going—gone! Sold to Sarah Gooseberry, and may she live long to enjoy her treasures."

No more personal property being brought forward, leaving the bewildered Sarah to examine her purchases and meet the badgerings of her friends, Mr. Jonathan Jenness, without any loss of time, waved the rough baton he held in his hand, thundering forth:

"Now, gents, we turn from all this frippery foppery, worth all together four-and-six, to real property. Who owns a home has a grip on earth neither the sheriff nor the squire can shake you from. Here's a chance for you to own one of the cosiest, prettiest homes in this land of fair homes. This gem of a cottage, with its six snug rooms, well lighted, well shingled, with a good old-fashioned chimney, fine yard, woodshed, well, and forty rising acres of land are offered to the highest bidder. No matter if it isn't but a paltry dollar, all this comfort and happiness is his. Now how much am I offered for this paradise? Don't be backward, gents, but step right up to the line and bid while you have a chance, never forgetting that the golden opportunity is fleeting, but there will be plenty of time for repining. How much am I offered?"

As the speaker paused to catch his breath, the sound of a woman sobbing broke the momentary silence, and Reuben saw a little apart from the crowd she who had claimed the ownership of the trundle bed.

"It's going to be a hard blow to her mother," he thought, "I wish I could help them."

spectators who had been standing on one foot to see an aching limb improved this brief lull to change over upon the other foot. And the eager bidder, hardly unconscious of the vast situation, actually raised her bid to nine cents and inside of an many minutes led on by the guest and undisturbed auctioneer, had added three cents more when the stated lotter declined, "and now I'm offered a dime and two, and for the pretty sum of twelve cents I must let this stock of good health slip away; twelve cents am I offered—going—going—good! Sold to Sarah Greenberry, and may she live long to enjoy her treasures."

No more personal property being brought forward, leaving the bewildered Sarah to examine her purchases and meet the baggage of her friends, Mr. Jonathan Penrose, without any loss of time, waved the rough lotter he held in his hand, thus ending forth:

"Now, gentle, we turn from all this trifling property, worth all together four and six to real property. Who owns a home? Let a girl on earth consider the words now the spirit can shake you from. Here's a chance for you to own one of the choicest prettiest homes in this land of fair homes. This gem of a cottage, with its six snug rooms, well lighted, well shingled with good old-fashioned chimney, fine yard, woodshed, well, and forty other gems of land are offered to the highest bidder. We wonder if it isn't for a pretty dollar, all this comfort and happiness is his. Now how much am I offered for this gem? Don't be back-ward, gentle, but step right up to the list and bid while you have a chance never forgetting that the golden opportunity is fleeting, but there will be plenty of time for repining."

How much am I offered?
As the speaker paused to catch his breath, the sound of a woman sobbing broke the momentary silence, and Renshaw saw a lady apart from the crowd she who had claimed the ownership of the trouble bed.

"It's going to be a hard blow to her mother," he thought, "I wish I could help them."

A few inquiries of Sam resulted in explaining to him that notwithstanding the promise the mortgagee would not oblige her to sell, she had really been driven to this step. The claim, however, was really greater than the actual value of the place. In the midst of his anxious consideration of the situation the bidding opened, when excitement began to increase.

"I am offered the paltry sum of fifty dollars for this grand, comfortable home. Why, gents, where are your eyes? Have you no more respect for the unfortunate widow who is obliged to sacrifice her home at the mercy of your cupidity?"

At this juncture Reuben Rover was one of the few who observed a newcomer approaching the crowd, whose attention was fixed on the auctioneer. He was a well-dressed man, who seemed quite out of place in that gathering. Just before he reached the outer rim of the throng of spectators, he stopped to whisper a few words to a short, thick-set man, who had also just come. As he inclined his head to receive the latter's reply, a smile and nod of the head gave Rover the impression of satisfaction, and then he quietly mingled with the crowd.

"Who are they?" he asked of Sam, who had noticed the new arrivals."

"The short man is Mark Crafts, who has the mortgage ag'in Widder Temple, and he's called awful close-fisted and sharp for a bargain. I don't know t'other chap. Yes, crackers and cheese! He must be the stranger lookin' over the country t'other day—a gold specter or some sich name. So said Uncle Life."

"What do you mean by gold about here?"

"Why, it's been found all erbout here. Job Ramsbottom kicked it up with his boot when he went to shoo off the jays on his corn, but he lost his piece. Lish Whittle says he picked up a chunk down in th' holler an' carried it home, an' he cooked it for a turnip afore he found out his mistake. Uncle Life says that's a lie, 'cos Lish is too lazy

to cook anything. Others have found it. But Squire Newbegin is thet set ag'in th' teown thet he larfs when any one says anything erbout gold in Sunset. I heerd erbout this stranger lookin' fer gold on Widder Temple's farm, but I never heerd he found any."

By this time the newcomer had moved within a short distance of the auctioneer and, beginning to clip off the end of a straw he had picked up with apparent unconcern over what was taking place, said in a hesitating voice:

"Ten better."

"Fifty—ten! fifty—ten! Only sixty dollars am I offered for this grand old homestead that no one ought to buy for less than a thousand. Why, gents, you can't build a house like this for less'n fifteen hundred with the lumber and nails throwed in. I'm offered only a paltry sixty; who makes it an even hundred?"

One of the few who had noticed the last bidder was a man a little past the golden circle of life, which fact was attested to by the silver in his hair and the crow's feet around his eyes, which were pale blue. He claimed that in his younger years he had been "good six foot in his stockings," but the weight of time had bowed his shoulders somewhat, so his army measurement had stood at only five feet and nine inches. He was a well-preserved man, both in feature and figure, and was passably good looking. What was better than all else was the pervading good nature illuminating each feature, though when aroused by any untoward action on the part of another this was quick to give place to a look of righteous indignation that told of the volcano of vengeance ready to break forth in an instant. As he saw the stranger drawing near, he nudged a companion, saying in a low tone:

"There comes the buyer of the Widder Temple's place."

"What put thet idee inter yer head, Uncle Life? D'ye know him?"

"Only as the man who came lookin' for gold last week,

and that he found it is as plain as the nose on your face. He's come to buy the farm, and by the way Kim Carter has started it he'll get it dog cheap."

Reuben Rover was standing near enough to overhear these words, and Sam's remarks showed that he, too, had caught their meaning:

"Uncle Life has got his eye-teeth cut," he remarked sagely.

The features of the returned prodigal suddenly lighted. Leonard Quiver saw that something unusual was uppermost in his fertile brain, but he wisely held his peace for the time.

"Only sixty dollars am I offered for this jewel of a home," the auctioneer was saying. "What are you all thinking about at this time? Why, gents, this is the chance of your lives. Now talk right up and make this sixty-four an even hundred."

"Sixty-five," said Kim Carter, the first bidder, slowly. Aside he was heard to say: "I reckon the squire 'll back me fer another dollar."

In spite of the earnest entreaty and threats of the auctioneer the bid hung at this figure until he was uttering the word which should end the bidding, when the stranger cleared his mouth of the bits of straw he had clipped off of the stalk he held in his hand, and raised the sum five dollars. The only sounds that now broke the scene were the rapid words of the salesman, who kept on with commendable tenacity in spite of the fact that the end seemed foregone. Uncle Life Story nodded his head knowingly, and said to a companion:

"What did I tell you, boys. The stranger's goin' to get it 's sure 's gun. He'll make a pot out'n that gold, too. He's sartin' on what he's doin'. But of course he wants to get it 's cheap 's possible. Ha! sumbuddy's raised it five."

"Seventy-five," cried the auctioneer, who had succeeded in getting a nod from Carter without the latter

and that he found it is as plain as the nose on your face. He's come to buy the farm, and by the way, Kim Carter has started it for a very cheap."

Reuben Brown was standing next enough to overhear these words, and Sam's remarks showed that he, too, had caught their meaning.

"Uncle Lila has got his eye-teeth cut," he remarked sagely.

The features of the returned prodigal suddenly brightened. Leonard Quiver saw that something unusual was afoot, most in his fertile brain, but he wisely held his peace for the time.

"Only sixty dollars am I offered for this piece of a home," the auctioneer was saying. "What are you all thinking about at this time? Why, gentlemen, this is the chance of your lives. Now talk right up and make this sixty-four an even hundred."

"Sixty-five," said Kim Carter, the first bidder, slowly. Aside he was heard to say: "I reckon I ought to back up for another dollar."

In spite of the earnest entreaty and threats of the auctioneer the bid hung in the air until he was uttering the word which should end the bidding when the auctioneer cleared his throat of the bid in answer he had signed off at the staff he held in his hand and raised the same over his ear. The only sounds that now broke the silence were the rapid words of the auctioneer, who kept on with unceasing able tenacity in spite of the fact that the crowd seemed to grow more and more restless. Uncle Lila slowly nodded his head knowingly and said to a companion:

"What did I tell you, boys? The auctioneer's going to get it a sure 'n' good. He'll make a good out of that kind of a deal. He's selling on what he's doing. But of course he wants to get it a cheap 'n' possible. That somebody's raised it to five."

"Seventy-five," cried the auctioneer, who had now succeeded in getting a nod from Carter without the latter

being conscious of it. It was a way Jenness had, but it had the desired effect presently. "Come, gents, get a pace on you. This is slower 'n Paul Jones' old brown mare that fell asleep on the king's highway. Make it interesting; make it a hundred."

"One hundred dollars," ventured Reuben Rover, lifting his head and addressing the auctioneer for the first time. This seemed to disturb the latter more than anything that had occurred before, though he had only been taken at his request. But he rallied before the onlookers, not one in ten of whom had noticed the strange twain who had come with Everybody's Sam.

"That sounds like business," shouted Jenness, striking the side of the house with his mallet so that the loose clapboards rattled and half a dozen fell clattering to the ground. "Now make it two hundred," and he fixed his gaze on the other unknown bidder. This individual showed plainly that he was nonplussed by this unexpected interference. Before he made his bid, however, he looked with a searching gaze upon his rival and, muttering something under his breath, said:

"One twenty-five."

"Two hundred," declared Reuben Rover, looking on indifferently.

The auctioneer now received his second surprise, but rallied quicker than before with his bantering, adding now five hundred to the sum he had originally placed on the valuation of the farm. The spectators, as a unit, turned to see what effect this last bid would have on the other unknown bidder, who had been already summed up as a gold speculator. He did not seem abashed, for after waiting a moment he said in a clear, defiant tone:

"Two fifty."

"Three hundred," advanced Rover, thrusting his hands into his empty pockets and looking down the road as if something held his attention in that direction. The spectators now held their breaths. The auctioneer again

being conscious of it. It was a way James had, but it had the desired effect presently. "Come, come, get a paper, you. This is closer to Paul Jones' old brown mare than the self-salvage on the king's highway. Make it interesting! make it a hundred."

"One hundred dollars," answered Wendell Kover, lifting his head and addressing the auctioneer for the first time. This seemed to disturb the latter more than any thing that had occurred before, though he had only been taken at his request. But he rallied before the onlookers, not one in ten of whom had noticed the strange twins who had come with Everybody's Sam.

"That sounds like business," shouted James, striking the side of the house with his mallet so that the loose clapboards rattled and fell a dozen feet clattering to the ground. "Now make it two hundred," and he fixed his gaze on the other unknown bidder. This individual showed plainly that he was surprised by this unexpected interference. Before he made his bid, however, he looked with a searching gaze upon his rival and, muttering something under his breath, said:

"One twenty-five."

"Two hundred," shouted Wendell Kover, looking on

indifferently.

The auctioneer now received his second surprise, but rallied quicker than before with his hammer, adding now five hundred to the sum he had originally placed on the valuation of the farm. The spectators as a rule, turned to see what effect this bid would have on the other unknown bidder, who had been already summed up as a gold speculator. He did not seem shocked, for after waiting a moment he said in a clear, defiant tone:

"Two fifty."

"Three hundred," advanced Kover, turning his hands into his empty pockets and looking down the road as if something held his attention in that direction. The speculators now held their breaths. The auctioneer again

rallied. The rival bidder raised the sum half a hundred. No sooner had he done this than the irrepressible Reuben made it four hundred.

"Fact an' quoth he, sir, it's just as I foretold," said Life Story in a triumphant tone. "The fellows are onto the gold; what is it an' it can't be argified. I was in Californy in '49, and I see—"

The story was nipped in the bud by the loud tones of the exultant auctioneer, who cried:

"Now you are getting down to work, gents! Sunset ain't dead, no matter what they say up on the Hill. What d'you say, Kim Carter, another hundred?" This bewildered bidder again nodded, and the audacious auctioneer turned on the first stranger, who raised it fifty, when Reuben raised it to an even sum again before Jenness could search him out. The bid now stood at six hundred.

"By hookey!" exclaimed a bystander, "ain't Mark goin' to make a big haul out'n this?"

"This extra won't go to Mark," said Life Story, working his jaws vigorously over a huge piece of tobacco. "All he can hold will be the amount of his note. The squire an' I were talkin' this over only yesterday. It will be a good thing for Mrs. Temple, and this gold—"

But no one was disposed to listen to him, so Life turned to watch the scene in front with the others.

"Seven hundred," declared the stranger, for the first time, jumping up a full notch.

"Eight hundred," added Reuben, and Jenness, looking toward Carter got another nod, making it nine, and before he could announce this fact Reuben Rover had advanced to a thousand.

The spectators looked on with open-mouthed wonder. The jaws of the stranger worked vigorously at the straw, so that bit after bit jumped from between his white teeth and lodged in his long, luxuriant beard. He glowered upon Rover, but allowed the bid to rest until even the sanguine auctioneer began to tire and was about to close when he

said, turning away with a shrug of his shoulders:

"Two thousand!"

Now the crowd opened its eyes, but the words had not been taken up by the ever-ready auctioneer before the ringing tone of Reuben Rover cried:

"THREE THOUSAND!"

This brought the stranger quickly about, and he exclaimed in a voice heard all over the yard:

"What fool nonsense is this? My bids are genuine, but I will not be balked in this maddening way. Auctioneer, I make it three thousand five hundred, and if yonder fool dares to raise it I will challenge his bid."

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," said Reuben Rover, *sotto voce*. "I believe I shall risk one more trick." In a louder key, determined not to be outdone in this game of bluff, he said:

"FOUR THOUSAND—one half down. If the unknown gentleman can't meet me in this with as good a deal, I shall dispute his bid and claim the property at my figures. Remember this covers every inch of the land and whatever there may be upon it." Scarcely had he finished speaking before the other fairly roared:

"FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, and every cent cash down. If that fool can go me better, I doubt it."

It was evident the crisis had come. Jock Jenness fairly trembled under the great strain of the sale. Nothing like it had ever happened to vary the monotony of his long experience. Squire Newbegin moved leisurely to where Reuben Rover stood, and leaning over whispered in his ear:

"It was the last straw that broke the camel's back."

Before Reuben could reply the justice had passed out of his reach. But the warning was not needed. He had made his last bid. Without a cent, and among strangers without any credit to his name, he had accomplished an astounding result, and he was content to retire. The auctioneer, very red in the face and puffing from his furious

said, turning away with a shrug of his shoulders:

"The thousand!"

Now the crowd opened its eyes, but the words had not been taken up by the eagerly auctioneer before the ringing tone of Richard Rover's cry:

"I want thousand!"

This brought the stranger quickly about, and he exclaimed in a voice heard all over the yard:

"What best business is this? My bid is good, but I will not be balked to this maddening way. Another, I make it three thousand five hundred, and I wonder how dare to make it I will challenge his bid."

"When the gods would destroy they first make mad," said Richard Rover, with a look. "I believe I shall risk one more trick." In a louder key, determined not to be outdone in this game of bluff, he said:

"FOUR THOUSAND—one half down. If the unknown gentleman can't meet me in this with as good a deal, I shall suppose his bid and claim the property as my share. Remember the cover every part of the land and whatever there may be upon it." Shortly but he paused speaking before the other fairly roared:

"FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, and every one cash down. If that too can be met better, I double it."

It was evident the wine had done good things. He fairly trembled under the great stress of the sale. Nothing like it had ever happened to him in the history of his long experience. Spurred onwards almost blindly to what Richard Rover stood, and listening over his shoulder in his ear:

"It was the last straw that broke the camel's back. Before Rover could reply the justice had passed out of his reach. But the winning was not needed. He had made his last bid. Without a cent and strong supporters without any credit to his name, he had accomplished an astounding result, and he was content to retire. The auctioneer, very red in the face and puffing from his lungs,

exertions, kept up his high-sounding talk in a remarkable manner—remarkable in more ways than one:

"That sounds like solid logic. Five thousand am I offered for this grand old farm, where five generations lie buried side by side, and there is no reserve. It all goes, house and well; timber and gold; yes, sirree, and gold! Who makes it six? Wake up, Kim Carter! This is your last chance. Make it six—make it a half—make it a quarter—make it ten!" but Mr. Carter had awakened enough to steal aside so as to escape the gaze of the bold auctioneer fearful that he might nod again unwittingly holding his head between his hands. "Come, come, gents! this is murder! A place like this going for a mere song; it breaks my heart. Only five thousand am I offered; who says a quarter? who says an eight? who says anything? Going—going—last chance—are you standing there and clams for one minute to be sorry for it all your lives? Going—last call—gone! Sold to the gent with the long whiskers on my left, who knows the value of real estate in Sunset. Step right up, sir, and Squire Newberry will clinch the bargain for you."

"If he doesn't I shall claim it at my bid," spoke up the penniless prodigal, who then turned to speak for the first time to his boon associate, who could scarcely control his feelings enough to keep a straight countenance.

"Well, one person at least in Sunset has reason to bless our coming."

"How dared you do it? But it was that gold fever that favored you."

"A fig for all the gold in Foxcraft. Men are led by a rope of sand, and I will prove it to you before I am done."

"Fact an' quoth he, sir," said Life Story to a little knot of listeners, "given certain facts an' we gain certain results. I have always believed in standin' by one's own. Though I can't exactly claim the honor of having been born in Sunset, I have always stood by the old town. Why, sirs, when it was first talked of as th' capital of th' state my

father, if livin' in another town, voted for it straight every time. Even when its own representative had been bought off with a glass of rum, he stood as firm as the rock-ribbed hills around it. When I look upon th' interest that has been taken in the old town here to-day by strangers, I feel my old heart bound. Sunset has a glorious future. In th' distance, but not so far away that my old eyes can't see th' glad sight, I see it the hub of one of the finest sections of country the sun ever shone on. I see flockin' to it th' hosts of business an' of pleasure, the Mecca toward which countless millions flock to reap the golden harvests of its plains and its hillsides. I see fine buildin's standin' where now are only red shanties; magnificent places of trade, fine churches and school-houses, a rubble-stone postoffice building, court house with marble floors and stone steps a yard wide. I see water-works and manufactories, I see parks, and palaces for men to live in. I see the iron horse tooting and blowing up the valley, bearing the commerce of nations. Then will be the eyes of th' government turned upon us as th' geographical center of power an' progress, and Sunset will be, as it should have been years ago, the capital of th' state. Ay, fact an' quoth he, sir, tardy justice shall be enriched by its becoming the capital of th' na—"

While this eloquent prophet was making his startling prediction, an affair of equal interest and of far greater outcome was taking place. This was announced by the auctioneer, who had remounted his chair, and was saying:

"Here, gents, is one more prize that was overlooked. It is marked one hundred, and I know it holds par value. How much am I offered? Start it at your own price." But the interest of the crowd in the auction had passed. Squire Newbegin was receiving the money for the place, and was making out the papers that should turn the property over to its new owner. Mrs. Temple and her daughter were feeling a pardonable exultation over the outcome of the sale, which had netted them a tidy little sum, where

father, it lives in another town, voted for it straight every time. Even when its own representative had been bought off with a glass of rum, he stood as firm as the rock-ribbed hills around it. When I look upon its interest that has been taken in the old town here to-day by strangers, I feel my old heart bound. Sunset has a glorious future in it, distance, but not so far away that my old eyes can't see it. Glad sight I see it the hub of one of the finest sections of country the sun ever shone on. I see Hocking to it the home of business and of pleasure the Mecca toward which countless millions flock to reap the golden harvest of its plains and its hillsides. I see fine building's grounds where now are only red shanties; magnificent places of trade, fine churches and school houses, a noble stone postoffice building, court house with marble floor and stone steps a yard wide. I see water-works and manufacturing, I see parks and palaces for men to live in. I see the lion house footing and plowing up the valley, hearing the commands of nations. I see will be the eyes of the government turned upon us as the geographical center of power on progress and Sunset will be as it should have been years ago the capital of the state. Aye, but no doubt he is truly justice shall be enticed by its becoming the capital of the state."

While this eloquent prophet was making his startling prediction, an affair of equal interest and of far greater outcome was taking place. This was announced by the auctioneer, who had remounted his chair, and was saying: "Here, Gentls, is one more prize that was overlooked. It is marked one hundred, and I know it holds for value. How much am I offered? Start it at your own price." But the interest of the crowd in the auction had passed. Spurge Newberry was receiving the money for the place and was making out the papers that should turn the property over to its new owner. Mrs. Temple and her daughter were feeling a paralytic excitement over the outcome of the sale, which had netted them a tidy little sum, while

they had expected to be not only homeless but penniless. In their good fortune it proved that they had many friends, who were congratulating them most profusely. No one was left to take any notice of the voluble auctioneer, even the alert Sarah Gooseberry had silently departed with her purchases, so Mr. Jenness for once plead in vain for a bid, until a thin, cracked voice from the rear of the crowd piped :

"One cent !"

This bid was received with a cry of derision by some of the younger members of the group, and one of them shouted :

"Where did you get your capital to put up your cash like that, Old Hungerford? Don't you hear him, Mr. Jenness? The town pauper has bid one cent for your treasure house. Why don't you strike it off to him?"

It was a cruel, thoughtless thrust, and Reuben Rover and his friend saw that it was directed toward an aged man, who once must have stood head and shoulders above an ordinary person, but now bowed with years was shaking his trembling fist toward his tormentors. In making his appeal to the crowd the auctioneer finally singled out him who had bidden so freely on the homestead, and he almost implored :

"Make it five, young man."

The article for sale this time was a small trunk, not more than eighteen inches in length by a foot in width. It had been covered with sealskin, such protection as was often used for the purpose in days gone by, but where the hair had not been worn off entirely it was short and shiny and yellow with age, except where it shaded softly into a light brown along what had been the back of the animal. Rows of brass-headed nails followed around the ends where the skin had been fastened. A piece of stout leather, browned with age and fastened with larger nails, also with brass heads, afforded the handle. Into this at midway had been set a strip of brass which bore two letters, "J. B."

they had expected to be not only homeless but penniless. In their good fortune it proved that they had many friends who were congratulating them most graciously. Mr. Jones was left to take any notice of the valuable suitcases, even the short Sarah Gossamer had silently deposited with her purchases, as Mr. Jones for once found in this for a bid, until a thin, cracked voice from the rear of the crowd

cried:

"This bid was received with a cry of derision from some of the younger members of the group, and one of them shouted:

"Where did you get your capital to put up your case like that, O'Monagahan? Don't you know that Mr. Jones? The town banker has his own way for your treasure house. Why don't you strike it off to him?"

It was a cruel, thoughtless threat and Rachel, then, and his friend saw that it was directed toward an aged man, who once might have stood head and shoulders above an ordinary person, but now bowed with years and weary his trembling feet toward his tormentors. In making his appeal to the crowd the auctioneer nearly blinded one man who had hidden so wisely on the moment, and he almost

implored:

"Alas! a poor, young man."

The article for sale this time was a small work, not more than eighteen inches in length by a foot or width. It had been covered with a special, such protection as was often used for the purpose of saving space, but where the book had not been worn off entirely it was short and shiny and yellow with age, except where it shaded softly into a light brown along what had been the back of the animal. Here the brass-headed nails followed around the ends where the skin had been latched. A piece of stout leather, browned with age and latched with larger nails, also with brass heads, attended the handle. Into this at midway had been set a strip of brass which bore two letters, "J. H."

Without having the least idea what the little old trunk contained, Reuben Rover nodded and, glad to escape from the bid already made, the auctioneer started into a glowing appeal for others to bid, when it was announced that two horses were coming down the road at a terrific pace. Now nothing was quite so likely to catch his attention, and seeing the approaching twain emerging from out of a cloud of dust kicked up by their own heels, he shouted :

"Last warning—fair play—going—gone!" verifying his speech in a double manner as he leaped to the ground, and bareheaded as he was, he ran down the road, where the majority of the spectators had already gone.

(Begun in the July number; to be continued)

An Old Home Message

By NELLIE M. BROWNE

In the grand state of New Hampshire

With her wealth of vine-clad hills;

Where the breezes whisper softly

To the murmur of the rills,

Stands the old historic township

Dear to many hearts to-day,

Who have wandered far from Homeland,

But are welcomed back alway.

You have sent the tidings outward,

With your loving words of cheer :

"Come, you absent sons and daughters,

Come and tarry with us here,

Without having the least idea what the little old fellow contained, Kasper Rover nodded and tried to escape from the bid already made, the auctioneer started into a glowing appeal for others to bid, when it was announced that two horses were coming down the road at a terrific pace. Now nothing was quite so likely to catch his attention and focus the rapturous twin emerging from out of a cloud of dust kicked up by their own heels, he shouted:

"Last warning—last play—going—gone!" waving his speech in a double manner as he leaped to the ground and pitched as he was, he ran down the road, where the majority of the spectators had already gone.

(Again in the old country is the warning!)

An Old Home Message

By James H. Brown

In the good state of New Hampshire
With her wealth of the old hills
Where the houses are old and
To the memory of the hills

Search the old historic towns
For so many years ago
Who have wandered far from home
But are welcome back again

You have seen the things around,
With your feeling words of cheer,
Come, you about town and country,
Command every side to hear

"While we talk of old-time memories,
And we listen to the song,
That now help to swell the chorus,
As in days gone by so long."

Are we thinking of the changes
That anon have taken place,
As we look with hope expectant
Into each and every face?

We have all grown old together—
Time has waited not for one!
But our hearts are just as buoyant
As in days when we were young.

Are there those oppressed and weary,
Who would lay life's cares away?
Let them work their unknown missions
With a cheerful heart each day.

Let us say a word of comfort,—
Wait and hope, the time draws near,
When we all shall reap the harvest
For what we have suffered here.

Every morn new strength is given—
With a hope to calm our fears.
Let us strive and help some other
To roll back the burdened years.

Life is like a path that's winding
Through the future's misty day;—
Noble thoughts and deeds remembered
Are our milestones by the way.


Time may change and dear ones leave us,
But he still this message sends:
"Fear not; Heaven is nearer to us
Than what we may think, dear friends."

"While we talk of old-time memories
 And we listen to the song
 That our lips have made the choice
 As it says that we long
 For the thinking of the change
 That once gave us such place
 As we look with happy regret
 Into each and every face
 We have all grown old together—
 There has waited not for one
 But the hearts are just as young
 As in days when we were young
 And that those opinions and ways
 Who would lay life's course away
 Let them work their wildest rebellion
 With a cheerful heart and day
 Let us say a word of comfort—
 With and hope the time shall come
 When we all shall reap the harvest
 For what we have sown here
 Every man and woman is free—
 With a hope to calm our fears
 Let us enter and help each other
 To not have the saddest years
 Life is like a path that winds
 Through the forest's sunny day—
 Let us walk with the lightest heart
 And let the shadows pass away
 There are things and days that we
 But we will the message send
 "You are; I am; it seems to us
 That what we say, that, dear friends."

The Canoe Match

By THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOODRANGER TALES"

Among the pastimes of the pioneers athletic sports stood in favor and canoe racing afforded great pleasure. The following incident, taken from "The Woodranger," describes a match that is supposed to have taken place on the Merrimack, above Amoskeag Falls, in the year 1740. The principal actors in this match, though only boys then, in after years became some of the most noted men on the frontier, numbering as they did Robert Rogers, chief of "Rogers' Rangers," William and John Stark, brothers who were active during the French and Indian War, and the latter a general in the Revolution; Norman McNiel, of a noted family; John Goffe, the son of Col. John Goffe, scout and officer on the old frontier. The Woodranger was known far and wide as a trusty scout and wood ranger.—*Editor.*

T WAS a still September day, an ideal day for the canoe match. The sky had taken on that peculiar sapphire hue so common to the season. Never had the limpid current of the Merrimack shone clearer along the two-mile course where it moved with sluggish motion toward the Falls of Namaske. If the day was ideal, so was this portion of the sparkling stream an ideal track for the light barks of the rival canoeists.

At a point where a bend in the bank curved sharply toward the west, cutting in twain the beach of white sand, a crowd of spectators had gathered to witness the great event of the autumn. A dozen feet above these twin knots of anxious watchers, standing on a wide, smooth breadth of land,—a natural terrace,—were twice their numbers. Under the giant pines, rearing their straight trunks from seventy-five to one hundred feet into the air without a branch to mar their symmetry, and tufted at the top with oval masses

The Canoe Match

By THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOODEN LEG"

Among the passions of the pleasure-loving sportsman in these times of peace, the canoe match has taken a prominent place. The following is a description of a match that is supposed to have taken place on the River, above Amsterdam, in the year 1770. The principal actors in this match, though only boys then, in after years became some of the most noted men on the Continent, numbering as they did Robert Rogers, chief of "Rogers' Rangers," William and John Smith, brothers who were active during the French and Indian War, and the late General in the Revolutionary War, John Smith, of a noted family; for a General in the Revolutionary War, John Smith, and officer in the late John Smith, the son of Col. John Smith, and officer in the late John Smith. The Woodhouse was known to be a very good and

At 10 o'clock on the 1st of September, an ideal day for the canoe match. The sky had taken on that peculiar appearance that is so common to the season. Never had the length of the River been so much with clear, along the two-mile course where it moved with sluggish motion toward the Falls of Niagara. If the day was ideal, so was the position of the opposing teams. An ideal track for the light boats of the River canoeists. At a point where a bend in the bank curved sharply toward the west, a point between the beach of which a crowd of spectators had gathered to witness the event of the autumn. A dozen feet above these two points of anxious waiting, standing on a wide, smooth, grassy land—a natural terrace—were two other numbers. The first place, toward their straight tracks from each other, five to one hundred feet into the air without a branch to mark their symmetry, and tilted at the top with a small

of foliage, the view was extended and beautiful. A hundred yards to the rear the ground ascended abruptly in a far-reaching hill, which was covered with a heavy growth of trees.

Not satisfied with such advantages as the others had obtained to watch the race, four adventurous boys had climbed into the topmost branches of a pine growing on the river's bank, and which some storm had so far uprooted as to cause the forest monarch to lean far out over the water. From this position a good view of the river was had for the entire distance of the course, so straight does the stream flow at this portion of its journey.

It was now a quarter to two o'clock, and in fifteen minutes the race was expected to start. Both parties of the rivals were already on the ground, or rather water, the observed of all and the subjects of a continual flow of running comments. All of the preliminary arrangements had been made, excepting that most important one of selecting a judge.

In this anxious delay, though the time set had not fully arrived, the onlookers, as they generally do, got impatient. The two committees were besieged with questions.

It was to be a three-mile race, the canoeists going upstream a mile, and turning and going down-stream a mile below the starting-place. This rather unusual way of conducting the match had been decided upon from a wish to give the spectators the best possible opportunity to witness the trial. Both teams were claimed to be in fine condition, and certainly everything else was in their favor.

Naturally, none were more impatient for the match to open than the contestants, who had paddled to positions nearly opposite the spectators, and were discussing the prospect in whispers among themselves.

"Do you think we shall win?" asked Billy Stark, who was a little nervous over the trying situation.

"Let us think so until we are fairly beaten," replied Norman. "Remember very much depends on the last

of foliage, the view was extended and beautiful. A hundred yards to the rear the ground ascended abruptly in a far-reaching hill, which was covered with a heavy growth of trees.

Not satisfied with such advantages as the others had obtained to watch the race, four adventurous boys had climbed into the highest branches of a pine growing on the river's bank, and which some stone had so far uprooted as to cause the forest monarch to lean far out over the water. From this position a good view of the race was had for the entire distance of the course, no straight line the stream flow at this portion of its journey.

It was now a quarter to two o'clock, and in fifteen minutes the race was expected to start. Both parties of the rivals were already on the ground, or rather water, the observer of all and the subjects of a continual flow of running comments. All of the preliminary arrangements had been made, excepting that most important one of selecting a judge.

In this anxious delay, though the time set had not fully arrived, the onlookers, as they generally do, got impatient. The two contestants were besieged with questions. It was to be a three-mile race, the canoeists going upstream a mile, and turning and going downstream a mile below the starting-place. This rather unusual way of conducting the match had been devised upon from a wish to give the spectators the best possible opportunity to witness the trial. Both teams were chosen to be in fine condition, and certainly everything else was in their favor.

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"Do you think we shall win?" asked Billy Stark, who was a little nervous over the trying situation.

"Let us think so until we are fairly beaten," replied Norman. "Remember very much depends on the last

mile. Don't get winded going up the stream, If Johnny does get ahead of us, don't let that fact discourage you. It is the last part that counts."

"And be careful how you drop your paddle," said Robert Rogers, who was not inclined to talk much on occasions like that. "You must not get ahead of Mac and me. Remember Billy, that we must move exactly together."

"Ay, you remember those were the last words of Woodranger," said Norman.

"I wonder where the old fellow is" commented Billy. "I believe I could do better if he were here. I had rather he would be judge than Captain Goffe. It doesn't seem right to have Johnny's father decide a race in which his own boy is captain."

"That is why Captain Goffe does not like to accept. Captain Blanchard was asked but he said he couldn't be here. What is that cheering for?"

Until then the crowd had been silent, but now a lusty cheer was given by those on the terrace, though the spectators below them remained quiet. The cause of the outburst was soon explained by the appearance of Captain Blanchard, who had been seen by those from their elevated position before their companions.

"I had rather he would be umpire than Goffe," declared young Rogers.

Meanwhile a conversation of somewhat similar nature, though varied to suit the desires of the rival crew, had been carried on. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the Cohas boys were as confident of winning the match as their opponents. The spectators seemed about equally divided in their favors and hopes.

"I tell you what it is, Mac, I'll wager my first fall pelt that the Namaske boys are going to whip 'em others!" exclaimed a tall, bony looker-on, whose appearance showed plainly his place of nativity.

"Ne'er fear o' me taking ye up, Archie, though it do seem Goffe's crew air in deadly 'arnest," replied a companion.

"I don't get ahead going up the stream, if Johnny does get ahead of us, don't let that discourage you. It is the last part that counts."

"And be careful how you drop your paddle," said Robert Rogers, who was not inclined to talk much at this time.

"You must not get ahead of him," said Hammondy Billy, who was not much of a talker.

"Ay, you remember there were the last words of Woodruff," said Hammondy.

"I wonder where the old fellow is," commented Billy.

"I believe I could tell better if we were there," said

Robert Rogers, who would be judge than Captain Goffe. It doesn't

seem right to have Johnny's father decide a race in

which his own boy is captain."

"That is why Captain Goffe does not like to accept."

Captain Blanchard was asked but he said he couldn't re-

fuse. What is that cheering for?

Until then the crowd had been silent, but now a shout

came from those on the terrace through the gate. The crowd on the ter-

race below then remained quiet. The crowd on the ter-

race was soon explained by the appearance of a figure

standing, who had been seen by those from the terrace

position before their departure.

"I had rather he would be single than Goffe," declared

young Rogers.

Meanwhile a conversation on the terrace at that time

though varied to suit the wishes of the crowd, had

been carried on. It is perhaps needless to say that the

Colas boys were as confident of winning the match as their

opponents. The spectators seemed about equally divided

in their favor and against.

"I tell you what it is," said a man who was sitting

that the Hammondy boys were going to win. "I don't

claim a tall boy looking like a champion. I don't

plainly his place in nature."

"No, I don't see taking it up, Archie, though it do

seem Goffe's row in the double stroke," replied a man

passing.

"An' going to bite vict'ry right out o' th' Scotch boys' teeth!" exclaimed a third. "I'll take yer bet, Archie, ef McPherson doesn't!"

"Done" was the quick rejoinder of the first speaker. "I'm sure o' doubling my game."

"Th' Goffes were never beaten!" interjected another. "See whut a breadth o' chist Johnny has. Jis' like his father. An' sich forearms! Then there's Jimmy! Jimmy's going to last till th' last stroke. Ah, Cap'n Goffe' knowed who to pick. With him fer judge we'e sure!"

"Avaunt wi' yer nonsense! Whut's Johnny Goffe's brawn compared to young McNiel's arm? Mac can take one in each hand an' flip their heels together. Whut's Johnny's craft compared to Robby Rogers' cunning? Robby is Woodranger's favorite and trained in his ways. Them two air th' boys fer me. But whut air the committees doing now? Why be they buzzing Cap'n Blanchard so?"

The committees were urging Captain Blanchard to accept the position of judge of the race, when a louder cheering than any before broke upon the scene, the wild cries prolonged into a series of huzzas which rang far and wide up and down the river. Nor had they far to look for the explanation, for a canoe, skimming the water with bird-like swiftness, and holding the well-known figure of the Woodranger, was to be seen near at hand.

The chairman of the committee at once beckoned to the forester, who sped his light craft near to the anxious group.

"You're the one we've been looking and waiting for, Woodranger. We want you to act as judge of the match. You're better versed in canoeing than any of us, and you're just the one to decide the race."

To the surprise and disappointment of all, the forester shook his head.

"I durst not do it, man, I durst not do it. Varsed in the ways o' dipping a paddle I may be, and though it be not

proper for me to say it, I may have picked up the knack o' the red man's cunning. But there be personal p'int's in this matter, which would make it an indiscretion for me to meddle. I might be accused, and mind you I say not without reason, o' partiality. Robby, you mus' remember, is my pupil in the great school o' natur'. And the lad, McNiel,—but I need not detail my mind. They're six likely lads, and I love and respect them all. I thought mebbe I'd sort o' trail along behind, and if anything—mind you, I say if anything unforeseen does happen,—not that I'm expecting it,—I'll be near to lend a helping hand. More'n that I durst not undertake. I cannot dissemble; I'm neutral in this matter."

Understanding that it would be useless to urge the Woodranger to do what his judgment did not dictate, the committee then pressed Captain Blanchard to accept the trust. The latter did not hesitate, after finding that their first choice could not be pressed into service. His acceptance was very agreeable to both sides, for though the Proprietors' clerk of Tyng Township at the time, he was known to be always fair in his dealings with both factions.

No sooner was this decision reached than Chairman Hall jumped upon a handy stump, and shouted so as to be heard by every one:

"Arrangements completed. Squire Blanchard will decide the race. Are you in the canoes ready for the word?"

"Ready!" rang out the word in six voices, as if spoken by one, falling clearly on the profound silence which had now bound the spectators.

"Ready it is, then. Time! One, two, three—go!"

So well had the starter timed himself that it was exactly two o'clock by Captain Blanchard's watch as the signal was given.

As one the six paddles dropped into the water, and side by side the two canoes shot up the stream, while loud, prolonged cheers from the spectators made the woods ring.

"It were a fair start and above discussion," said the Woodranger to himself, as he sent his light bark in the silvery track of the rival canoes. "I'm afeerd Robby has set a stroke that 'll puzzle 'em to hold to the eend. Three miles ain't like spinning a few yards for fun. But, Lordy's me! how I do take on, and the race only begun."

It was a beautiful sight to witness, to see the six paddles rise and fall with such automatic precision that they seemed to be moved by machinery, while the heads and bodies of the canoeists rose and sank with equal regularity. After the first outburst the crowd again became silent, and, except the splash of a paddle now and then, as one of the crew failed to feather the edge as he wished, not a sound broke the stillness of the autumn air.

But it was soon evident that the boys of Cohas were gaining on the others. At first the spectators were in some doubt of this, but it soon became certain, even to the most skeptical. Renewed cheering was then begun, though only the friends of the English boys now did the shouting.

"What'd I tell ye!" cried an over-zealous admirer. "Johnny Goffe is sure to come in ahead. Huarah for the boys o' Cohas!"

Others took up the cry, until it rang far and wide, encouraging the three from the lower settlement to greater exertions. Woodranger, hearing the cries and realizing the situation, shook his head.

Straight as a bee-line did the canoes speed up the river toward the buoy in the middle of the stream, around which they were expected to pass and then return to the goal two miles down the watery course. The boys of Cohas were showing themselves to be of true metal, as well they might and should, for the work they were destined to perform in later years. Every one of the three earned a name that for border sagacity and intrepidity still lives in colonial history. Johnny Goffe, well worthy of the name of his father, who trained John Stark in the manual of arms and was General Sullivan's master of tactics, sufficient honor for

"It were a fair start and above discussion," said the Woodranger to himself, as he sent his light bark in the silver track of the river canoe. "I'm almost happy to see a stroke that'll handle me to hold to the end. These miles and the speed of the race only began."

It was a fair start and above discussion, said the Woodranger to himself, as he sent his light bark in the silver track of the river canoe. "I'm almost happy to see a stroke that'll handle me to hold to the end. These miles and the speed of the race only began."

But it was soon evident that the boys of Coburn were gaining on the others. At first the spectators were in some doubt of this, but it soon became certain, even to the most skeptical. Men and boys were then began, though only the friends of the English boys saw the advantage. "What I tell you," cried an over-enthusiastic spectator, "Johnny Coffin is sure to come in ahead. He's a fast boy of Coburn."

Others took up the cry, and it was for some time encouraging the three from the lower section to greater exertions. Woodranger, hearing the cry and seeing the situation, shook his head.

Straight as a bow-line did the canoe speed up the river toward the bay in the middle of the stream, around which they were expected to pass and then return to the goal two miles down the waterway course. The boys of Coburn were showing themselves to be of true metal, as well they might, for the work they were destined to perform in the next year. Every one of the three carried a name that was a honor sagacity and integrity still lives in colonial history. Johnny Coffin, well worthy of the name of his father, who trained John Stark in the manual of arms and was

one, to say nothing of his own proud career, had set the stroke for his crew; and if it were begun at a tremendous pace, he showed no signs of faltering, as slowly, inch by inch, yard by yard, they continued to gain on their rivals. At the turning-point, as they swung silently and swiftly around the buoy, the boys of Cohas were three canoe lengths in the lead.

Some of the spectators had followed as near as they could in canoes, while others had tried to keep the race in sight by running along the bank. Foremost of all flew the Woodranger, casting furtive glances, ever and anon, toward the rivals.

"The boys of Cohas have turned the buoy four rods ahead!" some one shouted and, others catching up the cry, it rang from throat to throat until it was heard from start to finish.

"The boys from Cohas lead—the race is theirs! Hurrah for the Tyng boys! Hurrah for Johnny Goffe!"

If the latter was getting the lion's share of the praise, he was the coolest of the trio.

"Well done, my hearties!" he cried, as they sent the canoe head down the stream. "It will be easier now, and we ought to win!"

"We will!" exclaimed Jimmy Hazard, from between his clenched teeth. But, while he would not own it to himself he was sorely tried with the long up-pull.

If the boys of Namaske felt any undue anxiety, they did not show it, but continued to rush ahead with a stroke which their rivals did not equal for precision and silence.

"They handle their paddles like Indians," said the Woodranger to himself, paying them the highest compliment he could. But shaking his head, he resumed, "I have strange misgivings. I hope they have not committed an indiscretion by letting the others get so far ahead of them. No—no! it cannot be. Alack! how childish I am getting to be."

Now that the canoes had turned the upper end of the

course, there was a scramble on the part of the spectators to get where they could best witness the close struggle they believed must take place on the last quarter. Captain Blanchard, in a canoe, had already stationed himself where he could command a close view of the finish, the critical point in the trial.

The boys of Cohas, confident of victory, and with the strength such confidence gives, were still sending their canoe gliding over the water at an amazing rate of speed, their friends now continually urging them on with exultant cries.

Neither were the boys of Namaske idle. They realized that it would not do for them to allow their rivals to gain another foot, and as they swept around the buoy they quickened their movements, soon lessening the distance between them and the others. So closely were the spectators watching them, that even the fraction gained was noticed, and the Scotch-Irish improved their opportunity to cheer. But their cries were drowned by renewed yells from the others, who felt that the honors belonged to them.

"Robby has a good arm for a lad o' his age," soliloquized the Woodranger, as he witnessed the spurt of those whom it was plain he favored in spite of his wish to remain neutral; "but he's too young to hold out to the end. I'm much afeerd—alack a man! why will I fill my ol' mind with sich foolishness. They are all likely lads, and the best must win."

As one better versed in canoeing, as well as all phases of wildwood life, Norman had gladly consented to allow Robby Rogers, though younger than himself, to be the leader of their crew; but now he was beginning to think the boy ranger was making a mistake in not giving their rivals a closer pull at the outset. It was true he felt as fresh as at the opening, but of what avail would be all of their reserved energy if they delayed too long the effort to recover the distance they had lost? Certainly it would

soon be too late for them to hope to gain the victory. Filled with these thoughts, he said, in a low tone, but plainly heard by the others:

"Has not the time come for us, Rob?"

The reply came in a clear tone:

"Quicker—deeper, lads!"

Then something of the reserved strength of the three was brought into action. The paddles flashed forth a continual stream of sunlight, while the silvery trail behind the flying canoe was unbroken for a long distance. Their friends on the river bank, realizing the change, gave an encouraging cheer. This was drowned, however, by the shouts of the Tyng party, who seemed determined to do all the applauding.

Johnny Goffe caught something of the meaning of this new outburst on the part of the Cohas party, and he endeavored to arouse his companions to still more effective work. Then, for the first time, he learned that his crew had begun to feel the effect of their overtaxed strength. But this did not disconcert him. With the advantage they had already won, it was only necessary for them to hold their own now. He never doubted their ability to do that.

It was a beautiful sight to see the rival canoes skimming the silvery current like twin birds, the swift-moving paddles looking not unlike the white wings of a pair of snowy swans. If the friends of the boys of Namaske boasted that their champions had begun to gain on the Cohas crew, the admirers of the latter claimed that it was not enough to give them any alarm. The Woodranger, than whom no one had watched the contest closer or with nicer calculation, knew that half a canoe's length had been taken from the gap lying between the two crafts.

Two thirds of the distance had now been made, and both crews were apparently doing their best. Slowly but surely the boys of Namaske were overhauling the others. As this became certain, all cheering ended, as if the situation was now too momentous for any display of feeling,

soon be too late for them to hope to gain the victory. Filled with these thoughts, he said, in a low tone, but plainly heard by the others:

"Has not the time come for us, Kobi?"

The reply came in a clear tone:

"Quicker—deeper, bolder!"

Then something of the reserved strength of the chase was brought into action. The paddles dashed forth a final stream of sunlight, while the silver trail behind the flying canoe was broken for a long distance. Their friends on the river bank, watching the chase, gave an encouraging cheer. This was drowned, however, by the shouts of the flying party, who seemed determined to do all the sparring.

Johnny Goffe caught something of the meaning of this new outbreak on the part of the Cobas party, and he endeavored to answer his competitors in still more effective work. Then, for the first time, he learned that his crew had begun to feel the effect of their overland strength. For this did not discount him. With the advantage they had already won, it was only necessary for them to hold their own now. He never doubted their ability to do that.

It was a beautiful sight to see the rival crews eddying the silver current like two birds, the swift-moving paddles looking not unlike the white wings of a pair of snowy swans. If the friends of the boys of Wampanoag boasted that their champions had begun to gain on the Cobas crew, the admirers of the latter claimed that it was not enough to give them any alarm. The Wampanoag, whom no one had watched the contest closer or with more calculation, knew that half a canoe's length had been taken from the gap lying between the two crews.

Two-thirds of the distance had now been made, and both crews were apparently doing their best. Slowly but surely the boys of Wampanoag were overwhelming the others. As this became certain, all cheering ended, as if the action was now too momentous for any display of feeling.

and every one stood in silence, intently watching the race. With the skill and rapidity which seemed to be a sort of second nature to him, the Woodranger was keeping almost abreast of the rivals, when he thus was the first to see the disaster which befell the rear crew.

Suddenly, as Billy Stark plied his paddle with increasing power, a sharp crack, sounding like the report of a fire-arm, rang loud and clear, and he reeled over as if shot, and fell in the bottom of the canoe. Nearly every spectator thought he had been shot, and cries of horror were heard in every direction.

But there had been no gunshot, no foul play, as far as any person was concerned. Instead, an accident had occurred almost as disastrous, as far as the match seemed concerned. His paddle had snapped asunder under his great exertions, sending him upon his back at the feet of his companions.

The frail bark careened, and as Norman and Rob realized the disaster to their assistant, both felt that their hopes were lost. In the face of such odds they could not hope to win.

"It's no use—our race is over!" gasped Rob. He had hardly given utterance to the hopeless words, when a clarion voice rang over the water, crying:

"The brave never give up!"

It was the Woodranger who uttered the stirring declaration, and the words came like an inspiration to Norman McNiell, who quickly rallied, saying to his companion:

"Don't give up, Rob! We *must* win!"

It was fortunate then they were comparatively as fresh as at the outset. The exertions of the race so far had only served to temper the vigor in their strong limbs. Rob Rogers instantly threw off his fears, and, himself again, he handled his paddle as he had never done before. Norman had already set the example, and as if the strength of two Billy Starks had been imparted to their arms, they sent the canoe ahead like an arrow sprung from a bow with giant

and every one stood in silence, intently watching the race. With the skill and rapidly which seemed to be a sort of second nature to him, the Woodranger was keeping almost abreast of the rivals, when he was the first to see the disaster which befell the rear crew.

Suddenly, as Billy Stark glided his paddle with increasing power, a sharp crack, sounding like the report of a gun, rang loud and clear, and he tumbled over as if shot, and fell in the bottom of the canoe. Nearly every spectator thought he had been shot, and cries of horror were heard in every direction.

But there had been no gunshot, no foul play, as far as any person was concerned. Instead, an accident had occurred almost as disastrous, as far as the match seemed concerned. His paddle had snapped under the first great exertion, sending him upon his back at the last of his competitors.

The fall had startled, and as Robinson and Rob realized the disaster to their adversary, both felt that their hopes were lost. In the fact of such odds they could not hope to win.

"It's no use—our race is over," gasped Rob. He had hardly given utterance to the hopeless words, when a clashing voice rang over the water, crying:

"The race never was off!"

It was the Woodranger who uttered the stirring declaration, and the words came like an inspiration to Robinson, who quickly rallied, saying to his companion:

"Don't give up, Rob! We must win!"

It was fortunate then they were comparatively as fresh as at the outset. The exertions of the race so far had only served to temper the vigor in their strong limbs. Rob Rogers instantly threw off his fears, and himself again, as he had his paddle as he had never done before. Robinson had already set the example, and as if the strategy of two Billy Starks had been imparted to their arms, they sent the canoe ahead like an arrow sprung from a bow with flame

power. Before the spectators had recovered from their surprise enough to realize what had taken place, the two boys had covered half of the distance between them and their rivals.

It was true it was now two against three, but they seemed possessed of the strength of four. The scene which followed held the onlookers dumb with wonder. In his excitement Lige Bitlock climbed so far out on his perch that the branch beneath him broke with a loud snap, sending him headforemost into the water. But no one heeded his cries or appeals for help, while he floundered in the river. Every eye and every thought were concentrated on a more stirring sight.

Johnny Goffe heard and realized enough to know that something had befallen his opponents, but he felt that it must have been to their advantage, for he found that they were gaining on him faster than ever.

"They must not—they shall not beat us!" he cried. "On, Jimmy, Willy, win or die!"

It was a stirring appeal, but Jimmy Hazard was too worn out to rally successfully, while his companions lacked the iron will and reserved strength of the sturdy limbs of Norman McNiell and Robert Rogers. Swifter and swifter this couple sent their light craft onward toward the goal, gaining on their rivals at every bite of the paddle. Nearer and nearer they flew, foot by foot, yard by yard, until they were now abreast!

But both were now down close to the finish line. The Tyng spectators still believed and hoped that their champions could hold their own for the short distance left.

"Hold 'em a jiffy, Johnny!" yelled an excited onlooker. "Don't let 'em get ahead. Hurrah for the boys of Cohas!"

The other side was silent, breathless, during that brief interval of fearful suspense.

With the cries of frenzied spectators ringing in their ears, with such wild energy in their limbs as they had never

known, Norman and Rob sent their canoe ahead of the boys of the Cohas. The next moment they crossed the line four yards in the lead of their rivals.

The boys of Namaske had won! What cheering followed! Never was such a scene witnessed on the banks of the Merrimack River, never, unless in the unwritten history of the red men some such race has been made and won by the dusky champions of the birchen skiff. The Scotch-Irish shouted until they were hoarse, and shouted still, when hardly an articulate sound left their lips. Let it be said to their credit, the Tyng colonists acted a most generous part.

The Mound Builders

By THOMAS C. HARBAUGH

In Carroll county are to be found yet the earth structures of a mystic race, designated for the want of a more definite name as the Mound Builders. This strange people that must have lived here before the Amerinds, left no trace of history or tradition to speak of their origin or fate, and their story is a sealed book.—*Editor.*

They lived in the past that is misty and dim,
They loved and they built by the rivulet's brim,
They melted away like the snow in the sun
Where down to the ocean the swift rivers run;
The mounds that they reared are their tablets to-day,
But they, as a people, have vanished away,
And the river flows on with its music of old,
But the Mound Builder's story to-day is untold.

He went ere the Indian invaded the wild,
The forest's unknowable, mystical child,
The chieftains who came with the spear and the plume
Saw only the mounds 'mid the forest's deep gloom ;
No graves of the race that forever was gone,
No tombs in the starlight and none in the dawn,
No echoes of voices that rang with delight,
No laughter of children that greeted the night.

His secret is kept by the years that have fled
Where once by his altars he mourned for his dead.
And thousands have come from the oversea lands
To marvel and gaze at the work of his hands ;
The sky is as blue as in days long ago
Where deep in the forest he bended his bow,
And the wild roses bloom where the Mound-Builder maid
Went forth to the lover who haunted the glade.

The centuries come and the centuries go,
The Mound Builder sleeps 'neath the rain and the snow,
The book of his life not a mortal has scanned,
And nothing is left but the skill of his hand ;
He came and he vanished, his hopes and his fears
Are hidden fore'er in the heart of the years,
And the rivulet glints where he fretted his day
And left to the ages a mystery gray.



He went to the Indian (breathed the wild
The forest's solemn, solemn, solemn still,
The children who came with the quest and the glass,
But only the woods (and the woods (and the glass)
No power of the sun that forever was gone,
No power in the sunlight and none in the stars,
No power of water (but they were happy,
No power of children (but they were happy).

His secret is kept by the power that have had
When once by his altar he moved for his dead,
And thousands have come from the overseas lands
To meet and gaze at the work of his hands;
The sky is as blue as in days long ago,
When deep in the forest he trod his way,
And the wild men (and the wild men (and the wild men)
Have come to the forest who feared the light.

The children (and the children (and the children)
The wound-builders (and the wound-builders (and the wound-builders)
The work of his hands (and the work of his hands (and the work of his hands)
And nothing is left but the still of the forest;
He came and he vanished, his power and his love,
And hidden power in the heart of the glass,
And the spirit (and the spirit (and the spirit)
And left to the ages a mystery deep.

The Editor's Window

Our esteemed contributor, Col. Lucien Thompson, in a personal communication relating to the "Romance of Ocean Mary," and asking for information in regard to James Wilson, says:

John and Elizabeth (Wilson) Ker, Scotch-Irish emigrants, came to Chester, N. H., in 1736, bringing with them a valuable testimonial* of their moral worth from their pastor in Ireland, of which the following is an exact copy from the original :

"That John Ker and his wife Elizabeth Wilson lived within the bounds of this Congregation from their Infancy, behaveng themselves soberly, honestly and piously, free from any Publick Scandall, so that they may be received as members of any Christian Congregation or Society where God in Providence may order their lott, is Certified at Ballywollen, June 23, 1736 by

"Ja: Thomson."

John (2) Ker (or Carr), son of John and Elizabeth Wilson Ker, was born the next year in Chester, N. H., January 17, 1737, married December 15, 1763, Mary Wilson, who was born in July, 1735, and died April 3, 1828. They removed in 1764 to Candia, where they built a house supposed to be the oldest in Candia, known to the old people now living in Candia as the Nathan Carr house. They had a son, John (3) Carr, born March 30, 1769, Candia, N. H.; married, August 4, 1791, Elizabeth Murray, born July 29, 1770, and settled in Springfield, N. H.

Among my ancestors were John McCrillis, who married Margaret Burnside (about 1700) in Londonderry, Ireland. In that place all their children were born. They were of Scotch parentage. After the death of his wife, John McCrillis came to America with six of his children, if no more, leaving behind one married daughter, Mrs. Jean Henrie or Henry. They sailed from Port Rush August 7, 1726, together with other Scotch-Irish emigrants, such as the McClarys, Harveys, Kelseys and Simpsons (all of whom settled in Nottingham), and arrived at Boston October 8 following. John McCrillis settled in Nottingham, N. H., as early as 1734.

Among my ancestors were William Kelsey, who married Margaret Har as early as 1719, both natives of Ireland but of Scotch parentage, who came from Marthacreggin, Ireland, who came with the McCrillis family in 1726 and who bought land in Nottingham in 1728, where they settled in 1733-34. Their daughter, Jean Kelsey, born May 1, 1720, in Marthacreggin, Ireland, came over with her parents, a girl six years of age, who married William McCrillis, a son of John† and Margaret (Burnside)

*Original testimonial is in the possession of Lucien Thompson of Durham, great-great-grandson of John Ker and his wife, Elizabeth Wilson. The descendants write their name Carr.

†John McCrillis was the ancestor of Mrs. Alger, wife of United States Senator Alger, who has been governor of Michigan and secretary of war.

McCrillis. She had a brother, Hugh Kelsey, who was killed in the siege of Louisburg in 1745, and a brother Moses, who served in the Seven Years' War; a sister Sarah, who married Thomas Allison of Barrington, ancestor of the late Gen. B. F. Butler, and a sister Mary, who married James Morrison of Nottingham, who had two sons that rendered efficient service in the Revolution.

I have two letters from Mrs. Jean Henrie, written from Ireland, in 1752, to her father, John McCrillis of Nottingham, and her brother of the same name, in which she asks if they have had "any account of brother Hugh Morrison's sone taken away by the Engens" and "what is become of little John Workman."

* * *

J. W. T. says: I have a friend, a clergyman, living on Cape Cod. He has a little boy who became of school age last fall. The first day in school he saw the children salute the flag. At noon he asked his father the meaning of the ceremony: he wanted to know just what the flag meant, what it was for. The minister, wishing to impress upon the little fellow the significance of the stars and stripes, told him it stood for protection, for safety—indeed, all born under the flag were protected from harm.

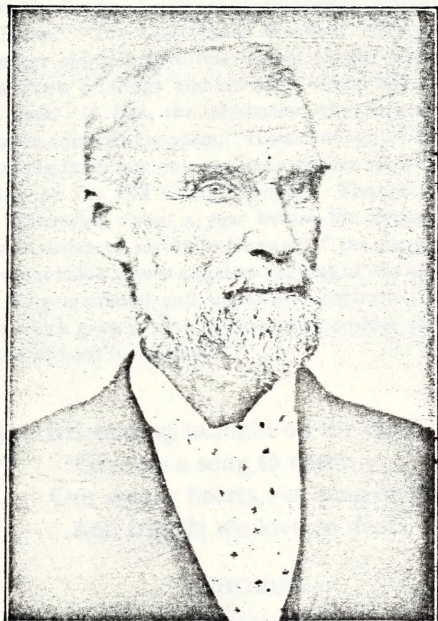
After school, in the afternoon, the child asked his father for five cents to buy a flag. "O," said his father, "buy a good one while you are about it; get one for a quarter."

Now it so happened that the boy had a cage of tame rats that had been threatened with destruction. The boy bought a flag, and hunting up a hammer and some brads nailed the emblem of protection over the cage in which the rodents lived. The very next day found the rat family considerably increased in number. "Now," said the boy's father, "we've got too many rats; I'm going to give them all to the cat."

"No, papa," said the little fellow, "hold on, you can't do it; you can't hurt them, they were born under the American flag."

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

By Walter Kittredge



WALTER KITTREDGE

Many are the hearts beating for the right

To see the dawn of peace —

Tenting tonight,

Tenting to-night,

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

By WALTER KITTREDGE

The author of this beautiful song may not have written another that will outlive his memory, but it was enough that he gave to us and posterity "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." The poems that usually find their way into the hearts of men are mono-poems. "Home, Sweet Home," "Beautiful Snow," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and other old-time favorites belong to this class. Remove "The Raven" from Poe's offerings and his name would have been quickly forgotten as a poet. In fact, the reputation of many of our most noted poets rests upon some single poem. It was enough to have written one of these, and among them not one can take higher rank or will live longer than "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Though it is not generally known, Mr. Kittredge, about a year before his decease, wrote an additional stanza in order to secure a renewal of the copyright of the song. While we do not think this is equal to the rest of the poem, composed in the fire of early manhood and under the inspiration of the excitement of the times which gave it birth, we do not consider the work would be complete here without it.—*Editor*.

WE'RE tenting to-night on the old Camp Ground;
 Give us a song to cheer
 Our weary hearts,—a song of home,
 And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
 Wishing for the war to cease;
 Many are the hearts looking for the right
 To see the dawn of peace.
 Tenting to-night,
 Tenting to-night,
 Tenting on the old Camp Ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old Camp Ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good bye!"—*Chorus.*

We are tired of war on the old Camp Ground:
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who 've left their homes;
Others have been wounded long.—*Chorus.*

We've been fighting to-day on the old Camp Ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS.

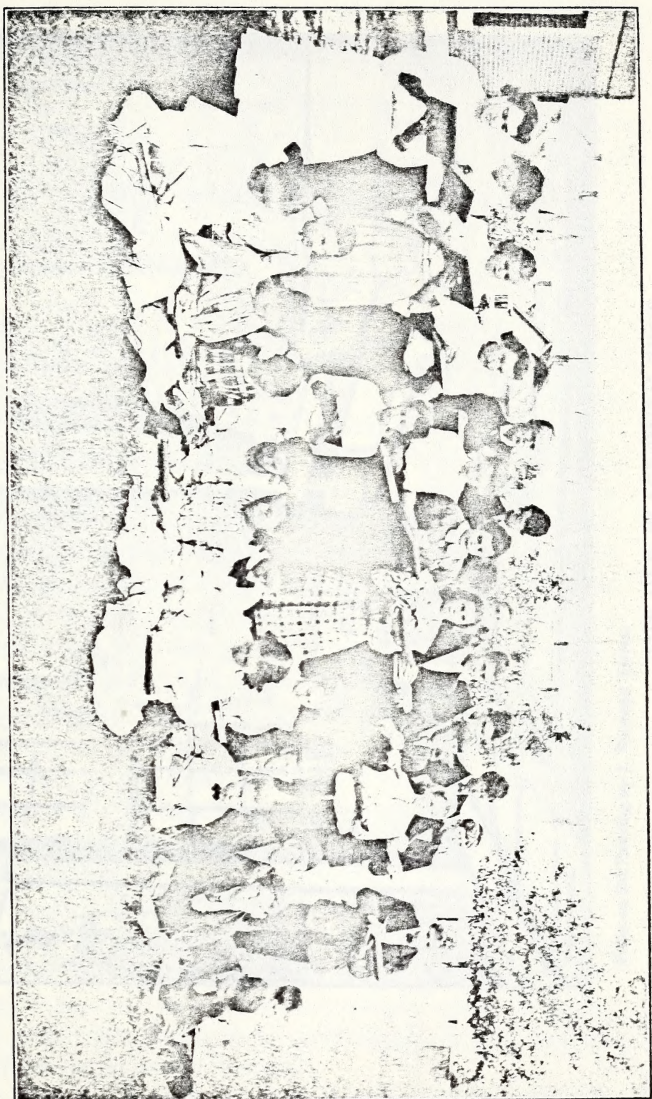
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night,
Dying to-night,
Dying on the old Camp Ground.

[Stanza added forty years later.]

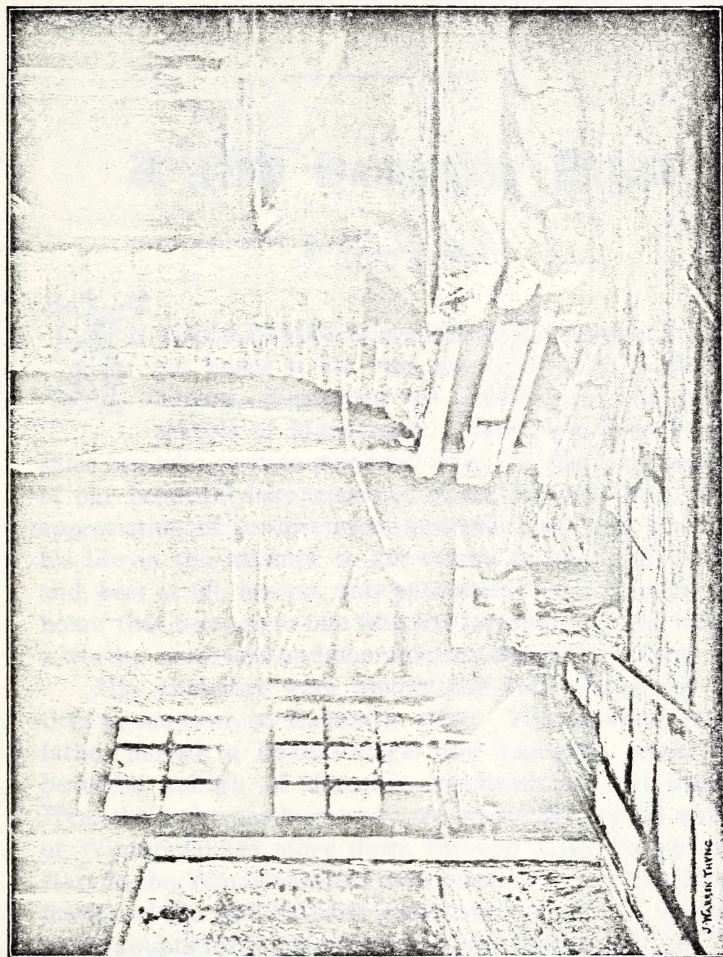
The war is over on the old Camp Ground,
After the flight of years;
The grass is waving o'er the mound
Where our dear ones dropped their tears.

CHORUS.

Our flag waves serene
Over the green,
After the tramp of years.



CLASS FROM A MANCHESTER PUBLIC SCHOOL SKETCHING FROM NATURE



From an Oil Painting by J. WARREN THYNG
THE OLD BLACKSMITH SHOP

THE TWO BECKENHIM PHOT.

THE TWO BECKENHIM PHOT.



Granite State Magazine

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 4.

A New Hampshire Artist

By WILLIAM H. HUSE



N EXCEPTION to the rule that a prophet is without honor in his own country is Prof. J. Warren Thyng, Supervisor of Drawing in the public schools of Manchester. Here is a New Hampshire boy who grew to manhood amid the charming scenery of our beautiful lake country, whose soul was filled with appreciation of its loveliness and who has spent much of his life in the attempt to get others to appreciate it too and, best of all, has not only succeeded but is enjoying the honor that belongs to one who has labored long and well in a worthy cause and an honorable and delightful calling.

His ancestors were among the first permanent settlers in the town of Exeter, in 1670. His paternal grandfather moved to Lake Village, now Lakeport, when that beautiful suburb of Laconia contained but four houses. Here the artist was born and here, where the crystal waters of Winnepesaukee move down through Lake Pausus and start in the Winnepesaukee river on their way to the Merrimack and the sea, his early years were spent. If environment counts for much, there is little wonder that the impressionable soul of the lad fed with delight upon the beauties that were everywhere about, and sought to give expression to them on paper and canvas.

The limited bounds of the Granite State were too narrow to keep the young genius within their confines, and

we find him studying the technique of his art in Boston and New York. The instruction and companionship of such artists as George L. Brown, F. E. Church, George Innis, and William Hart gave his work a catholicity that is always noticeable. In 1872 the directorship of the state art school in Salem, Mass., was given him. This position he held for eleven years, at the same time superintending the art work of the public schools of that city. Not a few artists owe their success to the conscientious training of their early years under the efficient instruction of Professor Thyng. In 1883 he went to Akron, Ohio, and besides supervising the art work of the schools he founded the Akron School of Design. Here he labored for seven years.

All these years that he was working in distant cities he did not forget the beauties of his native state, and we find him every summer amid the lakes and mountains of New Hampshire, living in the wilds, drinking in their beauties and taking away in the fall sketches that would tell the world of the scenery of his native state. The work begun by him has been continued in a commercial way by the railroads that annually send out tons of illustrated material to attract to their domains tourists from all parts of the world. A work on Lake Winnepesaukee, its history, traditions and pictures ran through a large edition. In periodicals, upon the lecture platform, and above all with brush and pencil, he has for many years told the world of New Hampshire's beauties. Special work for the Harpers, many drawings for other publishers, and drawings and paintings that have been eagerly purchased by art *connoisseurs* have occupied his spare time for years. Concerning his lithographed drawing, Lake Winnepesaukee from The Weirs, Whittier, whose warm friendship the artist enjoyed for many years, wrote to him, "Thy beautiful picture is the best I have seen of the lake."

Mr. Thyng's deep interest in the lakes and hills has always been more than that of the artist. History and

we find him studying the technique of his art in Boston and New York. The instruction and companionship of such artists as George I. Brown, F. E. Church, George Innes, and William Hunt gave him work a catholicity that is always noticeable. In 1872 the directorship of the state art school in Salem, Mass., was given him. This position he held for eleven years, at the same time supervising the art work of the public schools of that city. Not a few artists owe their success to the conscientious training of their early years under the efficient instruction of Professor Thyng. In 1883 he went to Aston, Ohio, and headed the supervising the art work of the schools he founded the Akron School of Design. Here he labored for seven years.

All these years that he was working in distant cities he did not forget the beauties of his native state, and he had him every summer amid the lakes and mountains of New Hampshire, rising in the white, drifting in their bosoms and taking away in the fall sketches that would tell the world of the scenery of the native state. The work begun by him has been continued in a conventional way by the railroad that annually send out some of illustrated material to attract to their domains tourists from all parts of the world. A work on Lake Umbagog, his history, traditions and pictures run through a large edition. In pictorial upon the instant picture and above all with brush and pencil he has for many years told the world of New Hampshire's beauties. Special work for the Harper's many drawings for other publishers and drawings and paintings that have been eagerly purchased by art lovers. They have occupied his spare time for years. Concerning his important drawing, Lake Umbagog, the artist says: "Weir, Whiting, whose warm friendship the artist enjoyed for many years, wrote to him: 'Thy beautiful picture is the best I have seen of the lake.'"

Mr. Thyng's deep interest in the lakes and hills has always been more than that of the artist. History and



LEAD PENCIL SKETCH OF MR. THYNG

Drawn by Miss Shirley Walker



CHARCOAL SKETCH OF MR. THYNG

Drawn by Miss Jane Cutter



CHARCOAL SKETCH OF MR. THYNG

Given to the U.S. Army

legend have always appealed to him. The desirability of appropriate names led to his renaming a number of places. The commonplace name of Long Bay was changed by him to Lake Paugus, after the Indian chief who once lived in that vicinity. Round Bay was renamed Lake Opechee, after the robins that frequent its shores in the spring and were thus named by the aborigines. Lake Winona was christened by him and these names have since received official confirmation.

Concerning his art productions, a critic has said:

"His paintings and sketches stir in one recollections of long summer days spent near blue waters, of afternoons dreamed away in a boat amid lilies and beneath the overhanging branches of water oaks and cedars, of moonlit evenings, calm and sweet with suggestions of healthful weariness and the promise of childlike slumber.

"His pictures indicate a wide range of achievement, and that, too, within the limits of Nature's quieter moods. It is ever a pleasure and a privilege to look over his portfolios and sketches. They are full of suggestions dear to every lover of nature.

"There are pictures which call to memory rambles through the flower-dotted grass of June, the air full of fragrance, vibrant with the soft adagio of the winds among odorous pines, or the babbling lullaby of mountain brooks; pictures of shaded streams dim with the twilight of overhanging trees, where the speckled trout lurk beneath the rocks; pictures of ragged mountain sides, where not so long ago bears might have had their home; pictures of the lake at all times of the day, some with soft, blurred shadows made by the level light of dawn, some with the glare of the noon-day in them, and others sweet with the illusory charm of twilight. There pictures of farmhouses nestling among great maples, of country roadways, of woodland paths, dainty bits of mountain and lake scenery, drawn with a vital touch and extraordinary facility of expressing with a few touches the boundless variety and beauty of nature."

legend have always appealed to him. The desirability of appropriate names led to his renaming a number of places. The commonplace name of Long Hay was changed by him to Lake Pangar after the Indian chief who once lived in that vicinity. Round Hay was renamed Lake Opanchee after the robin that frequent its shores in the spring, and were thus named by the artist. Lake Winger was christened by him and these names have since received official confirmation.

Concerning his art productions, a critic has said: "His paintings and sketches are in one recollection of long summer days spent near blue water, of afternoon dreamed away in a boat amid lilies and beneath the overhanging branches of water oaks and cedars, of moonlit evenings, calm and sweet with suggestions of heavenly weariness and the promise of childish slumber."

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"There are pictures which call to memory rambles through the flower-dotted grass of June, the air full of its fragrance, vibrant with the soft sighs of the winds among odoriferous pine or the babbling melody of mountain brooks; pictures of shaded streams dim with the twilight of overhanging trees, where the speckled trout lurk beneath the rocks; pictures of jagged mountain sides, where not so long ago bears might have had their haunts; pictures of the lake at all times of the day, some with soft, blurred shadows made by the level, hazy dawn, some with the glare of the noon; pictures of others seen with the illusory charm of twilight. These pictures of landscapes peering among great masses of country, reaches of woodland paths, rocky bits of mountain and lake scenery, drawn with a vital touch and extraordinary facility of expressing with a few touches the endless variety and beauty of nature."

After his return from Akron, for a number of years he superintended the art department of the *Manchester Daily Union*, when that paper contained illustrations second to none in the country. In this work he continued till he was elected Supervisor of Drawing in the public schools of Manchester. Here he is still laboring incessantly, not only to give the children the technique of art, but to inspire them with a love for and an appreciation of the beautiful.

His connection with the public schools of this city covers a period of ten consecutive years. The system employed is largely of his own construction and arrangement, and is deduced from long experience both as artist and teacher. He firmly believes in the vital directness of modern methods of instruction, and one of our pictures shows a class from a school, out of doors, sketching from nature.

Wholly occupied with school duties, personal work from nature is the product of summer vacation days; mostly camp life in the lake and mountain country. The original of the Old Blacksmith Shop stands at the foot of Mt. Belknap, and is a relic of many years, well known to residents of Gilford. The door stands ever open alike to sun and rain; several generations of hillside yeomanry have lighted the forge fires; the old rusty anvil has rung to the blows of many long since gone. Sunlight sifts through the dusty and cobwebbed window, while without the heat of a summer noon makes the interior of the old blacksmith shop a welcome refuge as well as a characteristic picture. The Peak of Chocorua is from an original water color sketch made on the mountain, and gives a correct idea—as no photograph can—of the vast truncated pyramid. A view of Lake Asquam, from the hill, is reproduced from a pen-and-ink drawing that inspired Mr. Walter S. Peaslee's beautiful poem.

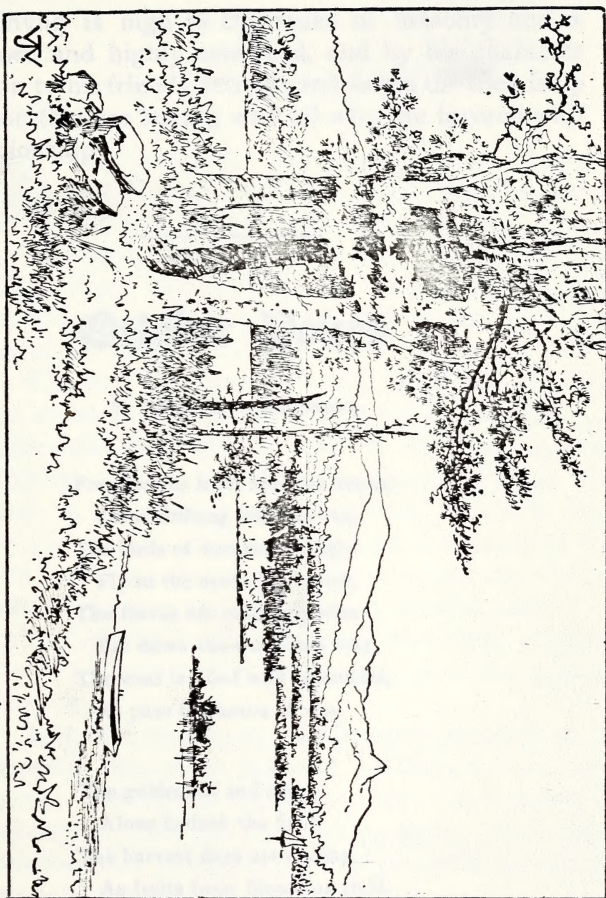
Those coming in closest touch with Mr. Thyng in his school work appreciate the charm of his manner with the children, and the delight with which they follow his instruc-

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Wholly occupied with school duties, personal work from nature is the product of summer vacation days, mostly camp life in the lake and mountain country. The original of the Old Blacksmith Shop stands at the foot of Mr. Roberts, and is a relic of many years well known to students of Gilford. The door stands ever open alike to sun and rain; several generations of little youngsters have lighted the large door; the old trunk now has rung to the blows of many long since gone. Sunlight fills through the dusty and cobwebbed windows while without the heat of a summer noon makes the interior of the old blacksmith shop a welcome refuge as well as a picturesque picture. The Park of Chocoma is from an original water color sketch made on the mountain, and gives a correct idea—as no description can—of the vast truncated pyramids. A view of Lake Atahualpa from the hill is reproduced from a pen and ink drawing that inspired Mr. Walter S. Foster's beautiful poem.

Those coming in closer touch with Mr. Thayer in his school work appreciate the charm of his manner with the children, and the delight with which they follow his artistic



From an Etching by MR. THYNG

LAKE ASQUAM



MAUGA AMAI

MAUGA AMAI

tions on his regular visits. A life seems to be infused into the work that all instructors do not have the power to impart. In the high school, as in other grades, his instruction in both mechanical and free-hand drawing is of a high order.

Mr. Thyng is high in the ranks of Masonry and is widely known and highly esteemed, and by his character and devotion to his friends, attracts and keeps the friendship and affection that are lasting with all who are favored with his companionship.

October Voices

By LOUISE LEWIN MATTHEWS

Fresh winds from over the ocean,
Come drifting from the lea,
The birds of summer twilight
Fly to the south lands free.
The leaves are casting glories
Far down the woodland way,
The west is filled with splendors,
As pass the hours of day.

The goldenrod and aster
Alone bedeck the field.
The harvest days are closing,
As fruits from blossoms yield.
The mystery of the seasons
Grows vast and wondrous fair:
How sweet is all the Spring time!
How glorious Autumn's air!

New Hampshire's Daughters

One of Boston's Largest Clubs

By GERTRUDE JONES BARTLETT



THE history of New Hampshire's Daughters, an organization of four hundred New Hampshire born women, incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, should be of interest to the people of the Mother State and, although the members are mostly residents of Massachusetts, their hearts are warm with the love of old home associations.

The club was formed in 1894 and incorporated in 1897. The charter members, Julia Knowlton Dyer, Lura F. Mead, Ida Farr Miller, Nella I. Daggett, Adelaide L. Godding, Addie K. Robinson, Martha Dana Shepard, Sarah A. Jenness, Susan E. Ranlet, Jennie B. Wadleigh and Josephine L. Richards associated themselves "To promote loyalty to the Mother State, to cultivate a knowledge of her interests and to seek to further them." It was admitted in 1896 to the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs, and in 1898 to the New Hampshire State Federation.

The club was most fortunate in securing as its first president Miss Kate Sanborn, a widely known authoress, lecturer and, above all, a lady, born and reared, and an enthusiastic lover of New Hampshire. Miss Sanborn's administration brought to the club a prestige which it has always retained.

The succeeding presidents have been women who were well known in club life; Mrs. Julia Knowlton Dyer, whose work with the Charity Club of Boston and other organizations needs no introduction; Mrs. Martha Follett, whose earnest work with

the club was much appreciated; Mrs. Ida Farr Miller, founder and ex-regent of Fanuel Hall Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and founder and ex-president of the Kosmos Club of Wakefield; Mrs. Eliza Nelson Blair, author of "Liz'beth Wilson," and ex-president of the New Hampshire State Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Anna Taylor Chase Bush, a vice-president of the Massachusetts State Federation and ex-president of the Melrose Woman's Club. The incoming president, Mrs. Nella I. Daggett, former president of the New England Women's Press Association, and an ex-director of the Massachusetts State Federation, is a most able woman, and the season bids fair to be one of unusual pleasure and profit to the club.

Social enjoyment has reigned supreme from the first, but with this came a desire to learn more of the history of our Granite State and also to aid by combined efforts some of her institutions for the unfortunate, which every state finds indispensable.

During the first two years, the program of each meeting consisted of the reading of papers upon the history of the counties, one afternoon being given to each county in New Hampshire. The social hour and refreshments were in charge of the members who were born in the county which was made the subject of the afternoon, and the scheme proved a most beneficial one in every way; members became better acquainted with those from their own county and the club regretted that New Hampshire had no more counties, as the last program was completed.

These women are conscious of a tie stronger than that of the ordinary club, being already banded together in a sisterhood by birth, which is in part, no doubt, the secret of the unanimity and great success of the organization.

It has been proved by this club that large committees not only bring together in closer relationship the members in general, but that a large working force can accomplish large results.

the club was much appreciated. Mrs. Ida E. Miller, founder and ex-president of Farwell Hall Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and founder and ex-president of the Keosau Club of Wakefield; Mrs. Ellen Nelson Hall, author of "The Boy's Will," and ex-president of the New Hampshire State Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Anna T. Jones, a vice-president of the Massachusetts State Federation and ex-president of the Worcester Women's Club; The incoming president, Mrs. Nellie E. Everett, former president of the New England Women's Press Association, and an ex-director of the Massachusetts State Federation is a most able woman, and the season bids fair to be one of unusual pleasure and profit to the club.

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These women are conscious of a life stronger than that of the ordinary club, being already united together in a network of friendship, which is in part, no doubt, the secret of the unanimity and great success of the organization.

It has been proved by this club that large committees not only bring together in closer relationship the members in general, but that a large working force can accomplish large results.

The Committee on Sociology has done most admirable work, and the money generously donated by the club members has been given to such organizations as the Orphans' Home at Franklin and the Home for Feeble-Minded Children.

The Educational Committee conceived what seems a most wise plan in aiding the young women of New Hampshire who are wishing for a higher education, and who have not sufficient means or would be held back in their progress if obliged to work their way through school. The amounts, usually fifty dollars at a time, are loaned to worthy girls, and it is expected that the money will be returned when convenient, which encourages a feeling of independence and self-respect. For a time it was thought best to make these loans only to those attending or wishing to attend seminaries in New Hampshire, but this idea was reconsidered and abandoned. Letters filled with thankfulness and hopefulness for the future, read before the club, are very gratifying to the members.

Forestry is a subject which is coming nearer and nearer the hearts of New Hampshire people and particularly so to New Hampshire's sons and daughters who have gone from the state, and to whom the changes are more noticeable than to those living near the scenes of forest destruction. Stereopticon lectures have been given in various parts of New Hampshire, and a traveling library, pertaining to out-of-door life, is going the rounds of the towns and villages, remaining in each place long enough to be read by every person. It is hoped in this way to create an interest in the beautiful in nature, and one special aim of the club is to arouse so great an interest in the proposed White Mountain Reservation that this region of marvelous beauty and grandeur may become the National Park of the East.

The Committee on Folk-Lore furnishes much information and pleasure to the club, and their programs are anticipated with great interest each year.

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PRESIDENTS OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE DAUGHTERS

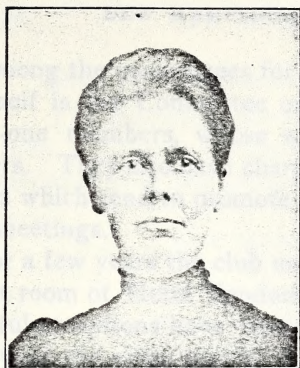
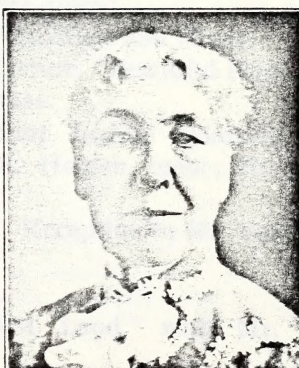


Photo by Chickering



Mrs. Anna T. C. Bush Mrs. Ida Farr Miller
 Miss Kate Sanborn Mrs. Julia K. Dyer Mrs. Nella I. Daggett
 Mrs. Martha E. Follett Mrs. Eliza N. Blair

PRESIDENTS OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE DAUGHTERS



Mrs. John T. C. Smith Mrs. Ida Park Miller
Mrs. Kate Fahnestock Mrs. Julia K. Dix
Mrs. Maria E. Kelleff Mrs. Eliza A. Dix

Among the committees for the immediate needs of the club itself is the Committee on Hospitality, consisting of twenty-one members, whose work it is to introduce new members. They also have charge of the club tea and other features which tend to promote a feeling of good fellowship at the meetings.

For a few years the club met in the spacious hall and banquet room of Hotel Vendome, where some of our most delightful receptions have been held. Among the invited guests were the governors of the two states and prominent people who showed special friendliness toward the organization. On account of the increase in membership, a change was made to Pierce Hall, Copley Square, but in 1905 this hall was made into offices, which necessitated again looking for new quarters. The Tuileries, 217 Commonwealth avenue, was decided upon as pleasing in every way, and the Napoleon room, with its adjacent banquet hall, has thus far proved a most enjoyable home.

The meetings are held on the third Saturday of the month, from October to May, inclusive, beginning at two o'clock in the afternoon, which time is appointed for a half hour of business, succeeded by a program lasting an hour and a half, which is followed by the social hour. To give the readers of this magazine an idea of the programs, the calendar for the year 1905-1906 is here given:

October 21. Official Reports, Readings and Music.

November 18. Stereopticon Lecture, "Beautiful New Hampshire," by Prof. George N. Cross.

December 16. Musicales: Mozart Ladies' Quartet; Miss Ila Niles, contralto; Mr. E. E. Holden, tenor; Mr. Ralph Smalley, cellist.

January 20. Governor's Day. Reception to Mr. and Mrs. McLane.

February 17. Home Day.

March 17. "Afternoon in Bird Land," with Mr. Edward Avis.

April 21. New Hampshire Folk-Lore.

May 19. Annual Business Meeting.

The following verses, written and set to music by Mr. John J. Loud and presented to the club, aptly express the sentiments of the Daughters of the Granite State:

NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME SONG

Oh, I love her snow-capped mountains,
And her old, historic shore,
And her hillsides where, in mem'ry,
Sunshine lingers evermore.
Each fair landscape, every valley,
Like a glimpse of Eden seems,
When I think of Old New Hampshire,
Or revisit her in dreams.

CHORUS

Yes, we love our grand "Old Granite State,"
Her Yeomen brave and strong,
Her name and fame we celebrate
In story and in song.

In the breeze that sweeps our hilltops
There's a tonic rare and great,
There's a manhood that is rock-ribbed
In the grand "Old Granite State."
Strong the sons and fair the daughters
Of the men and women true,
Who with faith serene and sturdy
Bravely trod life's journey through.

Let me trace once more the pathway
From the orchard to the mill;
Let me sit beneath the maples,
At the cool spring drink my fill.
There my feet in childhood wandered,
Oft I've dreamed that childhood o'er,
I'll go back to Old New Hampshire
When the Home Week comes once more.

May 19 Annual Business Meeting

The following verses, written and set to music by Mr. John J. Lord and presented to the club, aptly express the sentiments of the Daughters of the Granite State:

NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME SONG

Oh, I love her snow-capped mountains,
And her old, stately shores,
And her hillside where, in many a
Granite house, sweet
Each fair landscape, every valley,
Like a glimpse of Eden seems.
When I think of Old New Hampshire,
Or watch her in dreams.

CHORUS

Yes, we love our grand "Old Granite State,"
Her Yew-tree grove and moor,
Her game and fish we treasure
In song and in song.

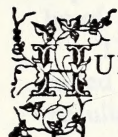
In the house that cradled our forefathers,
There's a look that we prize,
There's a melody that is not forgot,
In the grand "Old Granite State."
Strong the roots and fair the daughter,
Of the men and women true,
Who with faith, courage and strength,
Forever hold their journey through.

Let me trace once more the pathway
From the cradle to the mill,
Let me sit beneath the maple,
At the cool spring where my life
From my feet is kindled, and
Oh I've dreamed that childhood's joy,
To go back to Old New Hampshire
When the home West comes once more.

Oldtime Sketches

Pigeon Snaring

By THE NESTOR OF THE FARMS



HUNTING, fishing and the pursuit of game in other ways, both for pleasure and pastime, were indulged in to a considerable extent within the memory of many now living, though the period of the forest ranger had passed and his shadowy figure stalked the grim wild-wood only in memory. There were mink and muskrat, to say nothing of the more shy otter and raccoon. Squirrels were more plenty than at present, but seemed to be less sought after, possibly because there were different creatures calling for the attention of the hunter. Birds were more common than at present, and several varieties existed then that have nearly if not entirely disappeared.

Even the boys of those days were adepts in the ways of the wild. They were not only trained in the use of fire-arms and snow-shoes, but they could imitate the cry of every bird and beast that abounded in the country. They could tell by the sound only the exact expression conveyed by each denizen of the forest, whether its cries were an alarm of fear or an outbreak of joy. Then one could scarcely enter the woods without hearing the rapid whirr of the partridge, the chatter of some member of the squirrel family, the buzzing of the woodcock, scream of the jay or the solemn caw of a sentinel crow. In the spring time the lowlands were made to echo and re-echo with the ringing notes of the blackbird, and the fields to awaken with the melodious notes of the bob-o-link. Those were the days before the coming of that merciless raider, the songless English sparrow.

Possibly there is no bird with stronger hints of romance than the wild pigeon. Immediately our mind becomes associated with the carrier bird, and we picture to ourselves long journeys taken by this intelligent and feathered messenger. Remarkable stories are told of the great distances passed by these bearers of tidings from other lands, generally in times of war when their service has been found to be of great value, especially in Europe.

The passenger or "wild" pigeon, as it is commonly called (*Columba migratoria*, as classified by Linnæus) is peculiar to North America and existed here at one time in great numbers. The neck and back of this pigeon, including the sides and head, are of a delicate blue with purple and a brownish red on the breast, running into a violet toward the extremity of the body. The bluish ground of the wings show when spread a web of blue black, while the middle tail feathers are brown with white under the outer fold and the border of a pale blue. The bill is black and the feet are yellow.

Though associating together in flocks throughout the year, in the month of May they separated into pairs and built their nests. These were usually to be found in the trees of a swamp or dense wood, and were constructed of twigs and leaves, so loosely arranged as to seem incapable of bearing the weight of the parent bird. It was not hollow, like the nests of most birds, and it had no fleece lining, but the tiny timbers of the simple structure remained uncovered and the sitter was left unprotected from their thorny sides.

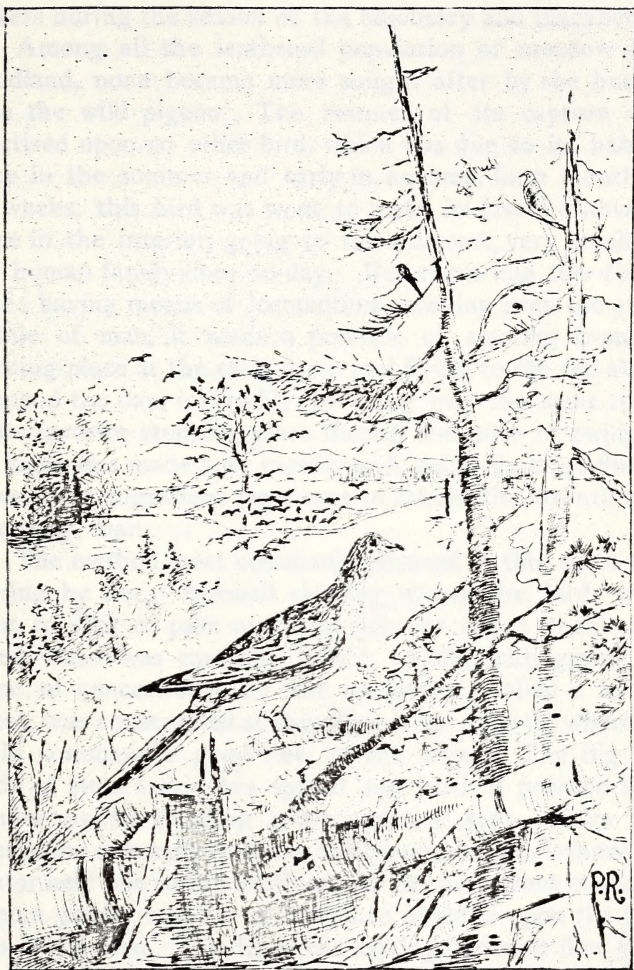
At one time these birds were numerous in certain sections of New Hampshire. They remained here throughout a mild winter, but absented themselves for a brief while during a severe period of cold weather. They lived principally upon acorns, beechnuts and chestnuts, but they did not hesitate to display traits of the forager upon the farmers, visiting in their season the grain fields with a boldness that out-generated the crow. They lingered long amid

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At one time these birds were numerous in certain sections of New Hampshire. They resorted here throughout a wild winter, but during the spring a bird came during a severe period of cold weather. They lived peacefully upon acorns, beechnuts and chestnuts, but they did not hesitate to display their claws and talons upon the farmers, visiting in their season the grain fields with a bold nest that out-gambled the crow. They hunted long and



Drawn for GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by Persis Richardson

WILD PIGEON AND SNARE



WILD BIRDS AND BIRDS
FROM THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN

the stubble, gathering bits of grains for their food where none seemed to have been left. They were great berry pickers during the season of the blueberry and blackberry.

Among all the feathered population of meadow and woodland, none became more sought after by the hunter than the wild pigeon. The manner of its capture was practised upon no other bird, which was due to its habits. Late in the summer and early in autumn, for a month or six weeks, this bird was wont to leave its favorite abiding place in the interior, going to the sea-coast, very much as the human family does to-day. But there was this difference: having means of locomotion excelling even the automobile of man, it made a practice of starting from its roosting place at the early dawn and flying to the sea shore to spend the day, invariably returning over the same route to its favorite stopping-place during the hour of twilight. Its flight was made very rapidly and, going in large flocks, these short migrations were sure to attract the attention of its enemy, man.

The method most commonly pursued in this state was snaring by net. A small clearing where the birds were wont to visit or pass over was selected and a "bed" prepared, which was carefully baited, usually with grain. A place of concealment for the "pigeoner," called a bough house, was constructed at the edge of the growth, where he could command a good view of the scene. The big net made of stout twine was spread and held in position by a slender sapling standing at a convenient spot. From this lever a line was made to run to the "bough house," where the hunter held one end in readiness for the auspicious moment, when a goodly number of birds had alighted upon the bed, to pull the cord. This freed the sapling and as it flew back the net was carried over so as to envelop the birds beyond escape. Several dozen birds have been captured at a single setting of the net. Our artist shows this way of snaring the pigeon, as well as a correct picture of one of the birds.

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The method most successfully pursued in this state was snaring by net. A small square, where the birds were wont to visit or pass over was selected and a "dead" trap, which was carefully baited, usually with grain. A place of concealment for the "pigeon," called a dough house, was constructed at the edge of the growth, where he could command a good view of the scene. The big net made of stout twine was spread and held in position by a slender sapling standing at a convenient spot. From this a line was made to run to the "dough house," where the hunter hid and in readiness for the opportune moment, when a goodly number of birds had alighted upon the bait to pull the cord. This freed the sapling and as it flew back the net was carried over so as to envelop the birds beyond escape. Several dozen birds have been captured at a single setting of the net. Our artist shows this way of snaring the pigeon, as well as a correct picture of one of the birds.

The hunter who prided himself upon his skill with firearms preferred to shoot the game. He usually first obtained three wild pigeons as decoys, called "workers." A thread run through the lower lid of each eye and brought over the top of the head drew the lid upward so the sight was blinded. This served to make them more easily handled. A "boot" made of soft kid string was slipped over the leg and a long line attached. This bird was called "The Long Flyer." A second, with a shorter string attached in a similar manner, was known as "The Short Flyer." These were both stationed at one corner of the booth or hiding-place of the pigeonier. The third bird, called "The Hoverer," which was also booted and blinded, was made to sit on a small platform held up by a tall, slim pole standing between the booth and another and larger upright beyond, the line running from the top of this through the spindle of the "stool", to the man in the bough house. A pull and release upon the string would cause the platform upon which the decoy was located to move up and down, giving the effect of a pigeon alighting.

These preliminaries arranged, the pigeonier took his station where he could be on the lookout for the appearance of the expected flock of feathered troops upon which he was to wage his premeditated attack. As wild pigeons upon these trips usually flew at the rate of a mile a minute, the expectant hunter was obliged to be alert and active. It was a time for the tyro to have the "pigeon fever." Simultaneously with the first sight of the oncoming flock, and sometimes even before then if the air was still and the ear trained for such sounds, the approach of the "army of the air" would be heralded by the roar of many wings.

If the flock was discovered at a long distance, "the long flyer" was released and, flying upward to the limit of its line, was made to descend gradually, like a bird alighting. If time was allowed "the short flyer" was sent up and settled in a similar manner. "The hoverer" was made to rise and fall in imitation of a bird hovering over some particular spot

The hunter who aided himself upon his skill with the arms practiced to shoot the game. He usually first obtained three wild pigeons as decoys, called "sowhans." A third man through the tower hid at each eye and brought over the top of the head drew the lid upward so the light was blinded. This served to make them more easily handled. A "boat" made of soft kid string was slipped over the leg and a long line attached. This bird was called "The Long Flyer." A second, with a shorter string attached in a similar manner, was known as "The Short Flyer." These were both stationed at one corner of the booth or hiding place of the pigeon. The third bird, called "The Hower," which was also hooded and blinded, was made to sit on a small platform held up by a tall, thin pole standing between the booth and another and larger upright beyond the line running from the top of the booth through the spindle of the stool, to the man in the house. A pull and release upon the string would cause the platform upon which the decoy was located to move up and down, giving the effect of a pigeon alighting.

These preliminaries arranged, the pigeon took his station where he could be on the lookout for the approach of the expected flock of hundreds upon which he was to wage his preliminary attack. As wild pigeons upon these trips usually flew at the rate of a mile a minute, the expectant hunter was obliged to be alert and active. It was a time for the try to have the "pigeon flown." Simultaneously with the first sight of the incoming flock, and sometimes even before then if the air was still and the birds trained for such sounds the approach of the "sowhans" and would be heralded by the call of many whoops. If the flock was discovered at a long distance, the birds were released and flying upward to the point where time was allowed. The "short flyer" was sent up and in a similar manner. The hower, was made to rise and fall in imitation of a bird hovering over some particular

which had attracted its attention. The oncoming flock, attracted by these decoys, the pigeonier resorted to his handy firearm and awaited with breathless interest the outcome. The swish and whirr of many wings now grew into a tumultuous roar, mingled with the sharp prating of the birds that were suddenly and with lightning-like swiftness swooping downward upon the poles, the sudden reversing of the powers of locomotion and the wild clamor of the excited birds all tending to unnerve the hunter if this were his first experience in "shooting from the pole." If his nerves became too unsteady he would fail to kill a single pigeon, as many did in their initial shot. If he fired with unerring aim and the situation was favorable, he was sure to bring down dozens of the birds. This form of taking wild pigeons required sharper practice, a quicker judgment and more steady nerves than the way of catching by snares, but after all the latter was more successful. I have heard old hunters say they had captured at a single haul of the line over forty dozen of the game, and an average catch was fifteen to twenty dozen. Busy times followed for the entire family to dress the birds for market, where they brought from four and sixpence to six shillings a dozen. This made pigeon hunting very profitable. I have heard one who used to help his father in the work say that the large and beautiful farm upon which he now lives was paid for with "pigeon money."

Some time early in the 70's wild pigeons suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from these parts, and as far as I know none of them remained. From what I have read and been told I am not certain that they existed here in very considerable numbers before the nineteenth century. Did they come as abruptly and unexpectedly as they disappeared? Many of the pigeoniers who had reaped a harvest from their capture here followed them to the wilds of Michigan and other western states, to continue their wholesale slaughter there. I am told that they have now vanished from those sections.

A friend says:

"I remember when a small boy of watching with youthful enthusiasm grandfather in his attempts to snare the flocks of pigeons that fed for some weeks upon the adjoining meadows.

"Now it so happened that about a dozen had escaped his snare, but like the moth around the candle refused to be warned by the fate of their companions, and continued to hover about the fatal grounds. Grandfather told me I might have them if I could catch them, and you believe I went about that task with great delight. I immediately looked to the safe arrangement of the net and saw that a goodly amount of bait was properly distributed for the game. Everything seen to that demanded attention, I retired to the bough house. Instead of being content to remain at home until an early hour, and then repair to the scene of conquest, so to speak, I took up my abode in the bough house and began my long, sleepless vigil, for I never closed my eyes during the night. There was never a more wide-awake boy, I can tell you.

"Just as the dawn was beginning to tinge the eastern sky with its rose tints, I heard the unmistakable signal of the foremost pigeons. I soon saw the "baiters," as the leaders were called, approach the feeding ground. I counted fifteen and began to wonder if I should get them all or lose half. Schooling my boyish enthusiasm to wait for the result with as much patience as possible, you may imagine but cannot realize my joy when I saw the space overhead darkened by a big flock of the birds. These hovered for a short interval over the net and then, amid such a whirring of wings, prating of excited birds and the pent-up excitement of a boy, they alighted upon the fatal ground. I pulled the line and the net closed over fifteen dozen of as sleek birds as ever gladdened a pigeonier's heart. You may imagine grandfather's chagrin when he learned of my success."

Merrimack by the River

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR



THE township under consideration affords the student of primitive history a curious and interesting stock of tradition, and along the bank of the river which gave it name, and in each secluded corner springs into view of the mind's eye the wild figure of a race and a day that have vanished, the solitude then awakened by the resounding eloquence of some rude warrior dream more potent in its picturesque power than the hum of modern machinery.

Indian legend tells us that the first pine sprang full-fledged from the grave of a noble chieftain in the days grown misty with secrets. It may have been this reason, it may have been many others, but in some mysterious manner the pine wielded a great influence over the sons of the wilderness. He may have known that there were better hunting grounds where the oak and chestnut gave their treasures to the denizens of the forest; better fishing where the graceful birch and the tangled alder fringed the purling stream, but he forsook these for the great green tent of the lofty pine. Possibly his mood was more in harmony with the somber pine sighing softly of the mystery of life. Let that be as it may, the Souhegan, "River of Pines," found their conical tents scattered along its banks. Here the dusky sportsman cast his net, never failing to find it filled; here the hunter pursued his bounding game from sun to sun; here, the war cloud blown over, was smoked the pipe of peace, and here, 'neath the stars and the pines, the dusky maid wooed her dusky mate. All these, even the pines, have passed away, and only tradition and the river remain to remind us of that period fringed with fancy but barren of fact.

Libertinism by the River

By A. H. H. H.



THE township under consideration stands the record of primitive history a curious and interesting stock of tradition, and along the bank of the river which gave it name, and in each secluded corner spring into view of the mind's eye the wild figure of a race and a day that have vanished, the attitude then awakened by the resounding eloquence of some noble warrior dream more potent in its picturesque power than the hum of modern machinery.

Indian legend tells us that the first pine sprang full belched from the grave of a noble chieftain in the days grown misty with memory. It may have been this reason it may have been many others, but in some mysterious manner the legend webbed a great influence over the race of the wilderness. He may have known that there were better hunting grounds where the tall and slender gave their treasures to the business of the forest; better fishing where the graceful birch and the tangled alder fringed the purpling stream; but he looked there for the great green tent of the lily pine. Possibly his mood was more in harmony with the somber pine, righting itself of the mystery of life. Let that be as it may, the Southerner, "River of Pine," found their conical tents scattered along its banks. Here the dusky sportsman cast his net never failing to find it filled; here the hunter poured his bounding game from gun to gun; here, the war cloud blown over was soaked the pipe of peace; and here, beneath the stars and the pines, the dusky mind would her dusky mate. All these, even the pines, have passed away, and only tradition and the river remain to remind us of that period fringed with fancy but barren of fact.

The first mention of this territory among written records was the petition of Passaconaway to the General Court of Massachusetts for a grant of land to include a part of this region. This was in 1662, and in the autumn of that year the court acceded to this reasonable request, and the aged sachem and his associates were granted a strip of country a mile and a half wide on both banks of the Merrimack at this section of the river. If the bounds were indefinite, so were all of the grants of those times, and it is certain that the grand old chieftain held a portion, at least, of what is now the town of Merrimack. While there is not even tradition to show that the last great king of his race held eminent domain over this little fragment of his once far-reaching kingdom, the voice of Time is equally silent in denying that he sought the peaceful solitude of the forests that he loved so well, and that his sepulture was not made beneath the softened shade of some lordly pine, a fitting monument to him and his people.

This brief interval of peace was broken by an Indian warfare more deadly and picturesque than the chivalrous crusades of Europe, and lasting for more than a hundred years held in check for that long period the settlement of New England. During this century, red with the wine of conflict, each advance cabin of the English became an outpost of peril, a lookout in the wilderness. As early as 1672, Capt. Jonathan Tyng and a handful of associates felled the first tree along what was then looked upon as the "Upper Merrimack," and made the clearing for the little settlement about Salmon Brook. From this adventurous beginning grew the broad, if thinly peopled, township of Old Dunstable, comprising not only the remnant which keeps alive the name, but included entirely the towns of Nashua, Hudson, Hollis, and Tyngsborough, with portions of Brookline, Townsend, Pepperell, Pelham, Londonderry, Litchfield, Amherst, Milford and Merrimack, more than two hundred square miles. Captain Tyng and his followers were soon alarmed by the uprising of the Indians in southern New England, and during

the war which succeeded he alone remained as a watchman over the settlement in the Merrimack Valley. King Philip slain by the blow of a coward and peace restored in 1678, the settlement on Salmon Brook again became the scene of activity. But the drama of war was quickly changed to northern New England and the Merrimack River became the war-trail of the contending forces. In the winter of 1703-1704 Capt. William Tyng, a son of the founder of Dunstable, made his famous "Snow-shoe expedition" against the Indians, passing up the west bank of the river and through what is now the territory of the town of Merrimack. The incident which has fixed itself more indelibly than any other upon the early history of this region was the surprise and massacre of a party of white men, in the month of September, 1724, at a time when the Indians were particularly aggressive. Two men, by the names of Nathan Cross and Thomas Blanchard, while engaged in the manufacture of turpentine, were surprised and captured by the Indians. Their friends living at the little settlement on the south bank of the Nashua River, looking in vain for them at nightfall, became alarmed and a party of ten started in quest of them. This band of scouts were themselves way-laid by the Naticook Brook, near Thornton's Ferry, and only one man, Lieutenant Farwell, escaped with his life.

In the same year Mr. William Lund of Dunstable was taken prisoner and carried to Canada. He was ransomed soon after and returning to this vicinity he was attracted by its natural features to become one of the first settlers in town. He built his house near an oak tree which had witnessed the death of one of the ten scouts mentioned. This noted tree was standing a few years since, a venerable landmark of pioneer days. Mr. Lund was the ancestor of all the Lunds in town. It is related that his estimable wife obtained the money to ransom him from his enemies in Canada by converting her property into a sum amounting to five hundred livres, which she forwarded for his redemption. Afterwards she used to claim with good reason that

"she owned him, as she had bought him."

Before Mr. Lund had made his clearing John Cromwell, a noted man in his day, built a trading house about a mile below Thornton's Ferry, in 1665, and the place became known as "Cromwell's Falls." He carried on a profitable business for a time, but the Indians, with whom he frequently trafficked, claimed he was not honest. As a result he was driven or frightened away and his house burned about four years after it was erected.

Mr. Stephen Allen, in an excellent sketch of the town, which is about all that has been printed concerning Merrimack, except the little in the general histories, says that Jonas Barrett was the first man to make a permanent home in town, locating about one and a half miles west of the present hamlet of Thornton's. This place has since become known as the Ezra Blodgett farm, and is now owned by Mrs. Mortimer Cummings.

Others soon came, among them families by the name of Usher, Blanchard, Underwood, Powers, Hassell, Lund, Spaulding, Chamberlain, Taylor, Stearns, McClure, Bowers, Davidson, Cummings and Howard. William Howard has the credit of planting the first orchard in this vicinity, and he erected the first cider mill. His descendants have become noted in this locality and in Boston.

John Usher, the head of the first family on the list, was a man of importance, being a justice of the peace, as witnessed by several public papers now in existence. He cleared the original farm where Samuel Barron lived fifty years ago, and which is now owned by Harrison Green and John Foster.

Benjamin Hassell was a son of Joseph Hassell, Jr., of Old Dunstable, and a grandson of Joseph, Sr., who settled in Cambridge in 1647. A daughter born to his wife was said to be the first white child born in Merrimack.

The Underwoods lived on the fertile meadows about Thornton's Ferry. Phineas, the son of Aquila, the pioneer, kent the first public house in this vicinity. It stood on the

flat a little east of the Widow Crooker place, now the homestead of Mrs. Herbert Porter.

Three by the name of Blanchard, all sons of Col. Joseph Blanchard of Dunstable, settled here: Joseph, Jr., on the farm of the late Levi Wilkins, the place being now owned by James Fosdick, who married Miss Lucy Wilkins, a descendant of the former; Jonathan Blanchard on the place later owned by Mr. Daniel T. Ingalls, and now by Mr. George E. Webster; while the third son, Augustus, settled the homestead where the Rev. Jacob Burnap lived, and which is now owned by Charles Pillsbury. Like all of the Blanchards, these brothers were men of stability and prominence in affairs.

Matthew Thornton was a yet more noted man in the early history of Merrimack, a name that has been honored by others whose memories are associated with the history of this town. Matthew was born in the north of Ireland in 1714, but his parents came to this country when he was about three years old. He obtained a good education and fitted himself for the practice of medicine, which profession he followed for several years in Londonderry, from whence he removed to Merrimack. He was a delegate from New Hampshire to the Continental Congress in 1776, and was one of the immortal signers of the Declaration of American Independence. He died June 24, 1803, aged eighty-nine years, and the inscription on his monument says "The honest man." Although he died in Newburyport while on a visit, his remains were brought back to Merrimack, and they repose in the little burial ground at Thornton's Ferry, with only a modest tombstone to mark the resting place of one of the Granite State's most noted men. August 28, 1885, an act of the legislature authorized the erection of a suitable monument to his memory, upon a site selected and donated by the town. Upon September 29, 1892, this monument was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, the Hon. William T. Parker being president and Hon. Charles H. Burns the orator of the day.

It can be truthfully said that all of the pioneers who felled the trees and cleared the wilderness of Merrimack were honest, patriotic and intelligent citizens, who came with the firm purpose of performing their good work to the utmost of their ability.

Immediately we see them planning to form a church organization, and without delay measures were taken to build a meeting house. This was erected in what is now the town of Litchfield, which was then included in the territory of Merrimack. It was a frame house, begun in 1736 but not completed for several years. The first minister was the Rev. Joshua Tufts, a young graduate from Harvard, who received the salary of one hundred and fifty pounds, old tenor, which was equal to eighteen pounds, lawful money, or sixty dollars as we reckon to-day. There were then twenty-six voters on the east side of the river and one less on the west side in Merrimack.

We must pass over those trying incidents connected with the progress of church affairs in a single paragraph. It was not convenient to have a township lying on both sides of the river, and when the line was established between Massachusetts and New Hampshire the inhabitants on the west side of the Merrimack began active measures to fix a boundary more to their liking. The present limits of the town were fixed in June, 1750. At the first town meeting under the new charter it was voted to choose a committee to find the exact center of the town and to proceed to the building of a meeting house. The surveyors reported that the center of the town was at "a marked tree, on a knoll, about thirty rods southerly from Turkey Hill bridge."

Delays, vexatious and trying as was generally the case, followed and the new house of worship was not built until 1756, when the population of the town was less than three hundred. Wednesday, October 14, 1772, the first minister was settled in town, the Rev. Jacob Burnap, and his ordination took place amid impressive ceremonies, attended by

the representatives of thirteen churches. The meeting house was not finished then, but loose floors were laid and stairs built to reach the galleries. Dr. Burnap was pastor almost fifty years—half a century of such usefulness as does not come to the lot of many. He was twice married, and had a family of thirteen children.

Among those who were efficient in this early church society was Deacon Jonathan Cummings, who lived on the farm once occupied by William McKean and now owned by John Green of Nashua. Deacon William Patten was another interested in this church movement. He settled near where the school-house in District No. 6 formerly stood. Samuel Spalding, the ancestor of the Spaldings in this vicinity, was also active in this work.

This old meeting house stood for many years as an interesting monument of bygone days. After a time, a more central location being desired to accommodate the increasing population along the river, it was used for a town house until the new town house was built in 1872, when it was abandoned for that purpose and left to fall into decay. Finally the town voted to repair the ancient structure, but before this action could take effect it was burned on the morning of July 4, 1896, and thus one of the most interesting landmarks in this vicinity was lost.

A second Congregational church, known as the Union Evangelical church, Rev. Samuel H. Tollman, pastor, was organized in 1829, and the meeting house built at what was called Centreville or South Merrimack.

Merrimack seems to have kept even with her sister towns in the matter of the development of political and business interests. Education was given an advance in 1810, when a committee consisting of Rev. Jacob Burnap, James Wilkins and Simeon Kinney was appointed to inspect the schools. In 1826 the present district system was begun and prudential committees elected by the different districts, with a town superintendent to look after the examination of the teachers.

An innovation that created considerable opposition at the time was the placing of stoves in the meeting house by individuals, so that it would be more comfortable upon a biting winter's day when the members were in duty bound to listen to one of the old-time sermons, when the time consumed in preaching far outweighed the short sermons of to-day. The credit of the introduction of this method of warming the houses belongs mainly to the efforts of Dr. Abel Goodrich, one of the most influential and respected citizens of the town then, and to Mr. Daniel T. Ingalls, another respected member of society.

A poor-farm was bought in 1835 and the poor, who had previously been taken care of by the "lowest bidder," were placed there under charge of an agent appointed by the town. This system ended in 1868, when the selectmen were given the care of those who had been unfortunate.

A centennial celebration was held on April 3, 1846, one hundred years from that important day in its history when Merrimack was incorporated as a township. Robert McGaw was the president of the day; Nathan Parker and Samuel McConihe, vice-presidents; Joseph B. Holt and Capt. Ira Spalding, marshals. The historical address of the day was delivered by the Rev. Stephen Allen, pastor of the First church. It was an able discourse and contained so much of the early history of the town up to that date that it was wisely reprinted a few years since.

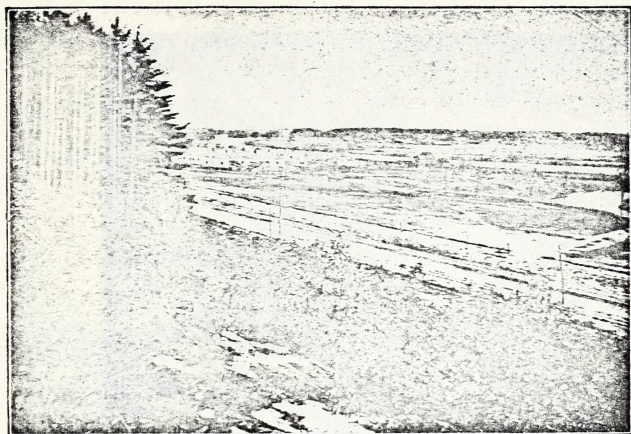
A social library was established in 1798 and another in 185-, this last being finally turned over to the McGaw Institute, of which we shall soon speak. Finally, in March, 1892, largely through the efforts of Dr. Warren Pillsbury, the present public library was established and opened the following January with Dr. Pillsbury as librarian. He was succeeded in a short time by Dr. George H. Davis, who was followed in October of the same year by the present incumbent, Miss Emma A. Cross, a native of Manchester. Through her efficient efforts the library has met with remarkable success, considering the sphere of its action.

An innovation that created considerable opposition at the time was the placing of stores in the meeting house by individuals, so that it would be more convenient upon a busy winter day when the members were in duty bound to listen to one of the old-time sermons, when the time continued in preaching far into the night. The sermons of today. The credit of the introduction of this method of warming the houses belongs mainly to the efforts of Dr. Abel Goodrich, one of the most influential and respected citizens of the town then, and to Mr. Daniel T. Jaffee, a highly respected member of society.

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A centennial celebration was held on April 2, 1876. One hundred years from that important day in its history when it first was founded as a township. Robert McGraw was the president of the day; Nathan Parker and Samuel McDonald vice-presidents; Joseph H. Hobb and Capt. J. S. Spalding marshals. The historical address of the day was delivered by the Rev. Stephen Allen, pastor of the First church. It was an able discourse and contained so much of the early history of the town up to that date that it was wisely regarded a few years since.

A social library was established in 1798 and another in 1821; this last being finally turned over to the McGraw families of which we shall soon speak. Finally, in March, 1861, largely through the efforts of Dr. Warren Pillsbury, the present public library was established and opened the following January with Dr. Pillsbury as librarian. It was succeeded in a short time by Dr. George H. Davis, who was followed in October of the same year by the present incumbent, Miss Emma A. Cross, a native of Manchester. Through her efficient efforts the library has not only remained successful, considering the sphere of its action.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF REED'S FERRY

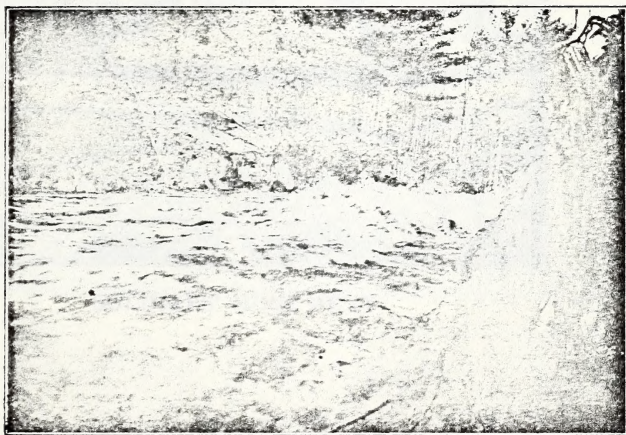


HOME OF WALTER KITTREDGE

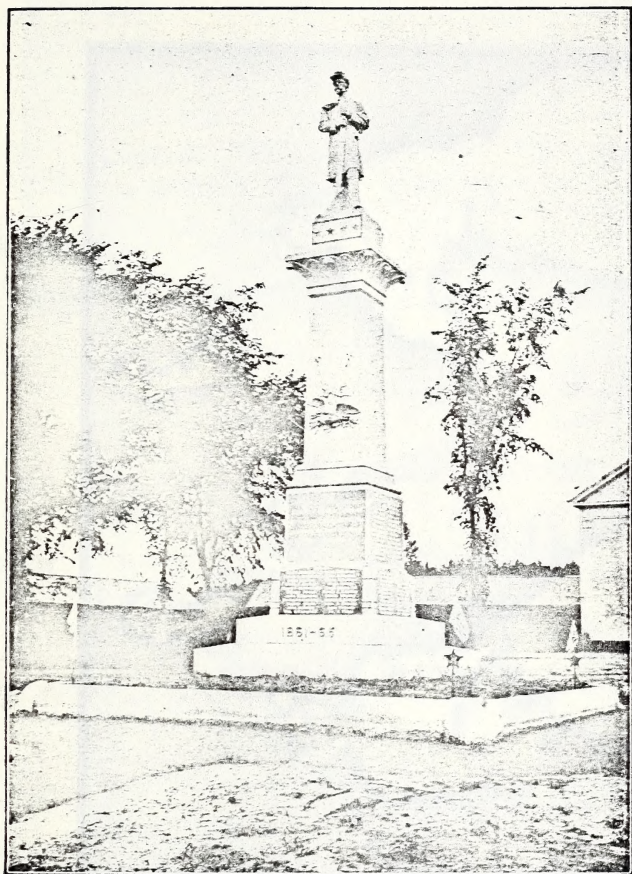


Photo by Lewis E. Way

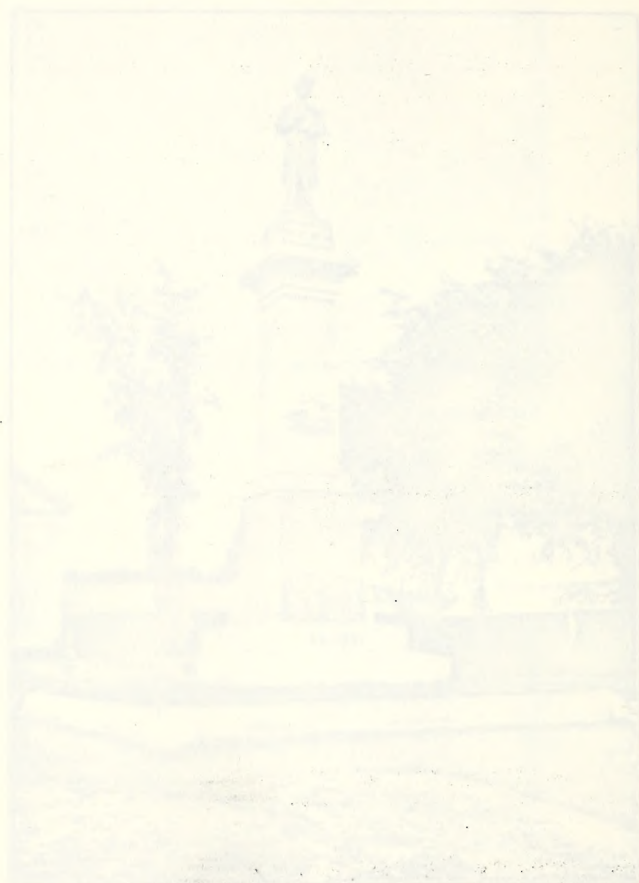
TWIN BRIDGES



ATHERTON FALLS

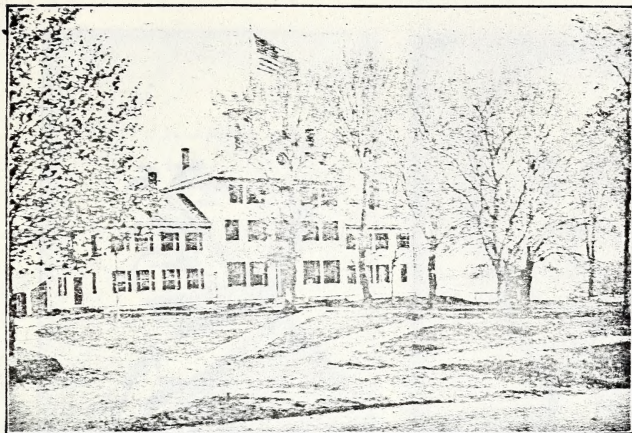


SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

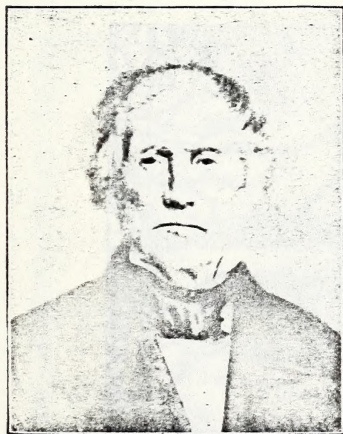




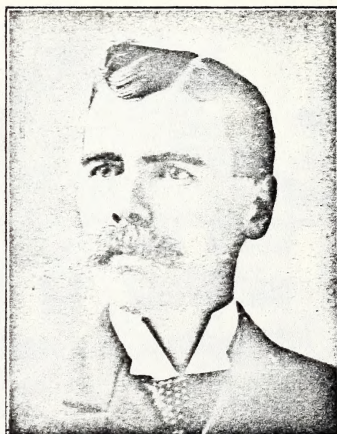
CLASS 1906, MCGAW INSTITUTE



McGAW INSTITUTE



ROBERT MCGAW



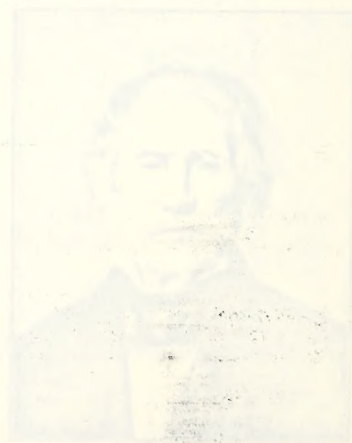
PROF. DAVID F. CARPENTER



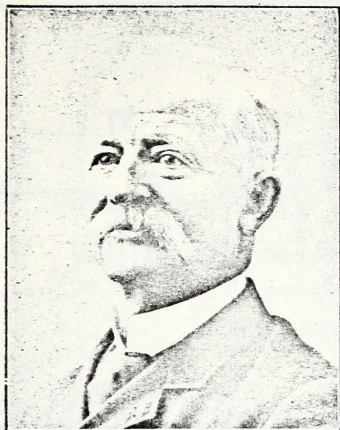
MELAW INSTITUTE



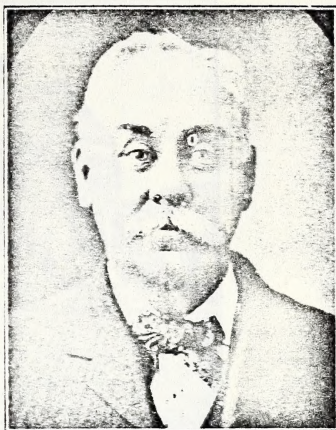
MR. DAVID F. CARPENTIER



MR. ROBERT MELAW



GEO. F. SPALDING



CHARLES S. NESMITH



SPALDING RESIDENCE



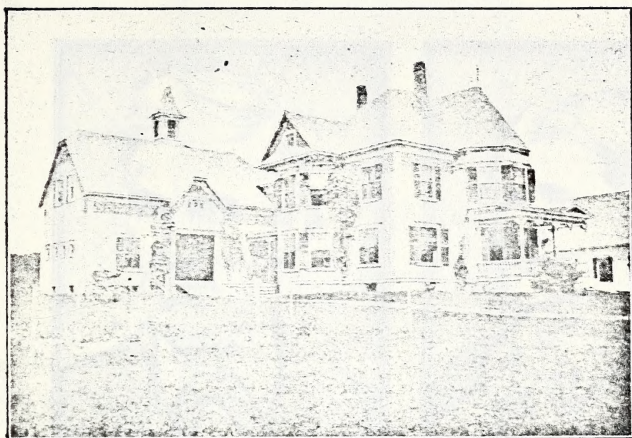
CHARLES A. SPALDING



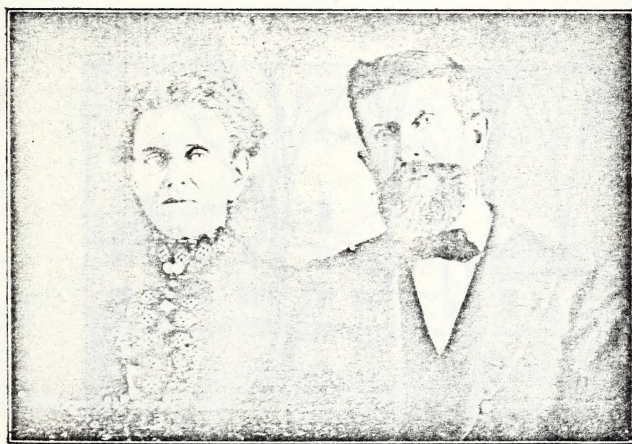
GEO. E. SPALDING



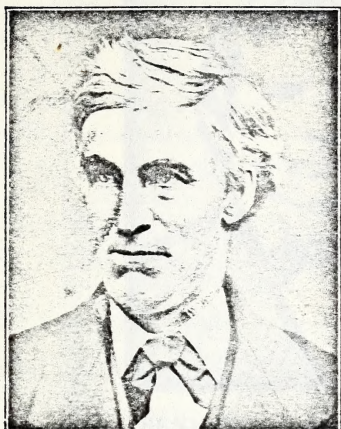
SPALDING RESIDENCE



NESMITH RESIDENCE



MR. AND MRS. JAMES T. JONES



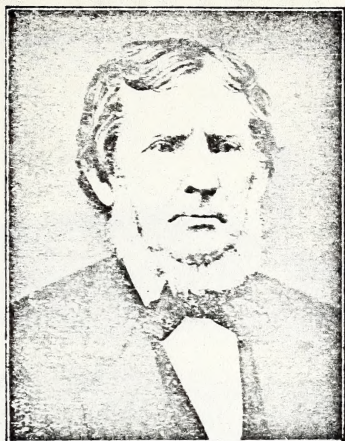
WARD PARKER



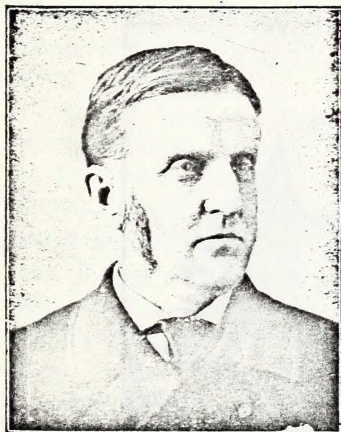
MRS. WARD PARKER



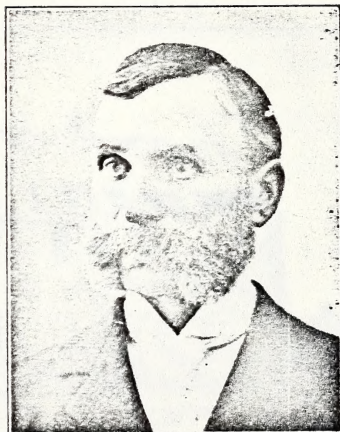
PARKER HOMESTEAD



BENJAMIN F. FESSENDEN



ANSON D. FESSENDEN



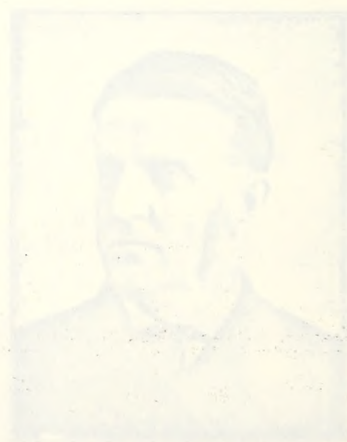
LEVI F. LOWELL



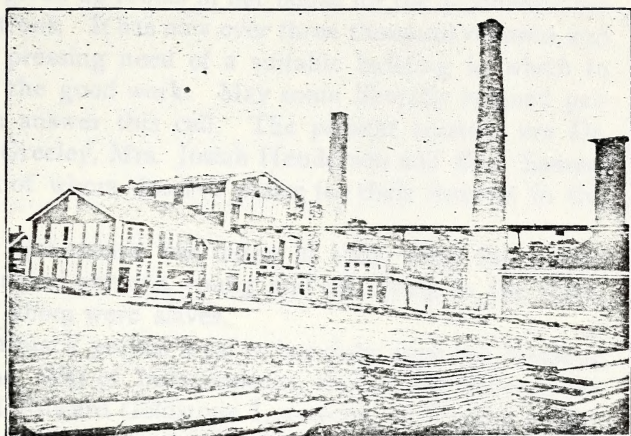
BENJAMIN K. ANDERSON



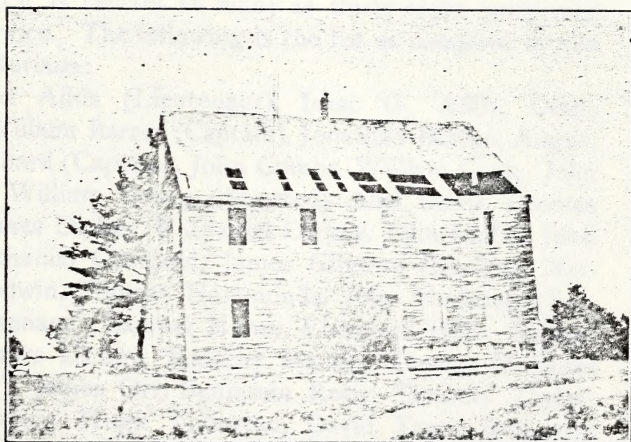
LEVI K. LOWELL



ARSON B. ANDERSON



KIT SHOP, REED'S FERRY



OLD TOWN HOUSE



KIT BROS. RETAIL DEPT.



OLD TOWN HOUSE

She has given up rooms in her house for the accommdation of its patrons. It has now over three thousand volumes and there is pressing need of a suitable building in which to carry on the good work. May some liberally inclined person soon answer this call. The present trustees are Dr. Guy H. Greeley, Mrs. Josiah Henderson and Rev. Samuel Rose, all of whom deserve praise for their interest in the matter.

The first census was taken in 1767, when there were three hundred persons, young and old, living in the town, three of whom were slaves.

Merrimack proved loyal to her duty upon the breaking out of the War of Independence, though her leader at the time, Col. Edward Goldstone Lutwyche, an English gentleman, deserted the town and joined the British forces under Gage at Boston. Without waiting for authority to go ahead, the citizens of the town immediately met and appointed a Committee of Safety, and fifteen men enlisted at once—Minute Men in reality. Throughout the struggle Merrimack was faithful to her purpose. It is claimed that over forty men served from this town in the American army, and it is certain as many as thirty-eight performed actual service. The following is the list as compiled by one of its historians:

David Allds (Lieutenant), Isaac G. Allds, Cesar Barnes, William Barron (Captain), Jonathan Barron, Augustus Blanchard (Captain), John Combs, William Cook, John Cowdree, William Cowen (deserted), Abel Davis, Thomas Davis, James Dickey, Nathaniel Dickey, John Fields, John Galt, Nathaniel Gearfield, James Gilmore (Ensign), Matthew Goodwin, Thomas Hammonds, John Hazleton (Second Lieutenant), Samuel Henry, Ebenezer Hills, William King, James Lickey, Timothy Martin, Thomas McClure (Sergeant), James Orr, Benjamin Roby, Timothy Taylor, James Taylor, Hugh Thornton, David Truel, Benjamin Vickere, Samuel Whidden, John Wier.

When the Civil War opened Merrimack had one hun-

dred and fifteen men able for military duty. Of this number eighty-three volunteered for service and twenty-five furnished substitutes; nine substitutes were bought by the town and seven citizens re-enlisted, so that the town stands credited with seven more men than she had liable to a call to arms. This is certainly a record no town need be ashamed of. The highest bounty paid was \$550, and that by a vote of the town. Great credit belongs to William T. Parker, who was military agent through the entire war, serving with ceaseless energy, and always without compensation. In 1892 an appropriate monument was erected to the memory of the soldiers of the Civil War. The following are the names of the volunteers from Merrimack:

D. Asquith, David Asquith, David Atwood, Nathaniel C. Barker, John Barnes, Gilman Blood, George F. Bowers, John H. Bowers, Charles L. Brigham, Henry F. Butterfield, Joseph Cady, William H. Campbell, Wallace Clark, Abel M. Colby, Henry Collins, Horace B. Corning (killed), George W. Darrah (re-enlisted), Matthew Dickey, Hugh Dolan, Peter H. B. Dolan, Edward A. Downs (killed), R. H. Duffy, George W. Fisher, Francis F. Flint, George W. Flint, Courtland Follansbee (died in Libby Prison), Charles G. Foot, Edward P. French, A. S. Gardner, James W. Gardner, Frank T. Gardner, Edwin Goodwin, Charles O. Gould, Horace S. Gould, Warren Green, Charles N. Green (re-enlisted and commissioned Second Lieutenant), James Hale, Levi W. Hall, Richard Hensen (deserted), David Henderson, Jr., James Henderson, William Henderson, Silas P. Hubbard, B. Ivison, John H. Jackman, Spence F. Jewett, Thomas Law, Patrick Lee, Charles H. Longa, George B. Longa (died in the army), John H. Longa, James W. Longa, Tyler T. Longa, H. Washington Longa (re-enlisted), Samuel Marsh, Ira Mears, Aaron Mears, Orvil A. McClure, Samuel E. McClure, James M. McConihe (re-enlisted), Charles H. McGilveray, George F. McGilveray, Edward McKean (re-enlisted), Rufus Merriam (killed), Charles W. Morgan, James L. Nash, John P. Y. Nichols

(died in camp at Concord), Grosvenor Nichols, Charles W. Parker, Corwin J. Parker, Nathan A. Parker, Thomas A. Parker, Henry C. Patrick (killed), John G. Reed, James A. Reed, George H. Robbins, John L. Robbins, George W. Savage, Orison Sanderson, Alexander Shackey (belonged in Hudson), Matthew P. Tennent, George Wiley, Charles O. Wilkinson.

The old meeting house on Turkey Hill was used for a town house until the new town house was dedicated January 1, 1873, after which the venerable structure which had served its purpose so well and so long was left to the fate recorded.

Like all pine land, the soil is not as productive as that of many other towns, but Merrimack possesses many neat and inviting homesteads notwithstanding this fact. Several manufactories have added materially to the prosperity of the town, the majority of these finding their power in the Souhegan. The water privilege of this stream was originally utilized by Capt. John Chamberlain, who built the first grist and saw-mills in town.

Isaac Riddle built mills for the manufacture of cotton and woollen goods, until he was burned out in 1818, when he rebuilt, to be again a sufferer from fire in 1829.

His successor was David Henderson, who carried on quite an extensive business in the manufacture of carpets, cotton and woollen goods, etc. These mills stood on the north side of the iron bridge, and were doomed by fire, a boy tipping over a lantern which started a fire that consumed the buildings to the water's edge. A grist-mill followed upon this site, which was soon taken away to allow of a building for the manufacture of the first furniture made in town and operated by Holton and Henderson. Later only tables were made here by Thomas Parker. Finally this business was succeeded by a tannery, which with increased business is now owned by A. J. Foster.

Close by is the site of the saw-mill where Chamberlain cut lumber and has the credit of killing the last Indian ever

(died in camp at Concord), Grosvenor, Nicholas, Charles W. Parker, Corwin J. Parker, Nathan A. Parker, Thomas A. Parker, Henry C. Patrick (killed), John G. Reed, James A. Reed, George H. Robbins, John L. Robbins, George W. Savage, Orion Sanderson, Alexander Shanks (killed), in Hudson, Matthew B. Tannear, George Wiley, Charles O. Williamson.

The old meeting house on Turkey Hill was used for a town house until the new town house was dedicated June 1, 1875, after which the venerable structure which had served its purpose so well and so long was left to the fate recorded.

Like all pine land, the soil is not as productive as that of many other towns, but Merrimack possesses many neat and inviting homesteads notwithstanding this fact. Several manufacturers have added materially to the prosperity of the town, the majority of these finding their power in the Searcyon. The water privilege of this stream was originally utilized by Capt. John Chamberlain, who built the first grist and saw-mills in town.

Isaac Middlebolt built for the manufacture of cotton and woollen goods, until he was burned out in 1815, when he rebuilt, to be again a sufferer from fire in 1839.

His successor was David Henderson, who carried on quite an extensive business in the manufacture of carpets, cotton and woollen goods, etc. These mills stood on the north side of the iron bridge, and were burned by fire, a boy tripping over a railing which stretched a fire that consumed the buildings to the water's edge. A grist-mill followed upon this site which was soon taken away to allow of a building for the manufacture of the first furniture town in New Hampshire, the Nelson and Henderson Lumber and Cabinet Works, established by Thomas Parker. Lumber and shingles were manufactured by a tannery, which finally this business was transferred to A. J. Foster, and merged with the saw-mill by A. J. Foster. Close by is the site of the saw-mill where Chamberlain cut lumber and has the credit of killing the last Indian war-

seen in this vicinity. This wily red man evidently came here with vengeance in his heart for the scalp-lock of the bold miller. Chamberlain was apprized of his danger by a neighbor, and thus while he kept about his work he watched for his enemy. Believing the latter would make his appearance about nightfall, he placed his hat and coat upon the "nigger head," and leaving the saw in motion he crept out to reconnoitre. Lying behind a pile of boards he soon discovered the red man creeping up the bank, gun in hand, with his eye trained on the dummy Chamberlain had left as a decoy. Upon getting in range of his target the Indian fired, and a moment later he was shot down by Chamberlain. In passing it may do no harm to remind the reader that Chamberlain stories are frequently heard along the Merrimack, and that it may be well to accept them all with a grain of seasoning.

Near where this intrepid pioneer sawed lumber, ground grain and conquered red men stands the manufactory of David R. Jones, which has passed through many hands, and which is now doing a profitable business in making tables.

Numerous and various other enterprises in the way of small manufactories have now and then been inaugurated and carried on for more or less time with varied success. There was a saw-mill at Atherton Falls, the most picturesque and attractive to be found on this stream. The water takes a headlong plunge here of more than ten feet. A remarkable stone profile has been discovered near by, rivaling in some respects the features of the Old Man of the Mountain.

Among the industries of Merrimack the Fessenden and Lowell cooperage at Reed's Ferry deserves special mention. This corporation was formed originally in 1873, by co-partnership of Benjamin F. Fessenden, Anson D. Fessenden and Levi F. Lowell, all of Townsend, Mass. From a small beginning this business developed into one of the largest industries of the town, and continued under the

seen in this vicinity. This wily red man evidently came here with vengeance in his heart for the snubbing at the bold miller. Chamberlain was apprised of his danger by a neighbor, and thus while he kept about his work he watched for his enemy. Believing the latter would make his appearance about nightfall, he placed his hat and coat upon the "sneak box," and leaving the saw in motion he crept out to reconnoitre. Lying behind a pile of boards he soon discovered the red man creeping up the bank gun in hand, with his eye trained on the dummy Chamberlain had left as a decoy. Upon getting in range of his target the Indian fired, and a moment later he was shot down by Chamberlain. In passing it may be no harm to remind the reader that Chamberlain stories are frequently heard along the Mermack, and that it may be well to accept them all with a grain of reasoning.

Next where this late fall harvest wheat harvest ground grain and conquered red men stands the manufactory of David R. Jones, which has passed through many hands and which is now doing a profitable business in making tables.

Numerous and various other enterprises in the way of small manufactories have now and then been inaugurated and carried on for more or less time with varied success. There was a saw-mill at Ashton Falls the most picturesque and attractive to be found on this stream. The water takes a headlong plunge here of more than ten feet. A remarkable ~~water~~ power has been discovered near by. It lies in some respects the center of the Old Man of the Mountain.

Among the industries of Mermack the Forestry and Lumber Co. at Reed's Ferry deserves special mention. This organization was formed originally in 1872 by co-partnership of Benjamin F. Forester, Ashton B. Forester and Carl Y. Lowell, all of Townsend, Me. From a small beginning this business developed into one of the largest concerns of the sort, and continued under the

above partnership until the death of Benjamin Fessenden in 1882, when his part of the partnership was succeeded by his son Anson D. Fessenden. In 1893 the partnership was changed to a stock company, retaining the same name, Fessenden & Lowell, as before.

At the time of incorporation the local store belonging to Mr. Haseltine was taken into the corporation, and has since been running as a cash grocery. This concern manufactures lumber, kits, pails, kegs, half-barrels and barrels, nearly all of which are made from native pine which is bought in the vicinity of their mills. This business has now developed into one of the largest industries of its kind in the state. At the present time the business is managed by Mr. Levi F. Lowell, who is president and general manager; George P. Butterfield, who is general manager of the package department, and John E. Haseltine, who is manager for the store and the mill. Alfred N. Fessenden, son of Anson D. Fessenden of Townsend, is the present treasurer.

Mr. Charles S. Nesmith, whose beautiful residence at Reed's Ferry is shown among our views of the town, started in February, 1900, his excelsior mills at Merrimack, which he continues to keep in operation with all the orders he can fill. Dependent at first upon water power, he has since added steam, so that he is able to work the year round. Poplar wood is used, and fifteen hundred tons of excelsior are made annually.

Mr. Nesmith comes of good old Scotch-Irish stock, his paternal ancestor, Robert Nesmith, being among the first settlers in Londonderry. He is a native of Merrimack, his parents being Samuel and Elizabeth (McKean) Nesmith. He married Miss Ellen E. Worthly, daughter of Thomas G. and Rebekah (Moore) Worthly of Bedford.

There have been other industries in the town that deserve special mention. At one time brick manufacturing was carried on quite extensively in the town, Mr. Ward Parker being a pioneer in this work. He was a descendant of

above partnership until the death of Benjamin Fessenden in 1855, when his part of the partnership was purchased by his son Amos D. Fessenden. In 1857 the partnership was changed to a stock company, retaining the same name, Fessenden & Lowell, as before.

At the time of incorporation the local store belonging to the partnership was taken into the partnership, and has since been running as a cash grocery. This concern stands in the corner of the town, its walls being built of stone, nearly all of which are made from native pine which is brought in the vicinity of their mill. This business has now developed into one of the largest industries of the State in the State. At the present time the business is managed by Mr. Levi F. Lowell, who is president and general manager, George P. Butterfield, who is general manager of the paper department, and John E. Haseltine, who is manager for the store and the mill. Alfred N. Fessenden, son of Amos D. Fessenden of Townsend, is the present president.

Mr. Joseph S. Newman, whose parental residence is in New York City, is shown among our views of the town. He started in February, 1855, his excelsior mill at Newburgh, which he continues to keep in operation with all the others he can fill. Dependence at first upon water power, he has since added steam, so that he is able to work the year around. Poplar wood is used, and fifteen hundred tons of excelsior are made annually.

Mr. Newman comes of good old Scotch-Irish stock, his paternal ancestor Robert Newman, being among the first settlers in Loudon County. He is a native of Newburgh, his parents being Samuel and Elizabeth (McKenzie) Newman. He married Miss Ellen E. Worthing, daughter of Thomas C. and Rebecca (Morse) Worthing of Bedford.

There have been other instances in the town that deserve special mention. At one time brick manufacturing was carried on quite extensively in the town, Mr. Ward having been a pioneer in this work. He was a descendant of

Dea. Thomas Parker, who came to this country from England in 1637. Born in Windham Mr. Parker settled in Bedford in 1839, where he manufactured brick until 1850, when he removed to Merrimack, buying the farm where he lived the rest of his life. That being before the days of railroad transportation, the freighting was done by boats up and down the Merrimack River. He had the reputation of being the fastest brick molder of his time. He held many offices of trust in town, was a member of the constitutional convention in 1876, and representative to the state legislature in 1877. He was also deeply interested in agricultural matters, and took many prizes for his fine exhibits of stock at the fairs. He lived to be eighty-four years old, leaving one son, Everett E., who is a prosperous lumber dealer.

Merrimack numbers among her substantial citizens Mr. George Franklin Spalding, who lives upon "Appledoor Farm," which consists of several hundred acres of timber and tillage land, situated five miles from Nashua. The Spaldings were with the first to settle in Merrimack, and their ancestry can be traced back for eight generations. George F., the subject of this sketch, was born February 12, 1833, and married, in 1858, Miss Eunice Augusta, daughter of Nathan Parker, Esq., of Merrimack. Mrs. Spalding, who was a most estimable woman, died in 1903, leaving, besides her husband, a son, Clarence G., who resides in Nashua, and a daughter, Claribel Frances, who, with her husband, Rev. Charles S. Haynes, lives at home with her father since the death of her mother.

Merrimack has had one or two taverns of historic interest. In the days of stage driving and long-distance teaming Nevin's Hotel and, later, McConihe's Tavern were noted in their day. President Jackson, so the story runs, stopped at the old Merrimack House long enough to get dinner and make a speech, during his visit to New Hampshire. The Merrimack Hotel of to-day is managed by Mr. Horace Longa, a descendant of one of the Hessian families

Gen. Thomas Parker, who came to this country from England in 1837. Born in Widdow Mr. Parker settled in Merrimack in 1837, where he manufactured brick until 1850, when he removed to Merrimack, being there when he lived the rest of his life. That being before the days of railroad transportation, the freightage was done by carts up and down the Merrimack River. He had the reputation of being the fastest brick maker of his time. He held many offices of trust in town, was a member of the constitutional convention in 1876, and representative to the state legislature in 1877. He was also deeply interested in agricultural matters, and took many prizes for his fine exhibits at the fairs. He lived to be eighty-four years old, leaving one son, Herbert E., who is a prosperous lumber dealer.

Merrimack numbers among her substantial citizens Mr. George Franklin Spaulding, who lives upon "Appleton's Farm," which consists of several hundred acres of timber and other land, situated five miles from Nashua. The Spaulding family with regard to Merrimack and their ancestry can be traced back for eight generations. George F., the subject of this sketch, was born February 15, 1855, and married in 1883, Miss Emma Anderson, daughter of Nathan Parker Esq., of Merrimack. Mrs. Spaulding was a most estimable woman, died in 1903, leaving besides her husband, a son, Clarence D., who resides in Nashua, and a daughter, Charles Frances, who with her husband, Rev. Charles S. Hayward lives at home with her mother since the death of her mother.

Merrimack has had one or two famous of birth, interesting to thousands of miles distant and for a century or more. John A. White, and Mrs. M. A. White, who were noted in their day, the latter Jackson sojourning and stopped at the old Merrimack House long enough to get dinner and make a speech, during his visit to the town. The Merrimack Hotel of today is founded by Mr. Horace Lough, a descendant of one of the Merrimack families.

who came into town after the Revolution.

Aside from its agricultural and industrial progress, Merrimack has been fortunate in being the home of such an educational institution as the McGaw Normal Institute, located upon the sightly grounds at Reed's Ferry, overlooking the river. The founder of this system of school work was Prof. William Russell, who secured in this town supporters of his then speculative idea of having a school for the training of teachers. A charter was obtained in 1849, and the following August the stockholders organized with Mr. Robert McGaw as chairman and Matthew P. Nichols as secretary and treasurer. The number of pupils the first term was sixty-five, and certainly the projector of this school had reason to be hopeful for the result. Orderly deportment was strictly followed and the school continued to flourish, having an average attendance of a little more than fifty. Professor Russell was succeeded in 1853 by Mr. Henry Brickett, who resigned after four years. Messrs. Levi Wallace and Samuel Morrison followed him as teachers, after which Messrs. Hartshorn and Brown held possession for a year or more, calling it the Hillside School. In 1865, inspired by the war, a radical change was made, and it became known as the Granite State Military and Collegiate Institute, and for a while it was successfully carried on by the Rev. S. W. Howell, but this interest lessened until only one pupil remained, and at the end of ten years the school was abandoned and the building taken for tenement purposes.

At this dark hour of the school, its earliest and firmest friend, Mr. Robert McGaw, passed away, but in his will he provided an endowment of ten thousand dollars, with the provision that the school should be restored to its original character and be known as the McGaw Normal Institute. Thus, in 1872, the institution received new life, the buildings were repaired, and Mr. Bartlett H. Weston installed as principal. He retained his position for seven years, to be succeeded by Prof. Elliott Whipple.

In 1900 Prof. David F. Carpenter became principal. A native of Salem, Mass., he graduated from the Salem Academy at the age of thirteen, and finished a course in the Massachusetts Agricultural College in 1886, when he was eighteen. During the years of Professor Carpenter's government, McGaw Institute flourished as well as could be expected under the conditions overruling it. The care and responsibility of maintaining such a school had fallen largely upon the son-in-law of Mr. McGaw, Hon. Francis A. Gordon, who was the leading trustee of the institute and who had a deep interest in educational matters. When the school became too great a burden for him, he appealed to the town for assistance. This was given willingly, and it was voted to make the needed repairs upon the building, put in new furniture and equipments demanded by the state, and otherwise forward the good work of a first-class school. Five trustees were elected, the new board consisting of Carmi M. Parker, president; Francis A. Gordon, vice-president; David R. Jones, John E. Haseltine and William Patterson. Professor Carpenter, in the meantime, had secured a lucrative position as superintendent of schools for Hanover (town schools), Orford, Piermont and Warren, where he is now located. Prof. Leverett V. Symonds, a graduate of Williams and a post-graduate of Harvard, accepted the invitation to become principal in 1906, and, with a new laboratory and apparatus, under its new management and financial assurance, McGaw Normal Institute again enters upon prosperous influences, with the promise of many years of usefulness.

The good name of McGaw Institute has been honored by the careers of students who have become noted in different branches of the world's progress. Some of these may be mentioned, among whom we find Mark Bailey, professor of elocution in Yale College; Hon. Daniel Barnard, lawyer and statesman, of Franklin, N. H.; Joseph Cushman, one of the principals of this school in later years; Levi Wallace, also a principal here and afterwards a prom-

inent lawyer of Groton, Mass.; John Swett, for many years superintendent of public instruction in California; Mrs. Harriet Newell Eaton, a poetess and prose writer of ability; Walter Kittredge, the popular singer, author of "Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground," "No Night There," "The Golden Streets," over a hundred thousand copies of the first alone having been sold.

No sketch of Merrimack would be complete without at least a brief mention of two of the town's "literary folk": Walter Kittredge, the widely known author of "Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground," and Mrs. Mattie F. Jones, who under the pen name of Nettie Vernon wrote to a considerable extent for the school readers of her generation, and many articles for the leading magazines and literary papers. She also taught school several years. She married Mr. James T. Jones in 1864, going with him soon after to California, where they taught school for several years. Returning East in 1875, they made their home in Merrimack, he being station and express agent for eighteen years, giving up the position at last on account of poor health. He is now postmaster and manager of the telephone exchange at this village. Mrs. Jones passed away, after an illness of more than two years, February 5, 1906, leaving a wide circle of friends to miss her genial presence. Besides her husband she is survived by two sons and a daughter.

The story of Walter Kittredge and how he wrote his famous song is reserved for another article.

Merrimack has one settled minister, the Rev. Samuel Rose, who has been over the Congregational church for eight years. Mr. Rose is a native of Trowbridge, Eng., but came to this country with his parents when a small boy. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College. He is a trustee of the public library and is interested in the McGaw Institute. He married Grace Moore Chamberlain of Sharon, Vt., whose parents were natives of Merrimack. This couple have three children.

Space permitting, the story of Merrimack might be

continued with interest, for the good old town has filled an honorable niche in the history of the Granite State. Her men and women have always proved willing and equal to do and dare in the work that has come to their lot. It has been so in the past, and we believe it will continue so in the years to come. A little time erstwhile and only the sleepy old wilderness held eminent domain here, interrupted only by the shadowy passage of the red man, flitting hither and thither like birds upon wing, building no towns that were substantial, dreaming no dreams that were to outlive them. But in the march of civilization, where improvement rules and human progress marks the way, Merrimack will still remain true to her patriotic ancestry.

We would like to speak more fully of the personal side of Merrimack, but have not the liberty to do so. It seems a pity no one had risen to write a history of the town, while there were yet among her people those who could speak from knowledge of the many details of life that now cannot be recalled.

Tell It Now

By E. H. SHANNON

Have you any cheery greeting?

Tell it out to-day!

While you wait the friend and message

May have gone away.

Let the one who sighs for comfort

Feel a hand grasp true

It will cheer the way, and surely

Can't impoverish you.

We are all the time regretting

When it is too late,

And some heavy heart has broken

While we hesitate.

The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

[Copyright, 1906, by the Author]

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER V

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

"He wus th' most innercent liar thet ever lived."



LOOKS like the deacon's brown mare Bet ahead," affirmed one of the first to get a fair view of the approaching teams.

"So 'tis, Ike; an' thet's Abe Goodwill holdin' onto th' reins. Abe 's a slick un with hosses, ef he is th' deacon's boy. Ain't the ol' mare hummin'?" replied a companion.

"Who's that behind Abe?" asked a third. "Don't know thet hoss nor man."

"Nor me," declared a fourth. "Whoever it be he ain't quite a match for th' ol' mare. But, by creepin' Moses! wouldn't th' deacon hum an' spit ef he should see her racin' like that?"

"He'll groan more 'n that afore he grinds down Abe," added yet another.

At this juncture the couple in question, seeing the crowd fairly obstructing the way in their eagerness to see, brought their panting and foaming horses to a standstill.

Reuben Rover and his friend were about to follow the crowd, when the former was brought to a realization of his situation by the piping voice of the auctioneer's pompous little clerk, in starched shirt, cuffs and gloves, calling after him :

"Look a-heah, my deah mistah, let me wemind you that youah little bill wemains unpaid. Please step forward and pay."

"Ebenezer Reed's son, John!" whispered Sam.

But Reuben Rover merely gave the dapper clerk a passing glance as he understood the unpleasant situation he was in. The man who had boldly bid four thousand dollars on the farm thrust his hands into his empty pockets, and who about to turn away with affected indifference, when the town pauper, who could certainly go him "one better," cried out :

"If the chap ain't got the money, here 'tis, an' the trunk is mine," and producing his penny old Hungerford reached for the trunk. But the spruce-looking clerk shrank back as if fearing to come in contact with the poor man, and Everybody's Sam, without exactly understanding the situation, thrust a half dime into Rover's hand, saying :

"Ye can pay it back when ye git ready, mister."

Murmuring his thanks, Reuben tossed the small piece of money to the clerk and, taking the trunk under his arm, started toward the crowd. Both of the drivers of the horses had alighted from their vehicles, and vere conversing with the people, the spectators making sundry remarks about the over-driven animals.

"Reckon yer found yer match, stranger, in th' leetle mare," remarked a tall, round-shouldered man, snapping a fly from the creature's back with a small switch.

"She is pretty light on the hoof for one of her age. Of course I had no wish to go by a boy, though I must say

he kept her up as well as half of the men. It was a fine opportunity to let out my hoss a little. Hosses, like men, get rusty by moving too slow. Isn't that so old man?" directing his last remark by chance toward the industrious whittler of the pine stick, who had moved his seat of business so as to be within the pale of the crowd. He chuckled, as he placed one shaving directly over another, but did not deign to notice the horseman.

"Some purty good p'int's about your hoss, cap'en," acknowledged Life Story, who was fain to consider himself something of a jockey, looking in the mouth of the stranger's horse, running his hand along its back, and then lifting the tail, continued: "Well buttoned up in the breeching. I've alvus noticed that to be one of th' best signs of a real tough hoss. I've a little colt at home that th' folks round here don't take much notice of, 'cos it belongs to a poor men I s'pose. But I've noticed not many like to pick him out on th' road. Only day before yesterday, as I was comin' down Broadway, a spruce young chap come along with a spankin' gray hoss. Seeing I was—"

Life's story was checked at the very outset by Squire Newbegin asking of the new-comer:

"Come from the east, stranger?"

"Not exactly as the crow flies, but rather easterly," going to the side of the brown mare driven by the boy, and, pulling apart her lips, looking intently at her teeth for several moments. "Never 'll be any younger," he declared at last.

"That's where th' odds are in favor of a colt," said Life. "As I was saying, this stranger seeing, I s'pose, that I was in a rattle-trap of a wagon concluded it would be an easy matter to go by, he pulled on th' off rein and, clucein' to his hoss, got past before Black Joe or I had woke up enough to see what was on hand. I began to think—"

"Knee a little sprung," declared the stranger, still examining his rival's horse by running his hand down

one fore leg and then the other. "Fine neck, though it shows weakness. For sale, bub?"

"Not that I knows on, mister," replied the youth, who was a shrewd appearing country boy. "Bet is a pretty good hoss round on the farm. Reckon I 'low dad 'd be pestered to get her equal for less 'n fifty dollars."

"You seem like a youngster of good understanding. But she ain't quite big enough for business. Now I've got such a hoss as your father 'd like. I don't mind giving him a good trade, seeing I would like a good driving hoss for my family. Mare's all safe for women folks I suppose?"

"Little skittish, mister," replied Abe with a grin. "But she is as true as an ox to pull."

"Looks so she was about what I have been looking for. Would do well on short drives. Of course her years are against her going long journeys, or for being put to her best even on short spurts. Age will tell against them. Now my hoss has come over sixty miles to-day. Don't show it. Hardly a hair started you see."

No reply being made to this, Life improved the silence to resume his narrative:

"I begun to think it was time for me to rustle up that colt a bit if I didn't want to take the dust all the way down Broadway. But king's sake, I didn't have to shake 'em reins over Black Joe a second time—"

"This ain't Jim Johnson from Peaville, is it?" asked Jock Jenness, unable to remain silent any longer, and speaking in his accustomed loud voice. He had been improving his time so far in carefully examining the two horses, and he now faced the stranger.

"Confounded ill manners of an idiot!" muttered Life. "It's singular how short many men are in good breeding," now resuming his story—"before that colt of mine—"

"My name's Johnson," admitted the new comer, giving Life another check in his story, "but I'm not a Peaville man by any means."

"Hope you'll excuse me. I can see now I was partly

mistaken. How 's the potato crop over your way?"

"Light, and it look's so the few that stood the drought are going to rot."

"That's what I have said. Your hoss interferes a little, don't he?"

"Never knew him to brush a hair."

"It may be the way he stood. Slim legs, open nostrils, peaked ears, wide chest, looks so he might get along comfortably ten mile an hour."

"There ain't many as like to pick him up on the road, I have noticed," returned Mr. Johnson, taking up one of the mare's fore feet and adding: "Pinched a little"

Squire Newbegin crossed over to where Abe Goodwill was listening to the remarks of the others, and said to him in a low tone:

"That man Johnson is set on buying Bet. Don't let him fool you, Abe. There is good money in that mare. Tell your father that before he sells her to see me. You can say that I make a standing offer of one hundred dollars for her."

"Waked up to what was going on," said Life, concluding his sentence as Mr. Johnson finished. "When Black Joe wakes up something has got to be done. I didn't cluck any more to him, and I didn't take out my whip as I had started to do, but I jess braced myself—"

"Hay crop come in well, I reckon," said Jenness, still examining Mr. Johnson's horse.

"Fair. Lots wet the last part of the season."

"'Bout the same everywhere, I calculate. Ever swap hosses, Mr. Johnson?"

"Oh, once in a dog's age. Got a good family hoss you want to turn? One a woman can drive and not expect that every flying paper or white stone is going to send the hoss kiting into the ditch?"

"Dunno—it may be. Trade this animal for such a creature?"

"Not exactly. I keep him for my own driving. Lit-

tle skittish, so I couldn't recommend him for a family hoss. Do you know a man by the name of Newbeget in this vicinity—Isaac Newbeget, I think?"

The countenance of the auctioneer changed slightly at this question, but he lost little time in saying:

"No such man in these parts. In fact I never knew such a man, and I have become tolerably well acquainted for roundabout near fifty miles. I think there is a man living over in Goshenbury by some such a name. Come over to my house, Mr. Johnson, and I will show you a little Canuck I've got. I know I can please you."

"—held onto 'em straps," declared Life, improving his opportunity. "I tell you 'twas all I wanted to do, and my arms ain't got done achin' yet. What, gentlemen, if you would believe it, that air colt jess pulled my heavy wagon by th' reins. Th' traces didn't so much as stiffen once. But the upstart—"

"This man I want to find is very prominent in town, and it is said has his eye-teeth cut for business. I was told he'd be likely to lodge and feed me."

"—seein', I s'pose, that was th' only way he could keep th' road, he rattled right down the main aisle, so that air colt of mine could in no way get past without wreckin' both th' waggins. He knowed better'n to do that, so he spun for a quarter, with his head in the dum fool's boot, an' he wallop in' his hoss his best to get out'n th' way. He couldn't leave us an inch, an' all he could do was to block the way, which any clumsy jackass might hev done with more consistency. It was dum vexin' to a cool-headed man, an' I vowed that air colt of mine should go past or I'd bust his waggin. Black Joe was of the same mind, too, as I knowed by th' way he laid back his ears he meant business. Wa'al, we were clus down to th' Narrers, th' dum poppin-jay ahead, a-chucklin' to him—"

"It must be Squire Newbegin you are lookin' for, Mr. Johnson," spoke up a bystander; "him as stands over by th' boy, Abe Goodwill. Th' squire puts up folks as they

the sketch, so I couldn't recommend him for a family horse. Do you know a man by the name of Newberry in this vicinity—Irish Newberry, I think?"

The countenance of the customer changed slightly at this question, but he lost little time in saying:

"No such man in these parts. In fact I never knew such a man, and I have become tolerably well acquainted

for roundabouts near city walls. I think there is a man living over in Goshenbury by some such a name. Come over to my house, Mr. Johnson, and I will show you a little. Canuck I've got. I know I can please you."

"Held onto 'em strong," declared this, improving his opportunity. "I tell you twice all I wanted to do, and my

arms ain't got done aching yet. What, gentlemen, if you would believe it, that air collar just pulled my heavy wagon by its reins. It's times this's so much as willin' once. But the spatter—"

"This man I want to find is very prominent in town, and it is said his eye teeth cut for business. I was told he'd be likely to lodge and feed me."

"Scoundrel, I assure that was the only way he could keep

the road, he carried right down the main aisle, so that no

cost of mine could in no way get lost without working both

the wagons. He showed better to do that, so he spun

for a quarter with his head in the team lead's foot, as he

walloped his horse his best to get out of the way. He couldn't

leave us an inch, no, all he could do was to block the way,

which any clumsy jockey might have done with more con-

sistency. It was then when to a cool-headed man, as I

vowed that air collar of mine should go just as I bid him

waggin'. Black Joe was of the same mind, too, as I

known by the way he laid back his ears the instant business

was, we were close down to Mr. Harrier's, the downy poppin-

jay ahead, a checklin' to him—"

"It must be Spence Newberry you are looking for, Mr.

Johnson," spoke up a bystander; "him as stands over by

the boy, Abe Goodwill. He's a little puts up looks as if he

come along."

"He must be my man. I got a little twisted in the name. Thank you, sir."

"Confounded numbskull, Dave Journeyman! why didn't you hold your tongue?" demanded the angry Jenness in a low tone aside, as Mr. Johnson advanced to shake hands with the squire. "Now you have put another good hoss trade into the squire's hands."

By this time the crowd, seeing nothing exciting was likely to take place, began to disperse. Jock Jenness waited impatiently for an opportunity to speak to Mr. Johnson, who seemed to have thrown himself on the hospitality of the other. Finally his patience was rewarded.

"—self thinkin' he had chucked that air colt an' me inter a hole," said the soft, persuasive voice of Life again improving the momentary hush in the sound of speakers, "I see th' road was narrer and gettin' narrer, an' likewise Black Joe see it, too. Now I ain't prone to hoss racin', but th' way that dum foolscap had used me naturally set my náter on aidge. So, when I see Black Joe throw back his ears tigh 'n th' strings to a drum, an' knowin' watchin' his chance, I jess hild my holt on 'em reins stout and farm, an' let him have his way. Th' stranger was coverin' the whole dummed road, but when his waggin slew a bit the light come in a bit ahead of me. I see th' spine of Joe sort of curve, his heed went down a bit, an' I knowed th' time had come. I braced my feet well ag'in the dash-board, but afore I could say Jack—"

"Come up to my house a little while, Johnson," said Jock Jenness, at that moment. "You'll have plenty of time to get round to the squire's for supper."

"I'll come up in th' morning, Jenness. Glad to have met you; heard of you long before I struck town."

"Perhaps I'll drive down this evening. Hullo! come to think on't I've an errand to the store, so I'll drive along with you."

"There's goin' to be some fun at th' Centre, an' sum-

buddy's goin' to get shaved like thunder!" declared a bystander, falling in with the procession that was starting toward the village.

"—Robinson, I see that colt come inter the air, an', if you would believe it, gentlemen, he actually cleared th' hind wheel an' buddy of that dummed fool's waggin, carryin' my waggin with him, an' me settin' there as stubbid as a stump, as slick as rollin' off'n a log! No sooner had his toes struck terror farma than he laid down to work, an' he kivered that dummed nigger so with dust I lost sight of him in less'n a minnit. Has th' squire another hoss trade on hand?" and he joined the procession, though moving with a more moderate gait he reached the grocery somewhat behind the majority.

(Begun in the July number; to be continued)

Autumnal Tints

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

The new and enchanting pictures now,
Autumn, the wondrous limner, makes,
And Ceres with garlands on her brow
Through harvest fields her slow way takes.

These parting glories of the year,
So sweetly blent with lights and shades,
To all our hearts are ever dear;
Though soon the gorgeous pageant fades.

Old winding roads and charming lanes
We daily haunt in dreamy mood;
What gleaming shrubs adorn the plains,—
Serene and calm each stately wood!

Where late the dark recesses were,
Sunshiny brightness now appears;
And warmer seem the pine and fir
When nature's crowning glory cheers.

Behold, enjoy, and lessons learn,
Before these things are sere or dry;
To memory's glass we'll fondly turn
When Winter rules the earth and sky!

The Editor's Window

J. B. M. writes: "Your poems upon old homes recalls to mind a song that was very popular in my boyhood days, and which I would very much like to see in print. It was entitled 'My Old Kentucky Home.' I think it was written by Stephen Foster. Can you reprint the poem with a sketch of the author?"

While the poem referred to is not a New Hampshire subject, nor was its author a native of our state, yet we shall be glad to accede to our contributor's request in an early number.

* * *

"The first minister in Atkinson, N. H.," says G. B. G., "was the Rev. Stephen Peabody of Andover, Mass. He married, first, Polly Haseltine of Bradford, that state; second, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Rev. John Shaw of Haverhill. The latter was a sister of the wife of the first President Adams. She married Shaw in 1777 and Peabody in 1795. There is a generally credited tradition that Mr. Peabody had consulted Mrs. Shaw but a short time before her first husband's death in regard to his own 'lone' condition, and asked her advice as to the most suitable person to 'share his joys and his sorrows.' A particular candidate for such a partnership was recommended and agreed to, but before sufficient time had elapsed to consult the third party, Mr. Shaw suddenly died and, in his zeal to console the bereaved widow, Mr. Peabody entirely forgot the claims of the original candidate, and was so soon announced as the 'happy man' that it was even whispered that the previous decision was revised on the day of the funeral."

The Editor's Reminders

A. B. M. writes: "Your poems upon old home days to which a song that was very popular in my boyhood days and which I would very much like to see in print. It was entitled 'My Old Kentucky Home.' I think it was written by Stephen Foster. Can you reprint the poem with a sketch of the author?"

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Notes and Queries

Under this head we are pleased to inaugurate a department which has been in our mind since the first number of the *GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE*. We shall be glad to receive questions from any and every reader of the magazine, and also to get replies to the queries propounded. Remember this department is open to all, and we hope it will become one of the most interesting and valuable features of this publication. As a convenience for reference each query will be given the number in which it came, and all answers will refer to this.—*Editor*.

1. What is the origin of the song, "Yankee Doodle?"

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

2. Can anybody give the date of the oldest dwelling house erected within the territory of New Hampshire? If so, when and by whom was it built?

B. M. B.

3. When did the rifle first come into actual use in this country, and who used it?

TRUTH SEEKER.

4. Why is Massachusetts called a "Commonwealth" and New Hampshire a "State"? I think there are other states designated as commonwealths. Which are they?

INQUIRER.

5. What is meant by "Old" and "New Style" of reckoning time?

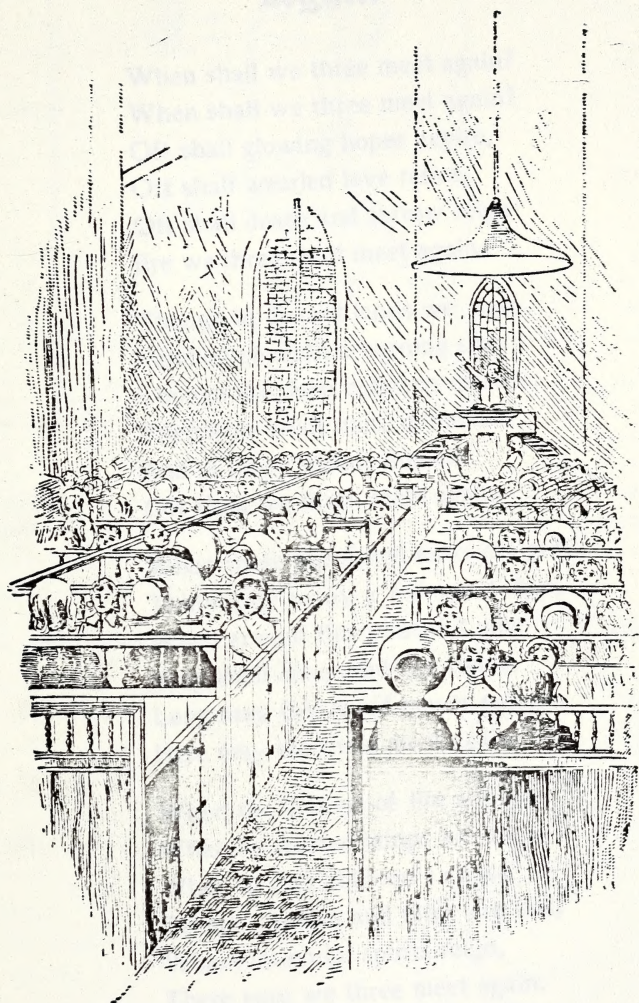
YOUNG STUDENT.

6. Will you give me the origin of the word "Puritan?"

X. Y. Z.

7. Is there in New Hampshire an old meeting house that retains the old-style pews and pulpit with sounding board?

ELEANOR FAIRFIELD.



OLDTIME THANKSGIVING SERVICE

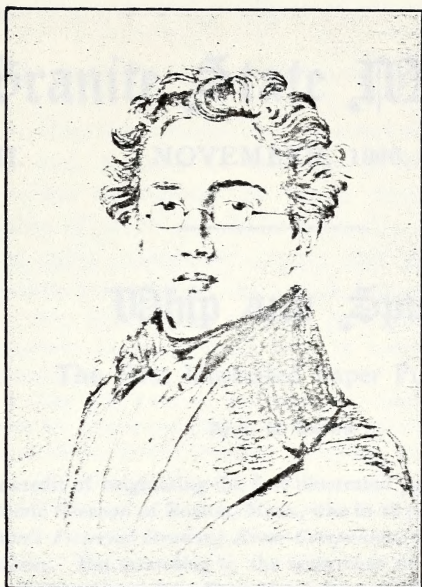
When Shall We Three Meet Again

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hopes expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again.

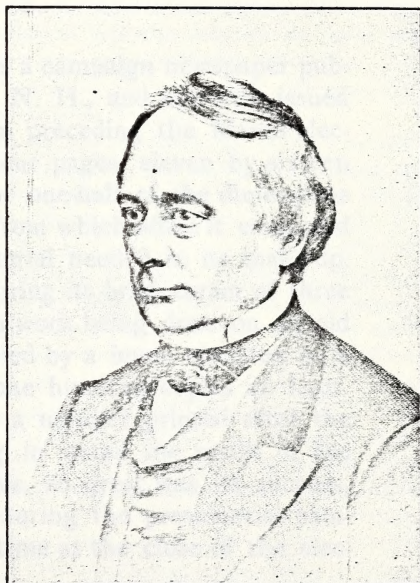
Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When these burnished locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,
When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
Long may this loved bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again.



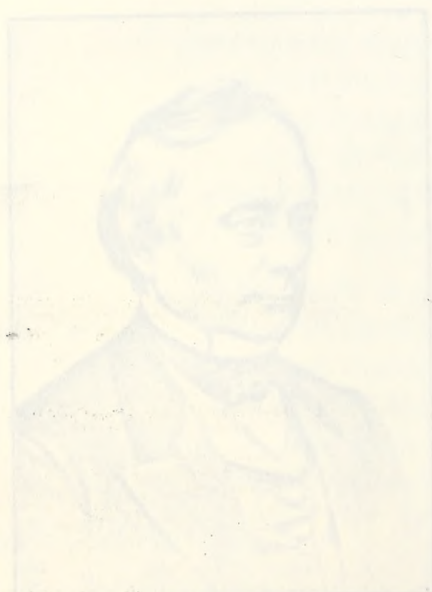
COL. HENRY E. BALDWIN



HENRY E. CARLETON



COL. HENRY E. BALDWIN



HENRY E. CARLETON

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NOVEMBER, 1906.

No. 5.

Whip and Spur

The First Illustrated Paper Published

By C. M. BROWN

The credit of originating the first illustrated paper has been given to Mr. Frederic Gleason of Boston, Mass., who in 1850 began the publication of *Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion*, which proved an immediate success. But according to the researches of our contributor there had already been issued in New Hampshire an illustrated paper whose first cartoon antedates the other by more than ten years. As far as we know *Whip and Spur* was the first paper to furnish illustrations, not only in this country but in the world. Surely no small meed of credit belongs to its versatile projector.—*Editor*.

WHIP AND SPUR was a campaign newspaper published at Newport, N. H., and was first issued during the campaign preceding the March election of 1839. It contained four pages, eleven by sixteen and one-half inches in size, or one-half of the dimensions of the *Argus and Spectator*, from which office it emanated and which furnished the material needed in its make-up. *Whip and Spur* was printed, during its brief career of three months, once a week, its press work being done on an old Franklin press, its power applied by a lever, operated by a man. Its speed limit was one hundred copies an hour. The first volume ended with a number printed after the election of March 12, giving in detail the result of the recent contest. Following this, so great was its success, *Whip and Spur* was published during the presidential campaigns, appearing for the last time at the close of the election in 1860.

Ship and Spur

The First Illustrated Paper Published

By C. M. Baker

The credit of originating the first illustrated paper has been given to Mr. Theodore Tilton of Boston, Mass., who in 1830 began the publication of *Clarendon's Illustrated Family Almanac*, which proved so successful that success. But according to the statement of our contributor there had already been issued in New Hampshire an illustrated paper whose first number contained the paper by more than two years. As far as we know *Ship and Spur* was the first paper to publish illustrations, and only a few years later to the world. It was a small sheet of weekly delivery to the subscribers.

WHAT *SHIP AND SPUR* was a country newspaper published at Newbury, N. H., and was first issued during the campaign preceding the March election of 1830. It contained four pages, eleven by sixteen and one-half inches in size, or one-half of the dimensions of the *Atlas* and *Spectator*, from which paper it emanated, and which furnished the material needed in its make-up. *Ship and Spur* was printed, during its brief career of three months, once a week, its press work being done on an old Franklin press, its power applied by a lever, operated by a man. Its special limit was one hundred copies an hour. The first volume ended with a number printed after the election of March 12, giving in detail the result of the recent contest. Following this, so great was its success, *Ship and Spur* was published during the presidential campaign appearing for the last time at the close of the election in 1860.

The first owners and printers were the brothers Henry E. and Samuel C. Baldwin, of Newport. In this connection we cannot do better than quote the description given of them and their paper by Henry Guy Carleton, in the *New Hampshire Argus and Spectator*, a short time before his decease, the article being the last he ever wrote:

The Baldwins all inherited good intellectual qualities from their ancestors, besides a good share of mother wit and readiness of expression.

Henry E. Baldwin, the eldest, was different from his two brothers in both his mental and physical make-up. While we do not think he was the equal of his brother, Samuel C. Baldwin, as a thinker and writer, he possessed other qualities which would easily have given him success in life had his industry been equal to his ability in the business he was best adapted to fulfill. He had learned the printing business and also the art of engraving upon wood. But continuous and close work in any line of business was no part of his make-up. The natural tendency of his mind was in drafting. Had he pursued this business with industry he would have acquired both wealth and fame. How often have we seen him take his pen or pencil and draw upon paper a rising eagle with its head erect and expanded wings about to take its flight to the regions above. We think there was nothing in animal or vegetable life that he could not readily put upon paper and give it a natural and life-like appearance. He had also a talent for making everything he drew appear ridiculous and laughable. He was really the founder of the *Whip and Spur*.

The origin of the paper was entirely accidental, but it was a success from the start and enabled the publishers of the *Argus and Spectator* to put considerable money into their pockets while comparatively young men. Gen. James Wilson, a celebrated stump orator of Keene, N. H., made a speech in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in the spring election of 1839, in which he said that the "Whigs of New Hampshire needed the whip and spur—the spur rowel deep would set them upon the trot." This expression caught Mr. Baldwin's attention, and he immediately drew out upon paper the State House with General Wilson seated upon a large horse with a long whip in one hand and very large spurs, rowel deep in the horse's flesh, driving the Whig party, which was represented by a large number of men to the State House. This picture was shown to Hon. Edmund Burke, who induced Mr. Baldwin to make a good-sized wood engraving of it and publish a small campaign paper, twelve weeks before the state election. The engraved head was brought out in good shape, and with a few other small illustrative cuts gave the first number a splendid illustrative appearance. It took like wildfire and a circulation of nearly four thousand was readily obtained in the state. The price was twenty-

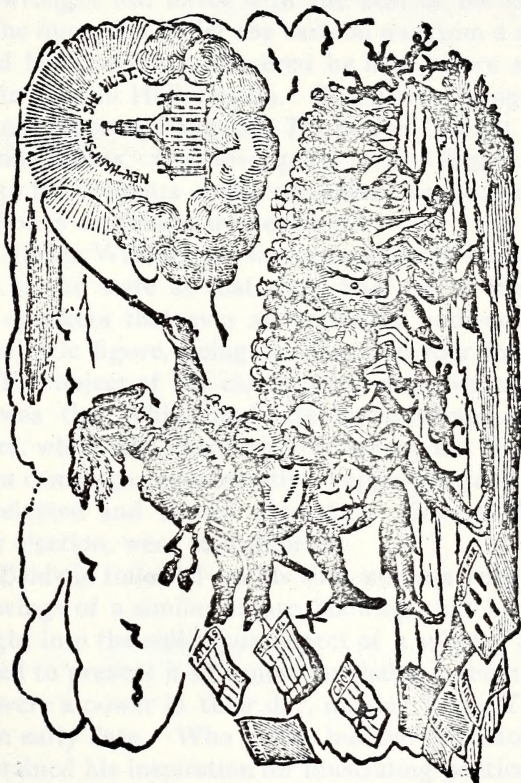
five cents, or five copies to one address for one dollar. And here we must say that it was the first illustrated newspaper that we ever saw. If there had been other illustrated papers printed before that time, the spring election of 1839, we never knew it. The paper was never after printed in a state election, but was printed every presidential year down to 1860, when the postoffice laws were so changed as to render it not so remunerative.

If our memory is correct, and we think it is, there was never less than twelve thousand subscribers in any presidential year with the exception of 1860, when a good subscription was then obtained. We recollect that the mail bags were not sufficient to take them away directly and that they were sent by way of Grantham, Lempster and Acworth and to other through routes.

We must say a few laughable things in regard to Colonel Baldwin, which we know or was told by him. When the first number of the *Whip and Spur* was being put in type the work was somewhat delayed, Colonel Baldwin, who was a man of no work, came into the office at night to look over the first number printed and see if it was all right. He waited impatiently, sometimes walking about the office and at other times sitting down, until the office clock was nearing the hour of twelve when, anxious to retire, he put his hand upon his brother's shoulder and rather loudly exclaimed: "Sam, Sam, when will this paper come out?" His brother immediately exclaimed: "Not until several of the small hours of the morning are reached." He immediately said: "Sam, Sam, I opine we shall get d— sick of this *Whip and Spur*" when a loud laugh went out from the office hands and the work went on. The paper came out in good shape and Colonel Baldwin always felt proud of its birth. This was the only time the paper was published by the Baldwins.

The story of the *Whip and Spur*, as above related, was told the writer of this article several years ago by the venerable editor, whose newspaper experiences began when he went into the office of the *Argus and Spectator*, in 1832, in companionship with the Baldwins. But for him the name and credit of the idea for first illustrating a newspaper must have been lost. A search was begun by us at once for a copy of the *Whip and Spur*, having on its title-page the first cut ever furnished in the United States, if not in the whole world. Several years before the *Argus and Spectator* office had been burned with all its newspaper files, the *Whip and Spur* with the rest. Finally a few copies of this interesting publication were found in the vault of the state library at Concord, and among them the very num-

ber wanted. This was dated at Newport, N. H., March 12, 1839; Number XI, Volume 1. The cut appeared at the center of the top of the title-page, with the words in bold-face type "Whip &" on the left hand, and "Spur!" on the opposite side. Underneath the cartoon was the quotation from General Wilson as given.



From Original Cut by H. E. BALDWIN

FIRST CARTOON IN THIS COUNTRY

"They need the *Whip* and *Spur*—the *Spur* towel deep."—Gen. James Wilson.

It will be observed that Mr. Carleton in his account speaks of General Wilson as seated upon a horse, proving how easy it is for the memory to be deceived. Had the artist made a drawing after that style his work would have lost the effect sought for in his caricature, where ridicule is the means used to obtain the desired result. Besides illus-

trating the peculiar gift of the artist, the woodcut, of which we are fortunate enough to have a copy that had been used only a few times, gives a good idea of the political spirit of the times. General Wilson is astride the back of a big man supposed to represent the Whig candidate for member of congress. The rowel upon the foot of the rider has wrought sad havoc with the seat of his victim's pants. The quotation under the cartoon was from a speech which had been recently delivered by him, before a large audience, in Faneuil Hall, Boston. The papers flying about were the newspapers of the day, *The Boston Courier*, *Atlas*, *Centinel*, and others. One inscription reads "Nigger." By referring to the contents of the old sheet, we discover that the anti-slavery sentiment was evident.

Gen. James Wilson, Jr., was a prominent lawyer and politician of the state at that time, and one of the most eloquent speakers that ever addressed an audience. He was of majestic figure, being six feet and four inches in height. The object of the caricature is plain when we say that he was the Whig candidate for governor of New Hampshire, while the Democrats, of whom the *Whip and Spur* was a campaign representative, supported John Page, who was elected and served 1839-1842. General Wilson, soon after election, went to California.

Mr. Baldwin followed up his first success with many other drawings of a similar nature, showing that he had a deep insight into the ridiculous aspect of a subject, and he never failed to present it in a most laughable manner. His cartoons were a power in their day, making him a Thomas Nast of an early date. Who knows but the celebrated cartoonist obtained his inspiration for illustrating political situations, which he carried to a power no other man has reached, from seeing Colonel Baldwin's cartoons in *Whip and Spur*? Certainly no one can say the latter copied. Wheeler's history of Newport, N. H., throws additional light upon the life of this artist under the heading of "Literature."

Henry E. Baldwin, who was for a time editor of the *Argus and Spectator*, and subsequently of the *Lowell Courier*, wielded a ready pen and was an agreeable writer. He sometimes indulged in poetry. His "Pencillings by the Way," written during a trip in the west, were in the best of humor and were republished in several journals. He was the son of Erastus Baldwin and was born December 19, 1815. He filled the offices of register of deeds and judge of probate for Sullivan county and was at one time clerk of the state senate. For four years he was an officer of the Boston custom house. He was a private secretary to President Pierce and took a deep interest in the welfare of his native town. His social nature, agreeable manners and uniform courtesy won for him many friends. He died at Washington, D. C., February 12, 1855, aged forty-one years. He married Marcia, daughter of Thomas P. Gilmore, of Newport.

It will be noticed that he made his first drawing in 1839, at the age of twenty-four. The fine half tone which appears in this number of the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE was made for us from a pen drawing made of him about the time he engraved upon wood his original cartoon for *Whip and Spur*.

The Valleys of New Hampshire

By T. C. HARBAUGH

The Valleys of New Hampshire,
How beautiful they lie
By Nature robed like Sheba's queen
Beneath the azure sky;
Each one doth glitter in the sun
As bright as brightest gem,
And Memory takes me by the hand
And leads me back to them.

Henry E. Baldwin, who was for a time editor of the *Atlas* and *Register*, and subsequently of the *Lowell Courier*, wielded a ready pen and was an agreeable writer. He sometimes indulged in poetry. His "Pennington's Way," written during a trip in the west, was in the past of humor and was republished in several journals. He was the son of Erasmus Baldwin and was born December 10, 1815. He filled the offices of register of deeds and judge of probate for Sullivan county and was at one time clerk of the state senate. For four years he was an officer of the Boston custom house. He was a private secretary to President Pierce and took a deep interest in the welfare of his native town. His social nature, agreeable manners and uniform courtesy won for him many friends. He died at Washington, D. C., February 10, 1885, aged sixty-nine years. His married Maria, daughter of Thomas F. O'Neil of Newport.

It will be noticed that he made his first drawing for the *Atlas* of the *Register* in 1840. The first ball room which appears in this number of the *Lowell State Messenger* was made for us from a pen drawing made of him about the time he engraved upon wood his original cartoons for the *Atlas* and *Star*.

The Valleys of New Hampshire

By T. C. HARRISON

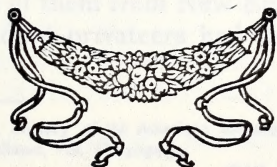
The Valleys of New Hampshire
How beautiful they lie
By Nature's hand the God's own
Beneath the sun and sky
Each one hath given to the sun
As bright as brightest gem
And Nature's hand we by the hand
And leads me back to them.

The Valleys of New Hampshire
With music often ring,
For deep within their wooded realms
The feathered songsters sing;
And many a river, crystal clear,
Beneath the ancient tree,
From sun to shade, from shade to sun,
Leaps to the distant sea.

O Valleys of New Hampshire!
What matchless beauty lies
Deep in the fair, translucent depths
Of all thy daughters' eyes!
Your name is known around the world,
And o'er your sacred dead,
When summer gently rules the world.
The lily lifts her head.

O Valleys of New Hampshire!
In memory you can see
The glist'ning spears that long ago
Flashed 'neath the hoary tree;
And up and down your peaceful paths
Beneath the starry arch,
At night, when all around is still,
The scarlet legions march.

O Valleys of New Hampshire!
Forever may ye know
The blessings sweet of peace and love
The hands of God bestow;
Your sons the bravest of the brave,
Your daughters bright and fair,
Your fame as lasting as the walls
That Ocean's powers dare.



Causes of the American Revolution

By JAMES H. STARK



TO ANY statesman who looked into the question inquiringly and with clear vision, it must have appeared evident that, if the English colonies resolved to sever themselves from the British Empire, it would be impossible to prevent them. Their population was said to have doubled in twenty-five years. They were separated from the mother country by three thousand miles of water, their seaboard extended for more than one thousand miles, their territory was almost boundless in its extent and resources and the greater part of it no white man had traversed or seen. To conquer such a country would be a task of greatest difficulty and stupendous cost. To hold it in opposition to the general wish of the people would be impossible. The colonists were chiefly small and independent freeholders, hardy backwoodsmen and hunters, well skilled in the use of arms and possessed of all the resources and energies which life in a new country seldom fails to develop. They had representative assemblies to levy taxes and organize resistance. They had militia, which in some colonies included all adult freemen between the ages of sixteen and fifty or sixty and, in addition to Indian raids, they had the military experience of two great wars. The first capture of Louisburg, in 1745, had been mainly their work. In the latter stages of the war, which ended in 1763, there were more than twenty thousand colonial troops under arms, ten thousand of them from New England alone, and more than four hundred privateers had been fitted out in colonial harbors.*

*Ramsey, *History of the American Revolution*, Vol. I, page 40; Hildreth, Vol. II, page 486; Grahame, Vol. IV, page 94.

There were assuredly no other colonies in the world so favorably situated as these were at the close of the Seven Years' War. They had but one grievance, the Navigation Act, and it is a gross and flagrant misrepresentation to describe the commercial policy of England as exceptionally tyrannical. As Adam Smith truly said, "Every European nation had more or less taken to itself the commerce of its colonies, and upon that account had prohibited the ships of foreign nations from trading with them, and had prohibited them from importing European goods from any foreign nation," and "though the policy of Great Britain with regard to the trade of her colonies has been dictated by the same mercantile spirit as that of other nations, it has, upon the whole, been less illiberal and oppressive than any of them."*

There is, no doubt, much to be said in palliation of the conduct of England. If Virginia was prohibited from sending her tobacco to any European country except England, Englishmen were prohibited from purchasing any tobacco except that which came from America or Bermuda. If many of the trades and manufactures in which the colonies were naturally most fitted to excel were restrained or crushed by law, English bounties encouraged the cultivation of indigo and the exportation to England of pitch, tar, hemp, flax and ship timber from America, and several articles of American produce obtained a virtual monopoly of the English market by their exemption from duties which were imposed on similar articles imported from foreign countries.

The revenue laws were habitually violated. Smuggling was very lucrative, and therefore very popular, and any attempt to interfere with it was greatly resented. The attention of the British government was urgently called to it during the war. At a time when Great Britain was straining every nerve to free the English colonies from the incubus of France, and when millions of

*Wealth of Nations, Vol. IV, chapter 7; Tucker's Four Tracts, page 133.

There were assembled no other colonies in the world so favorably situated as these were at the close of the Seven Years' War. They had but one grievance, the Navigation Act, and it is a gross and ignorant misapprehension to describe the commercial policy of England as exceptionally tyrannical. As Adam Smith truly said, "Every European nation had more or less taken to itself the commerce of its colonies, and upon that account had prohibited the ships of foreign nations from trading with them, and had prohibited them from importing European goods from any foreign nation," and "though the policy of Great Britain with regard to the trade of her colonies has been dictated by the same mercantile spirit as that of other nations, it has upon the whole been less liberal and oppressive than any of them."

There is no doubt, much to be said in palliation of the conduct of England. If Virginia was prohibited from sending her tobacco to any European country except England, East India men were prohibited from purchasing any tobacco except that which came from America or Europe. If many of the trades and manufactures in which the colonies were naturally most fitted to excel were restricted or crushed by law, English domination encouraged the culture of indigo and the exportation of England of sugar, hemp, flax and ship timber from America, and several articles of American produce obtained a virtual monopoly of the English market by their exemption from duties which were imposed on similar articles imported from foreign countries.

The revenue laws were politically wise. Smuggling was a rampant and lucrative very popular, and any attempt to interfere with it was greatly resented. The attention of the British government was naturally called to it during the war. At a time when Great Britain was attending every effort to free the English colonies from the burden of taxation, and when millions of

pounds sterling were being remitted from England to pay colonists for fighting in their own cause, it was found that French fleets, French garrisons, and the French West India Islands were systematically supplied with large quantities of provisions by the New England colonies. Pitt, who still directed affairs, wrote with great indignation that this contraband trade must be stopped, but the whole community of the New England seaports appeared to favor or was partaking in it, and great difficulty was found in putting the law into execution.

From a legal point of view, the immense activity of New England was for the most part illicit. In serene ignorance the New England sailor penetrated all harbors, conveying in their holds, from the North, where they belonged, various sorts of interdicted merchandise and bringing home cargoes equally interdicted from all the ports they touched. The merchants who, since 1749, through Hutchinson's excellent statesmanship, had been free from the results of a bad currency greatly thrived. The shipyards teemed with fleets, each nook of the coast was the seat of mercantile ventures. It was then that in all the shore towns arose the fine colonial mansions of the traders along the main streets, that are even admired to-day for their size and comeliness. Within the houses bric-a-brac from every clime came to abound, and the merchants and their wives and children were clothed gaily in rich fabrics from remote regions. Glowing reports of the gaiety and luxury of the colonies reached the mother country.* The merchants and sailors were, to a man, law-breakers. It was this universal law-breaking, after the fall of Quebec, that the English ministry undertook to stop over its extended empire. This caused friction, which gave rise to fire, which increased until the ties with the mother land were quite consumed.

As early as 1762 there were loud complaints in Parliament of the administration of custom houses in the colonies.

*Gordon's History of the American War, Vol. I, page 157.

Grenville found on examination that the whole revenue derived by England from the custom houses in America amounted only to between one and two thousand pounds a year, and that for the purpose of collecting this revenue the English exchequer was paying annually between seven and eight thousand pounds. Nine-tenths, probably, of all the tea, wine, fruit, sugar and molasses consumed in the colonies were smuggled.* Grenville determined to terminate this state of affairs. Several new revenue officers were appointed with more rigid rules for the discharge of their duties. "Writs of assistance" were to be issued, authorizing custom house officers to search any house they pleased for smuggled goods. English ships of war were at the same time stationed off the American coast for the purpose of intercepting smugglers.

Grenville resolved strictly to enforce the trade laws, to established permanently in America a British force of about ten thousand men and to raise by light parliamentary taxation of Americans at least a part of the money which was necessary for its support. These three measures produced the American Revolution † There is not a fragment of evidence that any English statesman or any class of people desired to raise by direct taxation anything for purposes entirely English. The colonists were not asked to contribute for the navy that protected their coasts or the English debt. The colonists had profited by the successful war incomparably more than any other British subjects. Until the destruction of the French power, a hand armed with a rifle or tomahawk and torch seemed constantly near the threshold of every New England home. The threatening hand was now paralyzed and the fringe of plantations by the coast could now extend itself to the illimitable West in safety. No foreign foe could now dictate a boundary line

*Hildreth, Vol. II, page 498; McPherson's *Annals of Commerce*, Vol. III, page 330; Arnold's *History of Rhode Island*, Vol. II, pages 227-235.

†Grenville Papers, Vol. II, page 114; Bancroft, Vol. II, page 178; Sabine, *American Loyalists*, Vol. I, page 12; Lecky, *American Revolution*, page 52.

and bar the road beyond it. The colonists were asked only to bear a share in the burden of the empire by a contribution to the sum required for maintenance of the ten thousand soldiers and of the armed fleet which was unquestionably necessary for the protection of their long coast line and of their commerce.

James Otis started the Revolution in New England by what Mr. Lecky calls an "incendiary speech" against writs of assistance, and if half of what Hildreth asserts and Bancroft admits in regard to smuggling along the coast of New England is true, there is no reason to wonder that such writs were unpopular in Boston. James Otis, whose father had just been disappointed in his hopes of obtaining a seat upon the bench, was no doubt an eloquent man and all the more dangerous because he often thought he was right. That it is always prudent to distrust the eloquence of a criminal lawyer we have ample proof, in the advice he gave the people on the passage of the Stamp Act. "It is the duty," he said, "of all, humbly and silently to acquiesce in all the decisions of the supreme legislature. Nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand of the colonists will never once entertain a thought but of submission to our sovereign and to authority of Parliament, in all possible contingencies. They undoubtedly have the right to levy internal taxes on the colonies."

In private talk he was more vigorous than in his formal utterance. "Hallowell says that Otis told him Parliament had a right to tax the colonies and he was a d— fool who denied it, and that this people would never be quiet till we had a council from home, till our charter was taken away and till we had regular troops quartered upon us."*

John Adams wrote in his diary, under date of January 16, 1770, concerning Otis, as follows: "In one word Otis will spoil the club. He talks so much and takes up so much of our time and fills it with trash, obscenity, pro-

*John Adams' Diary, January 16, 1776.

and far the road beyond it. The colonists were asked only to bear a share in the burden of the empire by a contribution to the sum required for maintenance of the ten thousand soldiers and of the armed fleet which was unquestionably necessary for the protection of their long coast line and of their commerce.

James Oglethorpe started the Revolution in New England by what Mr. Ledy calls an "incendiary speech" against the aid of assistance, and it fell to what Hilditch asserts and Hancock admits in regard to smuggling along the coast of New England is true, there is no reason to wonder that such writs were unpopular in Boston. James Oglethorpe's father had just been disappointed in his hopes of obtaining a seat upon the bench, was no doubt an eloquent man and all the more dangerous because he often thought he was right. That it is always prudent to distrust the eloquence of a criminal lawyer we have ample proof in the advice he gave the people on the passage of the Stamp Act. "It is the duty," he said, "of all humbly and silently to acquiesce in all the decisions of the supreme legislature. There have been ninety-nine in a hundred of the colonists will never once entertain a thought but of submission to our sovereign and to authority of Parliament in all possible contingencies. They undoubtedly have the right to levy internal taxes on the colonies."

In private talk he was more vigorous than in his formal utterance. Hilditch says that Oglethorpe told him that he had a right to tax the colonies and he was wrong. But who denied it, and that the people would never be quiet till we had a council of war. All our charters were taken away and Oglethorpe for regular troops quartered in the colonies. James Oglethorpe said: "The colonies will spoil the ship. He talks so much and talks up so much of our rights and this is with such eloquence."

faneness, nonsense and distraction that we have none left for rational amusements or inquiries. I fear, I tremble, I mourn for the man and for his country. Many others mourn over him with tears in their eyes."

Again John Adams says, after an attack upon him by Otis: "There is a complication of malice, envy and jealousy in the man, in the present disordered state of his mind, that is quite shocking."† On the 7th of May, 1771, Otis, who at this time had recovered his reason, was elected with John Hancock to the assembly. They both left their party and went over to the side of the government. John Adams wrote, "Otis' change was indeed startling. John Chandler, Esq., of Petersham gave me an account of Otis' conversion to Toryism, etc." Hutchinson, writing to Governor Bernard, says "Otis was carried off to-day in a post-chaise, bound hand and foot. He has been as good as his word—set the Province in a flame and perished in the attempt."

In Virginia the revolutionary movement of the poor whites or "crackers," led by Patrick Henry was against the planter aristocracy, and Washington was a conspicuous member of the latter class. In tastes, manners, instincts and sympathies he might have been taken as an admirable specimen of the better class of English country gentlemen, and he had a great deal of the strong conservative feeling which is natural to that class. He was in the highest sense a gentleman and a man of honor, and he carried into public life the severest standard of private morals.

It was only slowly and very deliberately that Washington identified himself with the disunionist cause. No man had a deeper admiration for the British constitution, or a more sincere desire to preserve the connection, and to put an end to the disputes between the two countries. From the first promulgation of the Stamp Act, however, he adopted the conviction that a recognition of the sole right

†John Adams' Diary, October 27, 1772; John Adams' Works, Vol. II, page 26; Letters to Bernard, December 3, 1771.

of the colonies to tax themselves was essential to their freedom, and as soon as it became evident that Parliament was resolved at all hazards to assert its authority by taxing the Americans, he no longer hesitated. Of all the great men in history he was the most invariably judicious, and there is scarcely a rash word or action or judgment related of him. America had found in Washington a leader who could be induced by no earthly motive to tell a falsehood or to break an engagement or to commit a dishonorable act.

In the despondency of long-continued failure, in the elation of sudden success, at times when his soldiers were deserting by hundreds, and when malignant plots were formed against his reputation; amid the constant quarrels, rivalries and jealousies of his subordinates; in the dark hour of national ingratitude and in the midst of the most universal and intoxicating flattery, he was always the same calm, wise, just and single-minded man, pursuing the course which he believed to be right, without fear, favor or fanaticism.

In civil as in military life he was pre-eminent among his contemporaries for the clearness and soundness of his judgment, for his perfect moderation and self-control, for the quiet dignity and the indomitable firmness with which he pursued every path which he had deliberately chosen.

As previously stated, the heart of the Old Dominion was fired by Patrick Henry, one of the most unreliable men living. Byron called him a forest-born Demosthenes, and Jefferson, wondering over his career, exclaimed: "Where he got that torrent of language is inconceivable. I have frequently closed my eyes while he spoke and, when he was done, asked myself what he had said without being able to recollect a word of it." He had been successively a storekeeper, a farmer and a shopkeeper, but had failed in all these pursuits and became a bankrupt at twenty-three. Then he studied law a few weeks and practiced a few years. The first success he made in this line was in an effort to persuade a jury to render one of the most unjust verdicts

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In the despondency of long-continued failure in the election of sudden success, at times when his soldiers were decaying by hundreds and when malignant plagues were formed against his reputation; and the constant quarrels, rivalries and jealousies of his subordinates; in the dark hour of national ingratitude and in the midst of the most universal and intoxicating party, he was always the same calm, wise, just and single-minded man, pursuing the course which he believed to be right, without fear, favor or

injury. In this he was entirely like the great pre-eminence among his contemporaries for the cleanness and soundness of his judgment, for his perfect moderation and self-control, for the quiet dignity and the indomitable firmness with which he pursued every path which he had deliberately chosen.

An admirer stated the heart of the Old Dominion was filled by Patrick Henry, one of the most remarkable men living. Byron called him a far-sighted Demonstration and Jefferson would attribute his career to instinct. Where he got that sort of language is inconceivable. I have frequently heard him speak of the people and when he was done he would say he had said without being able to recollect a word of it. He had been successively a store-keeper, a farmer and a shipowner, but had failed in all these pursuits and become a bankrupt at twenty-three. Then he studied law a few weeks and practiced a few years. The first success he made in this line was in an effort to persuade a jury to return a verdict in his favor.

ever recorded in court. Finally he embarked on the stormy sea of politics. One day he worked himself into a fine frenzy, and in a most dramatic manner demanded "Liberty or Death," although he had both freely at his disposal. He was a slaveholder nearly all his life. He bequeathed slaves and cattle in his will and one of his eulogists brags that he would buy or sell a horse or a negro as well as anybody.

The Stamp Act received the royal assent on March 22 1765, and it was to come into operation on the first day of November following. The "Virginia Resolutions," through which Patrick Henry first acquired a continental fame, voted by the House of Burgess in May following, denied very definitely the authority of Parliament to tax the colonies. At first men recoiled. Otis was reported to have publicly condemned them in King street, which was no doubt true, for, as we have seen, he fully admitted the supremacy of Parliament.

The principal objection made by the colonists to the Stamp Act was that it was an internal tax. They denied the right of Parliament to impose internal taxation, claiming that to be a function that could be exercised only by colonial assemblies. They admitted, however, that Parliament had a right to levy duties on exports and imports, and they had submitted to such taxation for many years without complaint.

In order to soften the opposition, and to consult to the utmost of his power the wishes of the colonists, Grenville informed the colonial agents that the distribution of the stamps should be confided not to Englishmen but to Americans. Franklin, then agent for Pennsylvania, accepted the act and, in his canny way, took steps to have a friend appointed stamp distributor for his province. This made him very unpopular and the mob threatened to destroy his house.

The Stamp Act, when its ultimate consequences are considered, must be deemed one of the most momentous

ever recorded in court. Finally he embarked on the stormy sea of politics. One day he worked himself into a fit of frenzy, and in a most dramatic manner demanded "Liberty or Death," although he had both freely at his disposal. He was a slaveholder nearly all his life. He had slaves and cattle in his yard and one of his servants told that he would buy a new slave or a new cow.

The Stamp Act received the royal assent on March 22, 1765, and it was to come into operation on the first day of November following. The "Virtual Resistance," through which Patrick Henry first acquired a continental name, voted by the House of Burgesses in May following, showed very definitely the authority of Parliament to tax the colonies. At first men recoiled. One was reported to have publicly condemned them in King street, which was no doubt true; for as we have seen, he fully admitted the supremacy of Parliament.

The principal objection made by the colonies to the Stamp Act was that it was an internal tax. They denied the right of Parliament to impose internal taxation upon the colonies, but they admitted that it was the duty of the colonial assemblies to levy duties on exports and imports and they had submitted to such taxation for many years without complaint.

In order to soften the opposition, and to prevent the utmost of his power the wishes of the colonists, Grenville informed the colonial agents that the distribution of the stamps should be extended not to England but to America. Franklin then again for Pennsylvania accepted the act, and as his colony was the first to have a printed appointed stamp distributor for his province. This made him very unpopular and the mob threatened to destroy his house.

The Stamp Act, when its ultimate consequences are considered, must be looked upon as the most important

legislative acts in the history of mankind.

A timely concession of a few seats in the upper and lower houses of the Imperial Parliament would have set at rest the whole dispute. Franklin had suggested it ten years before, anticipating even Otis, Grenville was quite ready to favor it, Adam Smith advocated it. Why did the scheme fail? Just at that time in Massachusetts a man was rising into provincial note, who was soon to develop a heat, truly fanatical, in favor of an idea quite inconsistent with Franklin's plan. He from the first claimed that representation of the colonies in Parliament was quite impracticable or, if accepted, would be of no benefit to the colonies, and that there was no fit state for them but independence. His voice at first was but a solitary cry in the midst of a tempest, but it prevailed mightily in the end.

This sole expounder of independence was Samuel Adams, the father of the Revolution. Already his influence was superseding that of Otis, in stealthy ways of which neither Otis nor those who made an idol of him were sensible, putting into the minds of men, in the place of the ideas for which Otis stood, radical conceptions which were to change in due time the whole future of the world. "Samuel Adams at this time was a man of forty-two years of age, but already gray and bent with a physical infirmity which kept his head and hands shaking like those of a paralytic. He was a man of broken fortunes, a ne'er-do-well in his private business, a failure as a tax collector, the only public office he had thusfar undertaken to discharge."* He had an hereditary antipathy to the British government, for his father was one of the principal men connected with Land-Bank delusion, and was ruined by the restrictions which Parliament imposed on the circulation of paper money, causing the closing up of the bank by act of Parliament and leaving debts which seventeen years later were still unpaid.

*Hosmer, *Life of Hutchinson*, page 82.

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 for his father was one of the principal men connected with
 the East India Company, and was ruined by the company's
 bankruptcy. He was a man of the Christian religion, but
 not a churchman, and having done much for the poor and
 the oppressed.

It appears that Governor Hutchinson was a leading person in dissolving the bank, and from that time Adams was the bitter enemy of Hutchinson and the government. Hutchinson in describing him says, "Mr. S. Adams had been one of the directors of the land bank in 1741 which was dissolved by act of Parliament. After his decease his estate was put up for sale by public auction, under authority of an act of the General Assembly. The son first made himself conspicuous on this occasion. He attended the sale, threatened the sheriff to bring action against him and threatened all who should attempt to enter upon the estate under pretence of a purchase, and by intimidating both the sheriff and those persons who intended to purchase, he prevented the sale, kept the estate in his possession and the debts to the land bank remained unsatisfied. He was afterwards a collector of taxes for the town of Boston and made defalcation which caused an additional tax upon the inhabitants. He was for nearly twenty years a writer against government in the public newspapers. Long practice caused him to arrive at great perfection and to acquire a talent of artfully and fallaciously insinuating into the minds of readers a prejudice against the characters of all he attacked beyond any other man I ever knew, and he made more converts to his cause by calumniating governors and other servants of the crown than by strength of reasoning. The benefit to the town from his defence of their liberties, he supposed an equivalent to his arrears as their collector, and prevailing principle of the party that the end justified the means probably quieted the remorse he must have felt from robbing men of their characters and injuring them more than if he had robbed them of their estates."*

In a letter written by Hutchinson about this time he thus characterizes his chief adversary:

"I doubt whether there is a greater incendiary in the King's dominion or a man of greater malignity of heart,

*Hutchinson's History, Vol. III, pages 294-295.

who has less scruples any measure ever so criminal to accomplish his purposes; and I think I do him no injustice when I suppose he wishes the destruction of every friend to government in America."*

In a letter dated March 13, 1769, Adams petitioned the town, requesting that he be discharged from his indebtedness to the town for the amount that he was in arrears as tax collector. He states that the town treasurer, by order of the town, had put his bond in suit and recovered judgment for the sum due £2009.88. He stated that his debts and £1106.11 will fully complete the sum which he owes and requests "that the town would order him a final discharge upon the condition of his paying the aforesaid sum of £1106.11 into the province treasury." This letter of Adams to the town of Boston fully confirms the statement made by Hutchinson that he was a defaulter, for it appears from this letter that during the several years he was collector of taxes for the town, that he did not make a proper return for the taxes which he had collected, and it was only after suit and judgment had been obtained against his bondsmen that restitution was made, his sureties having to pay over \$5,000 in cash and the balance was made up of uncollected taxes."†

Adams was poor, simple, ostentatiously austere; the blended influence of Calvinistic theology and republican principles had indurated his whole character. He hated monarchy and the Episcopal church, all privileged classes and all who were invested with dignity and rank, with a fierce hatred. He was the first to foresee and to desire an armed struggle, and he now maintained openly that any British troops which landed should be treated as enemies, attacked and if possible destroyed.

*M. A. History, Vol. XXV, page 437.

†This letter was purchased at the E. H. Leflingwell sale of January 6, 1891, for \$185, by the city of Boston, and can be seen in the city clerk's office. In connection with this see "Life of Samuel Adams," by his great-grandson, William V. Wells, Vol. I, pages 35-38. Here he emphatically denies that bonds or sureties were given by collectors. Evidently he had not consulted Boston Town Records, 1767, page 9, when it was voted that Samuel Adams' bond "shall be put in Suit," and when bonds and sureties were required of his successor, neither could he have known of the existence of this letter.

When the Frost is on the Punkin and the Fodder 's in the Shock

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock;
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock.
And the clackin' of the guineys and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster hallylooyers as he tip-toes on the fence;
Oh, its then 's the time a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest.
As he leaves the house bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock.

They 's somethin' kind o' harty like about the atmosfere,
When the heat of summer's over, and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees.
But the air 's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that a painter has the 'colorin'' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The horses in they's stalls below—the clover overhead!
Oh, it set's my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock.
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yellor heaps;
And your cider makin' 's over, and your wimmen-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter and they 's souse and sausage too;
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin', and they 'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole induring flock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock.

Open the Frost is on the Mountain And the Frost is in the Apple

By James W. Wadsworth

When the frost is on the mountain and the fog is in the apple,
 And you hear the rattle and rattle of the stones, rattling out
 And the clatter of the grapes and the clatter of the leaves,
 And the rustle of the leaves as he rustles on the leaves,
 Oh, the time is a little, a little, a little, a little,
 With the rain, and the rain is a little, a little, a little, a little,
 As he leaves the house, and goes out to feed the sheep,
 When the frost is on the mountain and the fog is in the apple.

They are something, kind of, like the mountain,
 When the heat of summer is over, and the fog is in the apple,
 Of course we will the leaves and the leaves on the leaves,
 And the people of the leaves, and the leaves on the leaves,
 And the leaves are something, and the leaves on the leaves,
 Of a kind and many, many, many, many, many, many,
 Is a little, a little, a little, a little, a little, a little,
 When the frost is on the mountain and the fog is in the apple.

The leaves, many, many, many, many, many, many,
 And the leaves, of the leaves, and the leaves on the leaves,
 The leaves are the leaves, and the leaves on the leaves,
 A little, a little, a little, a little, a little, a little,
 The leaves are the leaves, and the leaves on the leaves,
 The leaves are the leaves, and the leaves on the leaves,
 Oh, the leaves are the leaves, and the leaves on the leaves,
 When the frost is on the mountain and the fog is in the apple.

Then your apple is a little, a little, a little, a little,
 Is a little, a little, a little, a little, a little, a little,
 And your apple is a little, a little, a little, a little,
 With the leaves and the leaves, and the leaves on the leaves,
 I don't know how to tell it, but it is a little, a little, a little,
 As the leaves are the leaves, and the leaves on the leaves,
 I'd want to know, and the leaves on the leaves,
 When the frost is on the mountain and the fog is in the apple.

Oldtime Sketches

Recollections of Thanksgiving Day

By THE NESTOR OF THE FARMS

We think of Thanksgiving at seeding time—
In the swelling, unfolding, budding time,
When the heart of Nature and hearts of men
Rejoice in the Earth grown young again.
We dream of the harvest, of field and vine,
And granaries full, at Thanksgiving time.

We think of Thanksgiving at resting time—
The circle completed is but a chime
In the song of life, in the lives of men!
We harvest the toil of our years, and then
We wait at the gate of the King's highway,
For the dawn of our soul's Thanksgiving Day.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.



AMONG our holidays there is not one that appeals with stronger bonds of sympathy to the generation that is passing than Thanksgiving Day. It speaks of the birth of a new nation in a language of silence more forceful than the written word overshadowed with the pomp of heraldry. It is true there were many days of thanksgiving, as well as of fasting, years before that little band of Pilgrims moored their storm-tossed craft upon the rocky shore of Plymouth, but there had been but one—probably will never be another—crucified with the Puritanic spirit. The actual significance of the observance of a national festival is found in the underlying principles that cluster about its origin.

Considering our subject historically we find that the first Thanksgiving observance in America was celebrated by the Pilgrims in 1621. It was first appointed by the

authorities of Massachusetts, the mother of Thanksgivings, in 1633, again in 1634, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1651, 1658 and in 1680, when it seems to have become an annual custom. The first national appointment of a Thanksgiving Day was made by President Washington in 1789. Six years later he issued his second proclamation of a national day of thanksgiving. New York state as early as 1644 began to observe Thanksgiving Day in an occasional way, but until the beginning of the nineteenth century its observance was chiefly confined to New England.

It was nine years before the second Thanksgiving was held, and then it was observed upon the twenty-second day of February. In November of the following year came the third, and though in one year there were two, for the succeeding fifty years it was observed about once in two years, but not always in November. It came when the colonists felt they had the most to be thankful for, let that be a full harvest or an abundant rain.

In those days, when there were no furnaces or steam radiators to warm the house from cellar to garret, the feast and enjoyments were to be found in the great living room, where a huge fireplace shone resplendent with the fire that crackled and roared and threw out its waves of heat, burning the face almost to a blister while the cold chills played hide and seek up and down the back. But this condition did not rob the actors of their happiness. The company comprised a goodly number, and hearts beat just as rhythmically to the rounds of pleasure under homespun garments as they do beneath the finest silk. In this time or riches do not enter.

Within the time of my recollections the religious severity of the day had softened, and the occasion had become one of family reunion rather than divine service. One's loss was another's gain, for somewhere in this changeable life of ours there is a common leveler of human destinies. The thoughts of yesterday are ever tempered by the consciousness of to-day. And life is wholly of the present.

The future is only an anticipation. It required but the memory of grandmother to carry our childish minds back to the period when Thanksgiving meant the silencing of every form of mirth and irreverence. Long before mid-day the family, including even its youngest member, repaired to that sacred edifice, the old meeting-house. It was not known as a "church" in those days, and it was built after an architecture which had been brought to this country, and which has vanished with the disappearance of the spirit that was its master-builder.

In describing one of these old-fashioned houses of worship I cannot do better than to quote from one who remembered it distinctly:

"Its pews were square-like boxes, and the family, when seated on all sides of one, queerly resembled a sleigh riding party, the children and other inconsequential persons being placed with their backs to the minister. The pulpit was high and straight, and over the head of the preacher was suspended an immense sounding-board. The deacons had a pew to themselves in front of the pulpit, and the choir nearly filled the great galleries extending across three sides of the building, suggesting to the very young mind the old picture of Xerxes and his hosts, especially in rising to sing a hymn with the leader brandishing his enormous tuning-fork. When the choir stood the congregation stood also. The Thanksgiving sermon was most impressive. The learned pastor infused into it the heat of his own enthusiasm, the full measure of his own gratitude for blessings received. There was no ambiguity in his expressions, no confusion in his own thoughts of how much to attempt or how to discriminate. His style was simple and direct, his speech as spontaneous as that of an ingenuous, impetuous boy, his piety as transparent as glass."

The cooking of a Thanksgiving dinner was looked upon as the supreme triumph of the housewife. To the younger members of the family it was the dream of a mystery. In the days of our grandmothers the old fireplace

was the throne of power. The long crane, which possibly had not been called upon to do duty since another such day as this, was drawn forward in place of the shorter ones of everyday cook craft. Iron kettles that had been resting in some corner were brought out and made ready for their part in the culinary work. Soon these, with smaller companions of different shapes and sizes, were spouting and stewing with their savory dishes. The huge brick oven had been heated with the driest fagots that could be found, and this, too, was filled to overflowing with pies of different kinds, pumpkin and apple predominating, and puddings of various kinds. A big, fat turkey was roasting to a nicety in the movable tin bake-oven, or perhaps it was a delicious chicken pie "cooking to suit the king" upon the same hospitable hearth. To follow this in detail would require too much space, as it did too much of the patience of the hungry waiter for his dinner.

But all things come to the impatient as well as the patient waiter, and at last it was announced that dinner was ready. Such a dinner as it was! Nothing like it is offered to-day. I doubt if there was ever another such a dinner outside of old New England. That ample justice was done to it is evident.

The evening was given over to amusements of various sorts, in which the older members of the family vied with the younger in a merry chase for pleasure, the visitors joining in the frolic with light hearts and keen sense of enjoyment. Games of every description were played, prominent among these being "blind man's buff" and "My ship comes home from India." If they had rejected the festival of Christmas as a "relic of popery," they entered into the enjoyment of Thanksgiving with as much or more of zest than do we of to-day. An institution of their own, it was natural they should.

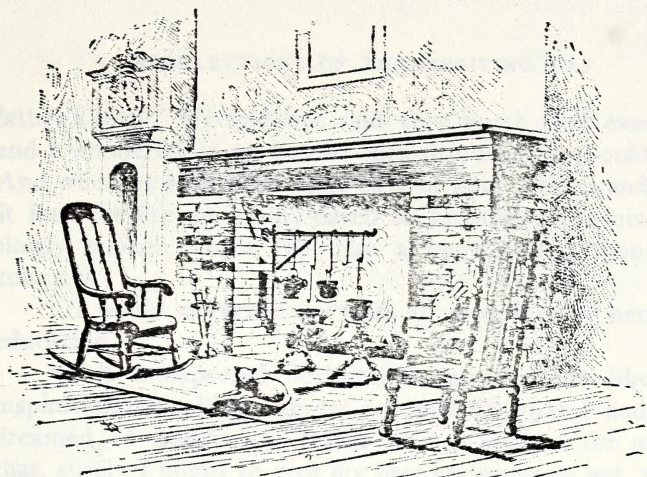
Among the most popular games was the innocent pastime, "Think and Thank." The log fire on the hearth was made to burn brightly, the candle was removed so the

only light that discovered the occupants of the room was the flames that filled the center with a brilliancy outrivalling the electric orb, while driving back into the corners the hosts of darkness that would not be vanished. A pile of small, dry twigs had been laid at one side, and it was expected that those present, one by one, should take one of these and lay it on the fire. Then, while it burned merrily, he or she was to think and say something to make another happy.

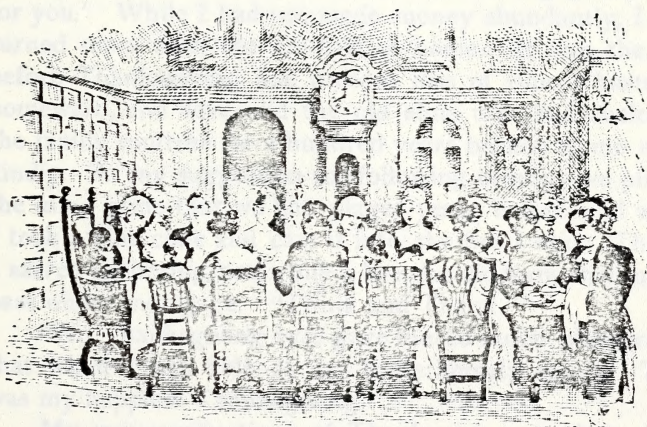
One after another of the interested company had done this, to the great pleasure and happiness of their friends, when it came Aunt Jenny's turn. I think even the older members of the company had looked forward with keen interest to what she might say. It was generally known that she had lived an "old maid" from choice, rejecting a favored suitor that she might minister to the wants of her father in his declining years. Left poor at his decease, she had suffered many deprivations, but had always borne her hard lot with a light heart. Now, as she stepped forward and laid a pine bough upon the fire, not a sound broke upon the crackling of the fire. Lifting her honest, rugged face, which had been once beautiful and which was beautiful still in its holy peacefulness, she murmured softly the words that I shall never forget. "Rest and reward await the faithful." There was not a dry eye in the room when she returned to her chair, and we children did not speak for several minutes.

The genial, whole-souled Hezekiah Butterworth, whom it was my good fortune to know, used to relate that the happiest Thanksgiving came to him when he was a boy, and at a "Think Thank Party." But let him tell it in his own inimitable way:

"I well recall that night. The sleigh bells in the white road, the frost on the windows, the swallows' nest that fell down into the chimney flue of the keeping room after the building of an extra fire there. One by one those present had laid his thank offering on the coals, until it came



OLD FIREPLACE



THANKSGIVING DINNER



OLD FIREPLACE



EXHAUSTING DINNER

father's turn. He had not said very much that evening, and I wondered, in my boyish curiosity, what he would say. And when he took up a short twig of pine needles and cast it into the fire we hardly dared to breathe, while his low, slowly spoken words fell like a benediction upon the company:

"'I would mortgage my farm to give my boy here an education.'

"This unexpected declaration came to me like an inspiration, impelling me to accomplish what I had not dreamed of before. If father was as anxious for me as that, surely I ought to give my best endeavor to get alone what he was so willing to get me at a sacrifice of home.

"There are days that live again, and words that live on and on. These did, and while I worked and struggled in the distant city, I could hear a voice each recurring Thanksgiving, saying: 'I would mortgage my farm for you.'

"Then there came a day when the brother wrote me that father was getting old and feeble, the crops had failed, and he was about to mortgage the farm to save himself from want during the coming winter. In a moment these sacred words came back to me, 'I would mortgage my farm for you.' While I had not made money abundantly, I had earned more than the old folk at home. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and without loss of time I hastened homeward, and never did the old elms that had sheltered the family rooftree for a hundred years beckon to me more kindly. At my suggestion the following evening we played the same game that we had played years before, and when I took a pine cone and cast it into the fire I said: 'This is a sacred gathering, and while I live the old farm shall never pass under mortgage. "Think and Thank."'

"No Thanksgiving ever gave me so much pleasure as that when I was able to say those homely words. That was my happiest Thanksgiving."

My own recollections of Thanksgiving reach back to an early period in my life. Father never allowed the day

to pass without inviting in relatives and friends to enjoy with us the dinner and social hour. One of the choicest chickens or turkeys of his flock was selected for the table and the festival was always voted, by those at least who participated in it, a success. Among other invited guests were usually a couple who lived nearby in an old-fashioned, weather-beaten house that stood upon a high eminence overlooking a wide expanse of country. They were brother and sister, known as "Uncle Jeems" and "Aunt Jenny." They were great favorites with all children, as no Thanksgiving would have been called a success with us without their presence.

In those days, as I look back upon them, it seems to me Thanksgiving was usually ushered in with a big snowstorm. At any rate the one I have in mind was, and Thursday morning found the roads blocked with snow. Our countenances fell, for we felt there would be no company that day, and what would a Thanksgiving dinner be without its guests. But father, who had returned from his annual visit to Boston with his load of poultry late the night before, appeared hopeful so we gained courage. Of course the roads must be broken out, so early in the forenoon the oxen, three yoke, were hitched up, and not only the working team but as many pairs of steers were pressed into the service, acting as if they enjoyed the fun as much as their young drivers. Here I am reminded of the great change that has taken place in that same district, where then, all told, as many as thirty yoke of oxen and steers were mustered to break out the roads, to-day there are not more than two or three pairs. The old barn that contributed on that Thanksgiving turnout its six yoke does not house a single creature now.

I have not the space to describe the wild sport, as it seemed to us boys, that followed, though I hope to devote an article to breaking out a country road sometime. Suffice it for this description to say that the work was well done, so the belated Thanksgiving guests could get to their

destinations in season for the waiting dinner.

It had been planned for Uncle Jeems and Aunt Jenny to ride down to our house on the ox-sled, as the team came back past their house. The first was not only a large man and very clumsy, but a weakness in one of his knees made it difficult for him to walk, even when there was no snow in the path. He stood in the doorway of his humble home as we came back, waiting for us and his anticipated ride. Aunt Jenny had taken extra pains with his toilet this morning, and he had on his heavy "top coat," an old-fashioned garment whose long skirts reached almost to the floor.

Now within sight of home it was hard to keep the oxen quiet, to say nothing of the half-wild steers, while Uncle Jeems was helped upon the sled. But both he and Aunt Jenny were thought to be safely seated, and the word to start was given, when the team made a dash down the hill, threatening to get away from the drivers.

Somehow the abrupt start caused Uncle Jeems to lose his balance, and he rolled over the rear end of the sled into the snow. Aunt Jenny screamed and he uttered a husky cry of distress, though their cries were unheeded by the teamsters, who had more than they could attend to successfully. As Uncle Jeems rolled like a big log into the snow path a chain hanging to the sled caught in his stout coat, and instead of being left behind he was drawn at a furious rate after the moving sled.

"Help! h-e-l-p!" screamed Aunt Jenny, "Jeems can't get away!"

Somebody laughed, for it was a ridiculous sight in spite of the seriousness of the situation. Frequently a log was fastened across the rear end of the sled to smooth down the snow, and now we had a living one instead. Smothered cries came from Uncle Jeems, who didn't so much as kick. Perhaps he had been killed. Those who saw him must have feared this, for in a moment a tremendous outcry went up, but the teamsters were either powerless to respond or else they misunderstood its meaning, for that team did not come

to a standstill until we were in front of the house. Then, the cattle puffing and steaming like living engines, a rush was made to rescue Uncle Jeems.

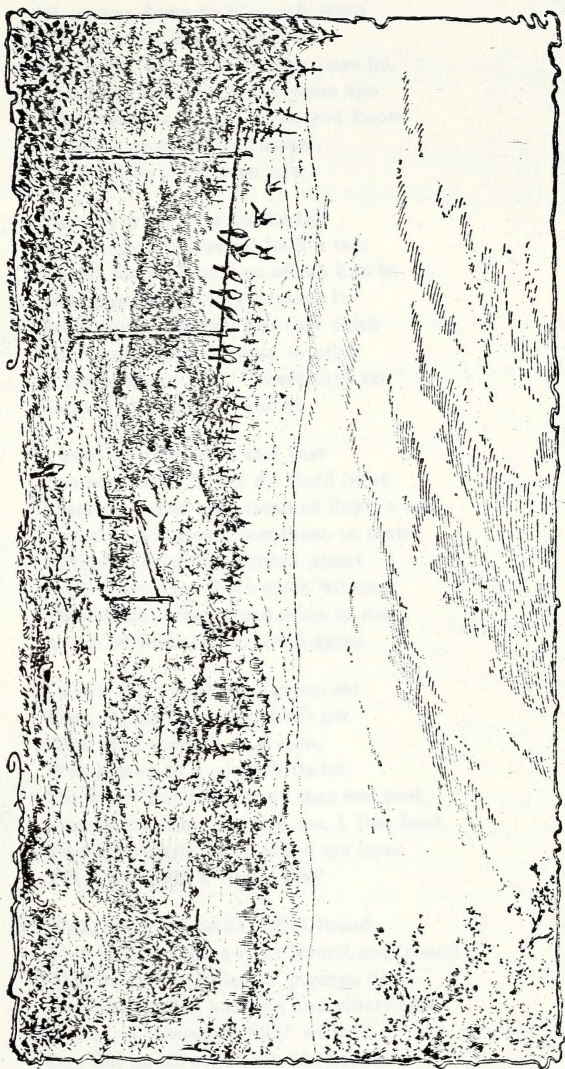
It seemed a long time before he was finally freed and lifted to his feet, where he stood like a huge snow man, trembling from head to foot. Aunt Jenny began to brush the snow from him, and the men helped him into the house, when it was found that he had not suffered any serious injuries. In fact, within five minutes he was laughing as heartily as the rest of us over his adventure, and he declared that he "must have made a cur'us good log for rolling the road."

As we have remarked, the Puritanic spirit of Thanksgiving in a measure has slipped away from us. Old Home Day has become, to a considerable extent, a rival for its homely joys. But if our dinners are not as elaborate as that genuine old-fashioned dinner of our grandmothers and grandfathers, if we do not repair with so much earnest decorum to the house of God's worship, deep in our hearts should burn yet the fire of that sweet sentiment which breathed so fervently of home love and fireside reunion of separated lives. The spirit of that grand old festival inaugurated at the birth of our country should remain the same gracious power as long as this fair nation shall last.

Bill Smith's Whopper

By NIXON WATERMAN

I never heard no one deny
That old Bill Smith knows how to lie.
Of all the men I ever saw
He wags about the smoothest jaw
For tellin' stories. 'Tisn't hard
For Bill to spin 'em by the yard.
He starts his tongue a-goin' and
Just rattles on to beat the band.



SHOOTING WILD PIGEONS

Remember one day, three or four
Of us was down to Slocum's store
A-braggin' of the shootin' we
Had done, when Bill he says, says he,
"One time, 'twas years and years ago
When pigeons was so thick, you know,
I made a shot so big, I swow,
I'm 'fraid to tell it even now!

"But, any way, 'twas in the fall
And near my house I'd built a tall,
Round stack of oats on which had lit
Wild pigeons till they covered it
From top to bottom just that thick
There really wasn't room to stick
A pin between 'em! There they set
So saucy-like, and et and et.

"I took my rifle down and just
Poured powder in her till she'd bu'st
I feared! And then rammed down a ball
And then contrived, somehow, to crawl
Behind a fence that wound about
Right up to that there stack without
Their seein', when there came to me
A sort of brain-wave, you'll agree.

"I knew the way them pigeons set
That, do my best, I couldn't get
More than a dozen at a shot,
Which seemed a pesky little lot.
But when that brain-wave that was sent
From somewhere reached me, I just bent
That rifle-barrel right 'round my knee
Till it was half a circle, see?

"Well, when I fired her off I found
That ball had gone right 'round and 'round
That stack and killed of pigeons fine
Just plumb nine hundred and ninety-nine!"

"Make it a thousand, Bill," we said
But Bill he slowly shook his head—

"No, I won't tell a lie," said he;
"For just one pigeon, no sirree!"

—*New England Magazine.*

The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER VI

A STRANGER AMONG FRIENDS

Yes, Hawkins an' me run the law in this town,
When folks can't conclude to agree,
When one's up a stump an' he wants to get down,
He calls upon Hawkins or me.

—*Hall.*



ALMOST before they were aware of their isolation the two wayfarers found themselves quite alone. The majority of the crowd had started for their respective homes, while the balance had followed the horse jockeys to the little hamlet half a mile to the east. Abe Goodwill was driving leisurely homeward, old Bet being allowed to take her own pace.

"By jove!" exclaimed Quiver, "the mob has rolled away like the waves upon a seashore:"

"And left us like the pebbles that any chance comer may spurn with his foot. But the foot that tramples upon the pebble makes it turn, and we will yet turn, and the day

will come when they come to us rather than leave us unnoticed."

"Whither shall we wend our weary way, professor? Did you notice that illiteration? Will we follow the crowd? I noticed the man who bought the widow's farm asked to stay with the squire."

"We shall stay as his invited guests. But look! There she is in the doorway. To me she never looked more beautiful. Wait here a moment, Leonard, I am going to risk all by speaking to her. It is right I should."

Without waiting for a reply, if one was needed, the prodigal advanced with hasty steps toward the cottage, which now bore a decidedly lonely appearance after the recent gathering there. Mary Temple, with feelings of mingled sadness and joy, had left her work to look after the departing crowd, her mother standing just behind her. The buyer of their home had paid five hundred dollars as a guaranty of good faith in the trade, and Squire Newbegin was to make out the deed and receive the balance of the money that evening. Reuben Rover, as he slowly advanced, feeling a hesitation and yet an impatient longing to meet her, imagined that a look of regret if not of sadness overshadowed her features.

"I wonder if she will recognize me," he thought. "Is it possible that twenty years have so changed me that my best friends fail to remember the harum-scarum youth of the years gone by? I do not believe the old man recognized me, though I tried my best to catch his eye. There may have—ha! she sees me! The die is cast."

Mary Temple had indeed caught sight of the stranger approaching the house and instantly her attention was turned toward him. She saw he was the man who had been one of the bidders for the place. That very fact for a moment gave her reason to think bitterly of him, and she was about to re-enter the house, when he called to her in an anxious tone:

"Mary—stop! don't you see, it is Free Newbegin?"

"I have come home after all these years."

The voice, perhaps, more than the words caused her to stop in her sudden retreat. Turning toward him again she fixed a swift, piercing gaze upon him. Then, with a glad cry upon her lips, while a wave of joy swept over her careworn countenance, she sprang forward, crying:

"Oh, Free! At last! Where have you been all these long, anxious years?"

His outstretched arms closed about her, and while he held her close to his bosom, he said:

"A wanderer, Mary, but never forgetful of you. I—"

Suddenly, without warning, she broke away from his embrace, crying in a tone of distress:

"Oh, Free! I forgot. Let me go. This cannot be. They said that you were dead."

"But the fact that I am here, Mary, is proof that I am alive. You are glad to see me?"

"I do not—I—oh, Free, you do not know what this means—to me!"

"I know that I have never forgotten you, and that—"

"Say no more, Mr. Newbegin—if you are he. *I am the wife of another!*"

"I do not understand it, Mary. I love—"

"Stop, sir! You have no right to say that to me. Besides I am not certain you are Freeland Newbegin. It cannot be, for his body was brought home and is buried in the yard where his mother sleeps beside him."

"There is some mistake, Mary. A moment ago you recognized me, but now you deny me. Is it possible I have changed so much within a few moments?"

If she resented his words her manner did not show it, but rather grief, as she said lowly:

"I do not understand it all. I must think that you are dead. No one recognized you at the auction, and you were present. It was you who made that speculator pay so much for our homestead."

"I did it for your sake, Mary."

"I have come home after all these years."

The voice, perhaps more than the words caused her to stop in her sudden retreat. Turning toward him again she fixed a swift, searching gaze upon him. There with a glad cry upon her lips, a cry of joy, she ran over her worn countenance, she rushed forward crying:

"Oh, Frank! At last! What have you been all these long, anxious years?"

His outstretched arms closed about her, and while he held her close to his bosom, he said:

"A wanderer, Mary, but never forgetful of you. I—"

Suddenly, without warning, she broke away from him embrace, crying in a tone of distress:

"Oh, Frank! I forgot. Let me go. This cannot be."

They said that you were dead."

"But the fact that I am here, Mary, is proof that I am alive. You are glad to see me?"

"I am glad to see you, but I am glad that you are alive."

"I know that I am never forgotten, and that—"

"Say no more, Mr. Newcomb—If you are he, I am the wife of another."

"I do not understand it, Mary. I love—"

"Stop, sir! You have no right to say that to me."

Resolute I am not certain you are Frederick Newcomb. It cannot be, for his body was brought home and is buried in the yard where his mother sleeps beside him."

"There is some mistake, Mary. A moment ago you recognized me, but now you deny me. Is it possible I have changed so much?"

"No, you are the same, but I must think that you are not."

"It was not you at the season, and I was not the man that you were."

"I did it for you, Mary."

"You were kind to do it. You will be more kind to leave mother and me in peace now. Forgive me if I have given you cause for complaint, but we cannot be other than strangers."

"So I am a stranger among friends," he said. "You will tell me if you are going away?"

"I do not mind telling you that it is probable that mother and I shall remain here. Mr. Bowman, who has bought the place, says he will be glad to have us. Squire Newbegin has said, and others have agreed to it, that we can have many of our things back by paying the price at which they were bid off. Our neighbors are very kind, and this is our old home, you know. There comes my husband—go, go, whoever you are, and never seek me again."

Reuben Rover or Freeland Newbegin, if that were his name, was never more nonplused in his adventurous life. His abrupt dismissal by her from whom he had fondly anticipated a different reception was so unexpected that he did not know whither to turn. At that moment he discovered a man coming up the road with the slow, uncertain step of one under the influence of liquor.

"*Her* husband," he thought, and without another word to her he rejoined his waiting companion, saying simply:

"We will go on to the village. I am going to beard the lion in his den now."

Though Leonard Quiver could see that his companion was laboring under great mental suppression, his silence could not long hold in check his irrepressible nature, and he declared as they moved along the dusty road:

"Keeping still does not keep me from getting hungry, old man. I must eat. I am as lank as a grayhound that has run a three days' race and lost his game."

"Can't you believe in me a little longer? Inside of twenty-four hours you shall be gorged and stuffed like a fat pullet intended for the oven."

"And, like the chicken, dead!" declared Quiver with a grimace.

"How long has it been since you have turned prophet? If you have lost confidence in me you might as well throw yourself on the town and get a good square meal along with Old Hungerford and the others. As for me, I never felt so hopeful, and I seem to see before me the grandest triumph of my life. If no one is bound to recognize me, I see no stumbling block in our way, unless it is your own lack of faith."

"The fault isn't in me. Got faith enough to move a mountain—of food. The trouble with me is I have an overpowering hunger."

"Not many days hence you will see every inhabitant of this old town on his knees at our feet, and we shall be feasting on the fat of the land."

Discussing their hopes and fears, the two soon came in sight of the village, finding now a row of houses, standing at irregular distances, on the left hand, while on the other opened the village green known as the Flatiron. The houses were mostly of one story, and the majority showed need of repairs and paint. The street was wide and level, and what looked like a sheep's path ran along on the side next to the dwellings, which the pedestrians followed.

"Houses grow old as well as men," said Rover, who was noting closely every feature of the scene once so familiar to him. "Not many houses long outlive their owners. A few become centenarians, like an occasional occupant, but the majority fall younger. I miss a few, about the same number as I do of the inhabitants. Ha! here is the old Newbegin store, an exception to what I have said. It has not changed much. Been painted since I went away. It was red then. It tries to be white now but, like a man's inner selfishness, the red will show through the white coating."

Quiver saw an ancient looking building of two stories, standing end toward the road, with a wide door in the middle and a window on each side. A broad piazza ran the entire width of the building, supported by four massive

wooden pillars, sadly hacked and hewn by thoughtless loiterers. Twenty or more horses were hitched at posts and fence rails about the sides of the yard, their owners standing or sitting in knots and groups wherever their fancies seem to dictate. Life Story was just ahead of our twain as they stepped upon the piazza, unchallenged by any one, but the object of many pairs of eyes.

"Hand me out a pound of pork, Squire Newbegin," requested Life, as he entered the store.

"Pork enough, squire, pork enough, but I want something to fry mine in. Fact and quoth he, sir, what is is, an' it can't be argified."

"Say, Life, greeted the squire, "when are you going to bring me in that bushel of turnips?"

"Fact an' quoth he, sir," drawing himself up and looking around as if he held the girdle of the world and was about to tighten the tension, "I have concluded not to bring them in yet."

"Not bring them in? I have depended on them, Life, and it's going to disappoint me."

"Sorry, squire, but I do not feel it my duty to make such a sacrifice at my time in life."

"Sacrifice? I do not understand you."

"Perfectly natural. squire, seein' you air buyin'. But the fact is the price of turnips is unsettled. I was readin' only yesterday in my Trybune that there is a turrible drought out in Injy, and as how folks air starving to death by the cart-load. I read, too, that th' Imperator of Egypt is talking of startin' a war to exterminate a hull country of people; an' then, there's a big fire in London, I says to Nancy, with 'em prospects I ain't goin' to let the squire hev my turnips fer a song. No, sirree, with a famine in Injy, a war in Egypt, an' London on fire, th' price of turnips is bound to kite up. Fact an' quoth he, sir, what is is an' it can't be argified."

"All right, Life, only look out they don't get frost bit before you pull them."

"The folks can't afford to have us quarrel, squire, so I shall let your remark pass. The fact is," he continued, turning toward the spectators, looking especially at the strangers, "the squire an' I pay the most tax of any two men in town. Any dispute or trouble is alwus brought to us for settlement, and we alwus bring 'em out slick as peeled hemlock, even if it is necessary for the squire to take one side and I th' other."

A faint cheer greeted these words of Life's for if what he had said was true in regard to the taxes it was because Squire Newbegin alone paid more taxes than any two men in Foxcraft, so that Life, with his mite added, was perfectly safe in making his statement. But the attention of the crowd was arrested at this juncture by the appearance of Mr. Johnson, who had kept in close consultation with Jock Jenness for several minutes. The prodigal improved this opportunity to speak with Squire Newbegin, saying, as he advanced with outstretched hand:

"I have come home for your paternal forgiveness and, though I do not expect the fatted calf to be killed, as it was for the Biblical prodigal, I trust I shall be received with open arms. I have been gone overlong, but I will confess I am glad to get back again."

For a moment he had shown an inclination to speak and had stepped forward in readiness to clasp his extended hand, but before Reuben Rover had finished his speech the squire suddenly stopped and, retreating, said:

"Sir, I do not understand you. I do not recognize you."

"Twenty years do make a great change, father, but if you look closer you will see that I am your son Freeland, who left the old home so long ago. Time has changed me more than it has you," he continued, seeing that the latter still hesitated, "but I hope it has not changed me beyond a degree of your forgiveness. I was only a foolish boy then."

"Nothing that you say and nothing in your looks war-

rant me in thinking that you speak the truth," replied Squire Newbegin, with an inflection of doubt in his voice stronger than was implied by his word. This coupled with the expressed denial touched the impetuous nature of the prodigal, and he exclaimed hotly:

"So you deny me, father?"

"I deny most positively that you are a son of mine," was the equally prompt retort, and the speaker was about to turn away when Reuben Rover hastened to say:

"I see you have not forgotten the injustice of your old ways. But, as true as there is a power for justice, you shall live to eat those words. Ay, the time shall come when you will be glad to recognize me as your son; when you shall get down on your knees to me, and I, not you, shall be the arbiter of fortune. Remember that you shall hear from me again, and in a way that you will not forget."

With these passionate words Reuben Rover wheeled about and strode out of the store, followed by every eye, Squire Newbegin possibly the calmest of those present.

Leonard Quiver lost no time in keeping company with his friend in that hasty retreat from the country store, but neither spoke until they had gone several rods up the road, when the former ventured to say:

"Whither now, old chum? You know I am with you even if every one else is against you."

"Thank you, Len, old boy, I know you are true. You have proved it a hundred times. So the governor chooses to declare war. I had hoped it might be different, for I bore him no malice. But it is different now."

"He may relent before morning," ventured Quiver.

"You say that because you do not know a Newbegin. He never will until I have broken his iron will. I will do that. Fortunately I hold in my hands the rod that can smite him. I will strike hard, too. But I do not think we can do better than to get a night's rest before we open fire on the enemy. Sleep is the lever of the world."

"If you only have a good supper to rest it upon,"

"I don't mean positively that you are a son of mine,"
 was the equally prompt retort, and the speaker was about
 to turn away when Richard Rover hastened to say:

"I see you have not forgotten the injustice of your old
 ways. But, as true as there is a power for justice, you
 shall live to see those ways. As the time shall come when
 you will be glad to recognize me as your son, when you
 shall get down on your knees to me, and I, not you, shall
 be the arbiter of fortune. Remember that you shall hear
 from me again, and in a way that you will not forget."

With these passionate words Richard Rover started
 about and strode out of the room, followed by every eye.

Spence Newbegin gazed at the column of dust present
 Leonard Oliver lost no time in keeping company with
 his friend in that hasty retreat from the company room, but
 neither spoke until they had gone several rods up the road,
 when the former ventured to say:

"Whether now, old chap, you know I am with you
 even if every one else is against you."

"Thank you, Len, old boy, I know you are true.
 You have proved it a hundred times. So the question
 of the future now, I had hoped it might be different,
 for I have a new matter. But it is different now."

"The way is before me now," ventured Oliver.
 "I don't know what because you do not know a Newbegin.
 I will do my best to have made his name. I will do
 my best. I hold in my hands the key that can
 open the door to the past too. But I do not think we
 can be better than to get a night's rest before we open the
 on the coming. This is the hour of the world."

"Will you not have a good night's rest?"

added Quiver, significantly.

"I am not sure how good a supper we shall get at Deacon Goodwill's unless he has changed from his old ways," replied Rover, "but it is our only chance now, and I am the last person to condemn the bridge that is to carry me over the stream. Come on and I will see if I have forgotten the road."

In silence the prodigal led the way back over the same course they had followed in going to Squire Newbegin's store, until reaching and passing the scene of the auction of a few hours before. Soon after leaving this place they kept along a thinly settled district known in local geography as the "North Road," Reuben Rover still carrying under his arm the little hair trunk. The road was bordered by an embankment on the left, at the foot of which flowed a small stream. Peering through the fringe of bushes into the ravine, he was somewhat surprised to discover a man sitting on the ground and rubbing his head as if he had been abruptly awakened from sleep.

This was literally the case, and had he been a few minutes earlier he would have seen, stretched 'at full length under the cooling shade of a clump of birches, the form of a man of large frame, well-stocked limbs, a broad, unshaven cheek and massive chin, asleep. In his better days, when he had no doubt aspired to the true dignity of manhood, he may have been passably good-looking, though the evidence of this could not be called more than circumstantial. As he slept the tension of his features relaxed, and a pleasant expression stole over them in place of the habitual scowl which seemed to speak of an aching heart. No doubt he was dreaming of the free and happy days so long a memory. In the midst of this transitory happiness a fly alighted upon his nose, which caused him to move involuntarily. In doing this he started from his primitive couch on the brink of the bank and rolled down its incline, stopping only when he had reached its bottom by coming in contact with a rock. Awakened thus rudely from his pleasant reminiscences, he

added Oliver, significantly.

"I am not sure how good a supper we shall get at Jackson Goodwill's unless he has changed from his old ways," replied Rover, "but it is our only chance now, and I am the last person to condemn the birds that is to eat me over the stream. Come on and I will wait for you at the road."

In silence the prodigal led the way back over the stream route they had followed in going to Spain's Mountain store, until reaching and passing the scene of the earlier of a few hours before. Then after leaving the place they kept along a thinly settled district known in some parts as the "North Road." Rover still carrying under his arm the little hair trunk. The road was bordered by an embankment on the left at the foot of which flowed a small stream. Passing through the fringe of bushes near the river, he was somewhat surprised to discover a man sitting on the ground and rubbing his head as if he had been roughly awakened from sleep.

This was surely the man and had he been a few minutes earlier he would have been stretched at full length under the cooling shade of a clump of bushes the form of a man of large frame, well-stocked limbs, a broad, weathered chest and massive chin, asleep. In his better days when he had no doubt aspired to the true dignity of monarch he may have been passably good-looking, though the evidence of this could not be called more than circumstantial. As he kept the tension of his features relaxed, and a pleasant expression flitted over them in place of the habitual scowl which seemed to speak of an aching heart. His hands he now clasped in the tree and happy days he longed to see in the mirror of his memory a happy smile. In doing this he started from his primitive couch on the brink of the bank and rolled down its incline, rubbing only when he had reached its bottom by coming in contact with a rock.

A sudden glimpse from his distant reminiscence

lifted his head and, looking around in a bewildered way, muttered :

"Wull, I had no idee th' bed was so narrer. An' here's a feller stickin' his toe inter me as if I wus a toad," giving the rock which had really saved him from a ducking in the stream a kick that dislodged it and sent it into the water with a splash.

"It's Old Hungerford!" whispered Quiver.

"Are you hurt much?" asked Reuben Rover, seeing that the aged man rose to his feet with some difficulty.

"Huh?" he demanded, as if displeased at the appearance of the couple. "Mighty cur'us an' disrespectful if a feller can't snooze on his own bed without prying strangers peekin' at him. Say, mister, ain't a gentleman got no privileges in this country?"

"I hope you will excuse us for breaking in upon the privacy of your room," said Reuben with mock gravity. "But we could not help it very well, seeing our footsteps led us this way. How far is it to Deacon Goodwill's house?"

"Goin' up to th' deacon's?"

"Yes, or I should not have asked that question."

"I see. Want to stop with him over night?"

"We may conclude to do so."

"Why didn't ye hunt up one of t'other selectmen?"

"Why?" allowing the other's impression that they were dependent on charity to pass undisputed.

"'Cos they set er better table. Deacon's too stingy for a gentleman to set at his table. Not but Mrs. Goodwill is er good cook, only g'in her sumthin' to cook. Deacon won't furnish meat enough for a dog to starve on. I'm goin' to get erway as soon as I can fix up matters and things."

"So you board there?"

"Fer er time. An' ef ye air bound to go come erlong with me an' I'll warrant ye wont get lost; that is, if yer don't get to goin' too fast. As long as a man goes slow

he's safe; but he never knows where he's goin' to land once he gets to pushin' hisself. It's like runnin' down er mount'in side then. Get started an' there's no breechin' can stop ye without a tumble. An' a man who's tumbled might as well keep down as try to get up."

"I am afraid you are a pessimist," said Rover, lending his hand to help the old man over the brink of the descent into the road,

"I don't know what ye mean by that, but ye air th' feller that bought the hair chist that would have been mine ef ye hadn't got it," noticing the little trunk Rover was still carrying under his arm. "Reckon 'tain't any great shucks. I jess bid to help out th' widder. Say, weren't it s'prisin' how low th' farm went? An' ye bid on thet, too. S'pose I might with jess as good grace. What made ye stop when ye did?"

"Didn't care to go any higher."

"Got to th' eend of yer ladder, perhaps. But that air Jones is goin' to scoop a bucketful. But th' Joneses were alwus lucky."

"What makes you think the property worth so much?"

"I can tell ye in er whisper. It's gold—gold—gold! It's what makes th' world spin—makes th' sun shine—let's hump it—makes th' bell of glory ring! To think on't, that my old place is right in the range. Life Story said so, an' I know it. If I'd only knowed enough to hev hild on't I might hev been rollin' in gold an' er larfin at th' crumbs swept up by the stingy old deacon. Ah, mister, the poor are the pillars of the people, upon which rich men build their palaces of power."

"By jove!" exclaimed Quiver, "you may be a pessimist but you are a poet."

"I take it you have seen better days, Mr. Hungerford."

"Better in one shape, mister, but I weren't as wise as I am now. But, gracious Lord, I'd ruther hev money 'n wisdom. It helps ye er lot more."

he's safer but he never knows where he's got to land once he gets to pushing himself. It's like running down a mountain side there. Get started and there's no stopping can stop ye without a tumble. An' a man who's tumbled might as well keep down as try to get up."

"I am afraid you are a pessimist," said Hovver, holding his hand to help the old man over the brink of the descent into the trench.

"I don't know what ye mean by that, but ye are the fellow that bought the hat child that would have been mine ef ye hadn't got it," retorting the little trunk Hovver was still carrying under his arm. "Ketchen isn't any great shakes. I see him to help out the widder. Say, weren't a 'splain how low the burg went? An' ye sit on that, too. 'Spose I might with ye as good grace. What made ye stop when ye did?"

"Didn't care to go any higher."

"Got to be a good deal higher than that. The time is gone, it's all over, it's all over. I never was always lucky."

"What makes you think the property would be much?"

"I can tell ye in a whisper. It's gold—gold—gold! It's what makes the world spin—makes the sun shine—makes the bell at Gray ring! To think o' that my old place is right in the rance. The story said so an' I know it. It's only knowned enough to be hid out. I might have been killed in gold an' as barren as the crumple swept up by the stony old stream. Ah, mister, the poor are the pillars of the people upon which rich men build their castles of power."

"By jove," exclaimed Quiber, "you may be a pessimist, but you are a poet."

"I take it you have seen better days, Mr. Hovver," said "Darius in one shape or another, but I wouldn't as you as I am now. But gracious Lord, I'd rather see money in wisdom. It helps ye to get more."

CHAPTER VII

DEACON GOODWILL

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not.

—*Miller.*

WHY in the world doesn't that boy come? Here he's been gone nearly four hours, and he should have been back in two."

From the scene of the auction, at the very time when its excitement was at fever height, the place of action changes to a country dwelling a little over two miles from Sunset village. The speaker was Deacon Goodwill, whom we met at the office of the selectmen, he having gone directly home. He was addressing his wife at this time, while referring to his oldest son Abraham, more frequently called "Abe."

"Oh, he hasn't been gone four hours, pa," replied Mrs. Goodwill, looking up at the clock and then down the road with an anxious feeling at her heart, which she was trying to conceal from her stern, fault-finding husband.

"Wa'al, he should hev been back an hour ago, no marter when he got started. Them beans must be pulled an', tied up 's I am with th' rheumatiz, he an' Enoch must do et. I ought'r be in bed this blessed minnit, 'stead of havin' to worrit about that graceless scamp, who seems bound an' detarmined to worrit th' life out 'n me. Boys ain' got th' work in 'em they had when I was a boy—leastways mine ain't. All that Abraham thinks of is gettin' out 'n my sight, an it may be steal a canter on th' old mare. I'll kill her this very week, see ef I don't, an' stop sich foolishness. Et's a burnin' disgrace to my good name," and striking at

an imaginary fly on his nose, he crossed the floor to look out of a window in the hope of seeing his son.

"I don't see how you can get along without her, Timothy."

"Hire, Mariah; et 'd be cheaper'n feedin' that rack o' bones."

"But she cost you twenty-five dollars, an' it seems a pity—"

"Th' more fool I wus to listen to that gipsy. But I should never hev bought her but Squire Newbegin said she wus cheap at that money. I ought'r knowed better 'n look to th' unregenerate squire for advice. But then he said he'd take her off'n my hands ef I sickened o' my trade."

"Then why not let the squire hev her?" she asked with brightening countenance.

"Huh, woman! let him know I got beat, besides giving him a chance to make sumthin' on my poor trade, 's ef he has not wrung people enough dry now."

"There he comes, dad!" piped up a childish voice at one of the windows. "There comes Abe."

Deacon Goodwill's farm-house stood on what was known as the "North Road," and at the summit of one of the foothills of Rainbow Mountain, so that he could look across the valley to the Beetle Hill road on the east, though it must have been good eyesight that could have distinguished the team that had appeared on the distant hill-top.

"He'll soon be home," said the anxious mother, with a feeling of relief.

"To think that a boy o' mine should prove sich a disgrace to me, an honored, respected pillar o' th' church, who has lived a God-fearin' life for fifty years," he groaned in his agony. Lifting his head in a moment, as if a relieving thought had come to him, he resumed:

"He never took it from me. He's jess like your brother Dick. By the way, I should like to hev you tell me whut ever become o' thet scapegrace. He disappeared from

these parts more'n twenty years ago. He always thought more o' a fast hoss than he did o' a good dinner. Isn't et about time fer him to turn up?"

Let it be said to his credit that Deacon Goodwill did not realize the cruelty of his words. He was sorry when he saw the tears fill her eyes at the memory he had unwittingly awakened, but he remained silent.

"It was not all Dick's fault," she said. "If he ever does come back I shall welcome him with open arms. Father forgave him before he died, and he really never harmed any one but himself."

The family relapsed into silence, little being said until at last Enoch discovered old Bet coming up the hill, Abe having alighted from the wagon and walking along behind. This was a common practice with Abe, who was very considerate of the creature he might be driving, but somehow on this occasion it bore a different impression than usual. Old Bet's sides were steaming with perspiration and, aroused by the sight, Deacon Goodwill, unable to leave the house, raised one of the windows and, thrusting his head and shoulders out into the open air, waited impatiently for Abe to get within speaking distance. If the approaching youth felt any trepidation at meeting his irate father, his youthful countenance bore a buoyant expression, and it was evident the triumph of his recent exploit was uppermost in his mind. He was the first to speak, as he shouted:

"Hilloa, dad! I've got a bit of news. Old Bet—"

"Abraham Goodwill, I'm astounded—dumfounded!" thundered his father. "I believe you've been racin' hosses," as if that was the extreme limit of wickedness.

"Not exactly that, dad, but comin' down Broadway I had a little brush with a stranger who tried one of his smart dodges on me. He had a flyer, I know he did, but old Bet dropped him like a hot doughnut. Oh, Jerusalem, dad! she's an up-an'-get-outer. You've—"

"Jess 's I told yer mother; an to think a boy o' mine

these parts more'n twenty years ago. He always thought more o' a last hour than he did o' a good dinner. I can't say about time for him to turn up."

Let it be said to his credit that Deacon Goodwill did not realize the cruelty of his words. He was sorry when he saw the tears fill her eyes at the memory he had unwittingly awakened, but he remained silent.

"It was not all Dick's fault," she said. "If he ever does come back I shall welcome him with open arms. Father forgave him before he died, and he really never harmed any one but himself."

The family retired into silence, little being said until at last Enock discovered his hat coming up the hill. After having alighted from the wagon and walking along behind. This was a common practice with Abe who was very considerate of the creature he might be driving, but somehow on this occasion it bore a different impression than usual. The horse's sides were steaming with perspiration and the light Deacon Goodwill, unable to leave the seat, was one of the windows and throwing his head and shoulders out into the open air, looked impatiently for Abe to get within speaking distance. If the approaching youth felt any trepidation at meeting his late father, his youthful countenance bore a sterner expression, and it was evident the triumph of his recent exploit was uppermost in his mind. He was the first to speak, as he shouted:

"Hillo, dad! I've got a bit of news. Old Ben—"

"Abraham Goodwill, I'm astounded—dismayed!"

thundered his father. "I believe you've been badly hoaxed."

As if that was the extreme limit of excitement, he

looked away and said, "I'm sorry, but I must be going."

Had a little more with a manager who was as smart

as a cat. He had a good horse, and he had

dropped him like a hot doughnut. Oh, father, dad!

she's an up-and-coming gal. You're—"

"Just a little more, an' so think I'll be home."

should be racin' hosses with a stranger, and above all on Broadway where th' hull town would be seein' to et."

"Town's all to the auction, dad. I heard the Widow Temple's little place brought five thousand dollars; bought by a stranger. Never see so many strangers in town in one day afore. Jerome Pitcher said so, too. The town's wild over the sale, and they do say gold has been found on the place, and that the man who bought it will get rich."

"That don't answer my question, young man," said the deacon, looking severe.

"'Bout my race on Broadway? I couldn't help it, dad. I was comin along at a slow trot when that stranger came down on me and tried to get past. I should have let him gone, but old Bet caught the bit an' straightened. Twenty men with the arms of old Irons couldn't have stopped her. Geewhilliker! but didn't she spin? The stranger, an' his hoss ain't any slouch, couldn't—"

"Et's purty carryings on when a boy o' Deacon Goodwill comes to hoss racin'. I—"

"'Tweren't hoss racin' dad, like we hear about. What's a feller goin' to do when he can't help hisself? 'Tweren't only week afore last you told of getting overhauled by Jock Jenness, an' how old Bet lent him her heels. How quick was it you come down from Tiptop? I tell you the old mare has been trained not to let any one go by her. She's a trotter from the word go."

It was evident from the following remark of his father that Abe's sly reminder was not without its effect.

"You hev ruined her now, an' I'm as good as a hundred dollars out. Look out! she's goin' to fall down,"

Abe had not only freed Bet from the wagon while speaking, but he was now removing the harness, so the animal might enjoy her liberty in the yard awhile.

"Goin' to roll, dad, that's all. Always take the hoss that rolls often. See! over she goes as slick as a whistle the first time. The hoss that rolls over is worth a hundred for each flop it makes afore it gets up. There she comes

should be made; houses with a stranger, and about all on Broadway where the hall town would be seen, so on."

"Town's all to the auction, dad. I heard the Widow Temple's little place brought five thousand dollars; bought by a stranger. Never see so many strangers in town in one day since James Fitch said so, too. The town's wild over the sale, and they do say gold has been found on the place, and that the man who bought it will get rich."

"That don't answer my question, young man," said the

deacon, looking severe.

"But my race on Broadway? I couldn't help it, dad. I was coming along at a slow trot when that stranger came down on me and tried to get past. I should have let him go, but old Het caught the bit and straggled. Twenty men with the arms of old Het couldn't have stopped her. Gewissheit! but didn't she spin? The stranger, an' his boss and I say shock, couldn't—"

"It's pretty carrying on when a boy's Deacon Good-

will comes to town, ain't it?"

"Town's boss didn't tell the boss about what's a better lot to do when he can't help himself? Town's only weak alone but you tell of getting overhauled by Jack James, an' how old Het lost her back. How quick was it you come down from Tippecanoe? I tell you the old mare has been trained not to let any one go by her. She's a trooper from the word go."

It was evident from the following remark of his father that Ahe's fly remembrance was not without its effect.

"You've ruined her now, an' I'm as good as a dead dollar out. Look out! she's comin' to fall down."

And the old mare, from the time she began to speak, but he was now in the hands of the animal who had been his friend for so long.

"Come to tell, dad, that's what Always takes the boss that rolls often. Set over the boss as thick as a whistle the first time. The boss that rolls over is worth a hundred for each day it takes him to get up. I've seen some

back ag'in! Is she goin' to get up now? No—three—back she comes—four—Jerusalem! don't she stick? Over she goes ag'in! That makes five times. She's safe for a cool five hundred, dad!

Deacon Goodwill held up his hands in horror, saying:

"Sich sinfulness is beyond my understandin', Abraham Goodwill. Do you march down an' pull 'em beans. Enoch, you put Bet in the barn as soon as she's had her fill 'o the grass."

"All right, dad, but I must clean off Bet first. An' I want to tell you that Squire Newbegin, as I come through the holler, took me aside an' told me to look out for that stranger. 'He's Jock Jenness' man,' he says, 'an' Jock will fix him to buy old Bet. If your dad decides to sell her, I want th' first offer. You can tell him that I'm willin' to lay down a hundred dollars for her any day.' That means he'll give fifty or a hundred more," added the shrewd Abe.

"Th' squire was talkin' to amuse hisself. I know him o' old, an' so does th' hull town, fer thet marter, to et's sorrer. He an' Jock Jenness air et sword's p'int's over smoe trades. I b'lieve th' squire's one ahead, an' I s'pose he kinder dreads Jock. They're six an' half a dozen. I should hate to let my peace o' min' go fer jess a hoss trade. But you can trust me not to let Jock Jenness nor Aaron Newbegin pull the wool over my eyes, not thet I pride myself on sich ungodly things as go with a hoss trade," and with this parting speech the deacon pulled down the window and turned to impart to his wife the news that Squire Newbegin was willing to pay one hundred dollars for old Bet.

"He'll give another quarter, Mariah, an' thet'll mean an even hundred fer my trade with th' gipsy. She's worth et, too, ef she don't look et. She's spry on her feet, an' she ain't so very old nuther."

It will be seen that he had worn off the rough edge of his anger, and he talked quite exultantly of old Bet and her recent feat. During this time Abe worked upon the old

mare until her coat looked sleek and smooth as it had before the race. Patting her neck affectionately, as he finished, Abe said softly:

"There, old lady, that must do for this time. Dad may scold if he must, but we'll give 'em a surprise over to Coldbrook next month or I'm a back number an' your foot has lost its cunning."

(Begun in the July number; to be continued)

Lake Sunapee by Moonlight

By MARY L. D. FERRIS

How beautiful the fair lake lay,
Bathed in the soft moonlight,
Mount Sunapee as sentinel,
And Kearsarge full in sight.

The fragrant pines, whose lullabies
Had soothed her oft to rest,
Were silent in their majesty
Upon the mountains' crest.

No piercing cry of startled loon
Above the waters rose,
All nature seemed in harmony
To give her sweet repose.

The waters rippled softly
And rested at their will,
The stars were mirrored in the lake,
And all the world was still.

Ah, rare gem of New England lakes,
Set in a granite crown,
Let painter's brush and poet's pen
Give thee thy just renown.

maize until her coat looked sleek and smooth as it had
before the race. Passing her neck affectionately, as he
loved, Abe said softly:
"There, old lady, that must do for this time. Don't
may scold if he must, but we'll give him a surprise over to
Colbrook next month or I'm a back number on your list
has lost its cunning."

(When in the fall number is published.)

Take Sunapee by Moonlight

By MISS L. B. FARRIS

How beautiful the fall lake lay,
Reflected in the moonlight,
Moonbeams on the water,
And Sunapee hill is right.

The lagoon, where white sails
Have floated for years and years,
Was silent in that hour,
Upon the water's face.

The ponding up of startled loons
Above the water rose,
All nature seemed to hush,
To give for some space.

The water rippled softly
And melted to the hills,
The stars were mirrored in the lake,
And all the world was still.

All was calm of New England lakes,
Set in a granite town,
Let nature's hand and heart's own
Give life to the green.

The Editor's Window

G. B. G. says the most ancient of all the games which are played in our time is probably the game of chess. The significance of the name is found in its French derivation, *echec*—a check. The origin of the game, according to the testimony of many who have investigated the matter, is to be traced to India. Dr. Duncan Forbes furnishes indisputable testimony that the chess-board had its origin with the Hindus two or three thousand years before Christ. The game has been gradually evolved to its present form, and as it is now played dates back only to about the fifteenth century of our era. The element of chance appears to have first entered into the mode of playing by the throwing of a die, and it was once played by four persons. Of course this feature no longer exists and it is now purely an intellectual game. As the names of its principal pieces (king, queen, knights and bishop) indicate, it has been a popular game in the past with the sovereigns of the different nations. The complications, or rather the combinations of the game, are infinite and they afford an opportunity for the exercise of the highest powers of the mind. Accordingly we have had prodigies from time to time who have amazed the world by their powers in this direction, prominent among them being Mr. Paul Morphy, who was able to play many games at one time, blindfolded, and win the most of them. Chess, of which checkers is a low variety, was originated to illustrate in a game the ordinary mode of warfare. The game as now played in China and Japan is much more complex than our own.

The Cotton's Window

G. B. G. says the most ancient of all the games which are played in our time is probably the game of chess. The significance of the name is found in its French derivation, *écher*—a check. The origin of the game, according to the testimony of many who have investigated the matter, is to be traced to India. Dr. Duncan Forbes traces back the probable testimony that the chess-board had its origin with the Hindus two or three thousand years before Christ. The game has been gradually evolved to its present form, and it is now played with only one set of pieces, the king, queen, knights and bishops. The element of chance appears to have first entered into the mode of playing by the throwing of a die, and it was once played by four persons. In course of time this feature no longer exists and it is now purely an intellectual game. As the names of its principal pieces (king, queen, knights and bishops) indicate, it has been a popular game in the past with the sovereigns of the different nations. The complexion, or rather the complexion, of the game are infinite and they afford an opportunity for the exercise of the highest powers of the mind. Accordingly we have had prodigies from time to time who have amazed the world by their powers in this direction, among them being Mr. John Morphy, who was this country's many games at one time blindfolded, and was the first of them. Chess, of which checkers is a low variety, was originated to illustrate in a game the ordinary mode of warfare. The game is now played in China and Japan.

Notes and Queries

8. When was the term *Mr.* first used among our forefathers, and what was its real signification?

— ANON.

9. What were the principal trades with the colonists?

C.

10. Was the hero of Cooper's "Spy" a real character? If so who was he?

HISTORIAN.

11. When and by whom was the first map of New Hampshire made?

ONE.

* * *

Replies

5. In reply to "Student," What is meant by "Old" and "New Style" of reckoning time?

At the time of the arrival of the first colonists in New England, the English people began the new year with the twenty-fifth day of March, Annunciation (or Lady's) Day, so that any date given Old Style between January 1 and March 25 should have one year added to correspond with our method of reckoning. Then a "corrected" form of dating the year began in March, 1649, O. S. The first time this was officially used in New England was in Connecticut, viz.: "this 25th day of March, 1649-50." This would be 1650, according to our reckoning. This style prevailed until 1700, so that ten days should be added to the dates of all the months. Between 1700 and 1752 eleven days should be added to each date. In order to correct this inaccuracy the Parliament of Great Britain in 1752 made September 3 the 14th, and we have followed this style ever since.

K.



"WE HEARD ONCE MORE THE SLEIGH BELLS' SOUNDS."

The Brook Beneath the Snow

By SAM WALTER FOSS

Mr. Foss needs no introduction to the readers of the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE. A native of Candia, his early years were passed in that town and Portsmouth. Later he became associated with a Boston literary paper of wide circulation and began to write those poems which have placed his name among our leading lyric composers. Often expressed in quaint, it may be homely, language, his productions find their lasting grace in the simple truth of their pictures. The following verses in his gentle, unobtrusive way touch upon a theme near to nature's heart. Spring has its lure, summer its beauty, autumn its harvest and winter the restfulness of them all. Nature, as well as man, must sleep and dream dreams of renewed activity, when the bud shall unfold its blossom and the hillside be made to yield its golden grain. The little brook under the snow, if lost to sight and memory for the time, sings in subdued notes the song it ever carries to the sea, and teaches to the human heart the cheer of a heart that beats responsive to the great purposes of life.—*Editor.*

WAY down in dad's ol' medder, where the pussy
willers grow,

I used to go an' listen to the brook beneath the
snow ;

Above I heerd the roarin' win' an' saw the snow-gust whirl ;
But the brook beneath the snow an' ice danced singin' like a
girl.

I'd put my ear down to the ice, I didn' min' the col',
An' w'en I heerd its music there wuz summer in my sou !
An' w'en dad licked me, an' my heart 'ud bile an' overflow,
I would go an' hear the music of the brook beneath the snow.

An! then my sobs 'ud change to shouts, an' sorer change to
glee,

For it strewed along its music from the mountain to the sea;
An' I'd stretch my ear to hear it, an' my heart 'ud swell an'
glow,

W'en I listened to the music of the brook beneath the snow.

Since then the wintry blasts of life have blown me here an'
there,

An' snow-storms they have blocked my way an' hedged me
everywhere;

But sheltered from the hurricane, within the valley low,

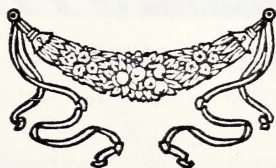
I listen for the music of the brook beneath the snow.

For I know beneath the snow an' ice that there is golden
sand,

By that glorious streak uv melody that wiggles through the
land;

The storm beats hard; the wind is high; I cannot hear it
blow,

For I listen to the music of the brook beneath the snow.



And then my robe 'ud change to white, an' some change to
 blue,

It stayed along its path from the mountain to the sea;
 'I'd stretch my ear to hear it, an' my heart 'ud swell an'

glow,
 'An' I listened to the music of the brook beneath the snow.

And then the wintry blast of life have blown me here an'
 there,

'Snow-storms they have blocked my way an' hedged me
 every where;

It sheltered from the hurricane, within the valley low,
 I listen for the music of the brook beneath the snow.

And I know beneath the snow an' ice that there is golden
 sand,

Y that golden streak of melody that stings through the
 sand;

The storm beats hard; the wind is high; I cannot hear it
 blow,

Y I listen to the music of the brook beneath the snow.





GEORGE B. LEIGHTON



GEORGE F. WRIGHT

Granite State Magazine

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No. 6.

Prominent New Hampshire Men

George B. Leighton

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR



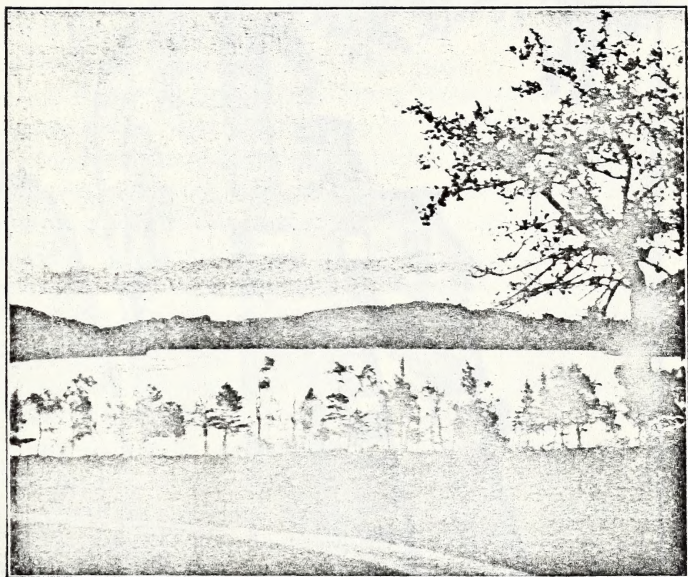
SEVENTEEN years ago the past summer, a young man came to this state for rest and recreation. He had just graduated from Harvard University. Now, being ready to begin life for himself, he instinctively turned to the Granite State, the home of his ancestors and the birthplace of his mother. He had been many times within the state but had never been so attracted by its beauties before, and ere the summer closed he had decided to make it his permanent home, had purchased a farm in the town of Dublin, and was one of the most enthusiastic lovers of the state. That young man was George B. Leighton, who, although his business activities have encompassed all parts of the country, still has a home in the state for all the year round.

The Leightons came of old English ancestry and were among the earliest settlers around Old Strawberry Bank, now Portsmouth.

A few years since it was a favorite expression that New Hampshire was a good state to emigrate from, and the men and women who went forth from its family tree found a warm welcome wherever they sought new homes. Ohio then attracted many of its most energetic citizens, and thither in the early part of the nineteenth century

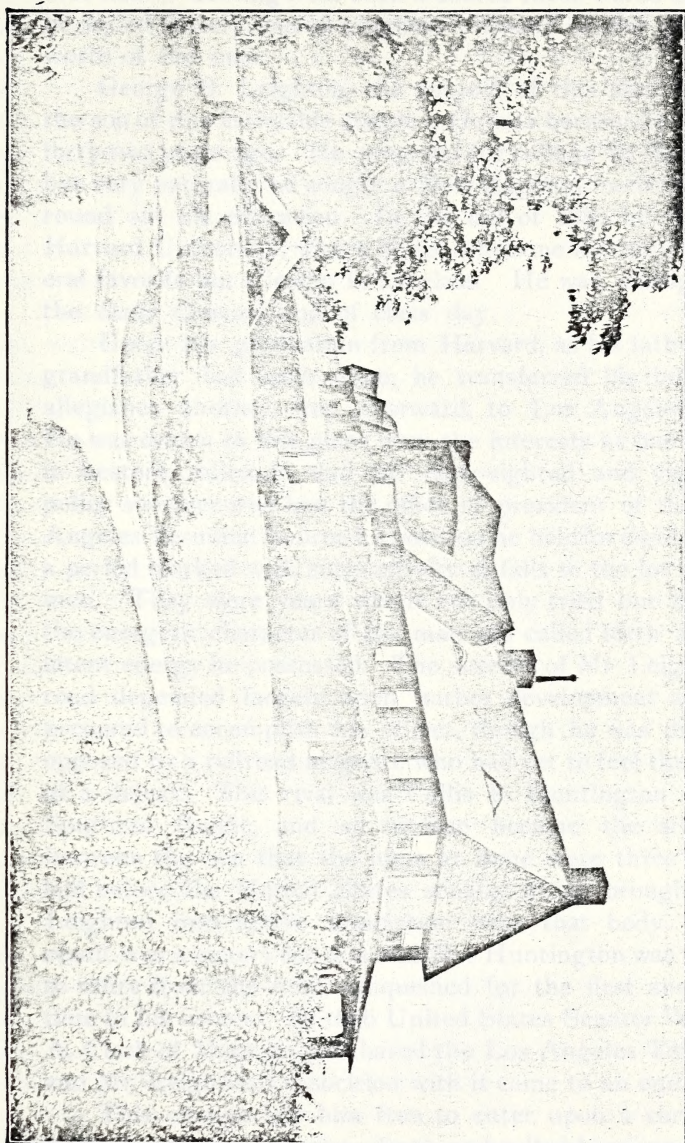
Eliot Leighton, the grandfather of George B. Leighton, went to try his fortune in the new territory. He settled in Cincinnati, where he soon became a useful and prosperous citizen.

His son, George Eliot Leighton, was born there but, like his father, looking westward to better his fortune, he went to St. Louis when a young man. There he met Miss



VIEW FROM MONADNOCK FARMS

Bridge, whose family had come from Walpole, N. H., and in due time he and Miss Bridge were united in marriage. He was a lawyer of extensive practice and a keen, influential business man. Bishop Niles of New Hampshire, who was brought into close relationship with him, says of him: "Too much cannot be said in praise of his character. His was the sweetest, sanest personality of any layman I ever knew. He was, too, one of the greatest men St. Louis



THE HOME OF GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, DUBLIN, N. H.

ever had." Coming from such a source these words cannot be styled flattery, but the highest estimate of the genuine worth of the man.

George B. Leighton, the subject of this sketch, was the son of this estimable couple. He was born in St. Louis forty-two years ago. He prepared for college in the west, but very naturally he sought a New England institution to round out his education. In the fall of 1884 he entered Harvard University, where he soon became not only a general favorite but a leader in his class. He was manager of the *Daily Crimson* and of class day.

Upon his graduation from Harvard, as his father and grandfather had each done, he transferred his business allegiance another step westward, to Los Angeles, Cal. He was drawn to this place from the interests he had taken in western railroads, and his clear-sighted and vigorous policy soon secured him the office of president of the Los Angeles Terminal Railroad, a position he held for eight years, a period marked with such activity as falls to the lot of few men. They were years which not only tried but formed the energetic character of the man and called forth all the latent energy he possessed. The success of Mr. Leighton's road depended largely upon harbor development and he prepared to accomplish his object, though he was directly opposed by a railroad magnate who had yet to feel the sting of a defeat. This rival was Collis P. Huntington of the Southern Pacific, and so intense became the struggle between the two that the aims at issue were three times laid before the United States senate, which brought Mr. Leighton into active association with that body. The result was a victory for him and Mr. Huntington was forced to retire from the field, vanquished for the first and only time in his career. In 1896 United States Senator William A. Clark of Montana purchased the Los Angeles Terminal and Mr. Leighton's association with it came to an end.

This change left him free to enter upon a career of business activity in various lines, and called him into enter-

ever had." Coming from such a source these words cannot be styled flattery, but the highest estimate of the genuine worth of the man.

George H. Leighton, the subject of this sketch, was the son of this estimable couple. He was born in 1841, and forty-two years ago. He prepared for college in the west, but very naturally he sought a New England institution to round out his education. In the fall of 1862 he entered Harvard University, where he soon became not only a good and favorite but a leader in his class. He was manager of the Daily Chronicle and of class day.

Upon his graduation from Harvard as his father and grandfather had each done he transferred his business allegiance another step westward, to Los Angeles, Cal. He was drawn to this place from the interests he had taken in western railroads and his distinguished and vigorous policy soon secured him the office of president of the Los Angeles Terminal Railroad, a position he held for eight years. A period marked with such activity as falls to the lot of few men. They were years when not only tried but forward the energetic character of the man and called forth all the latent energy he possessed. The success of Mr. Leighton's road depended largely upon harbor development and he prepared to accomplish his object, though he was directly opposed by a railroad magnate who had yet to feel the sting of a defeat. This rival was Collis V. Huntington of the Southern Pacific, and as intense became the struggle between the two that the aims at issue were three times laid before the United States senate, which brought Mr. Leighton into active association with that body. The result was a victory for him and Mr. Huntington was forced to retire from the field, vanquished for the first and only time in his career. In 1891 he was Senator from California. A Church of Christ minister, he was in Los Angeles Terminal and Mr. Leighton's association with him was in an end.

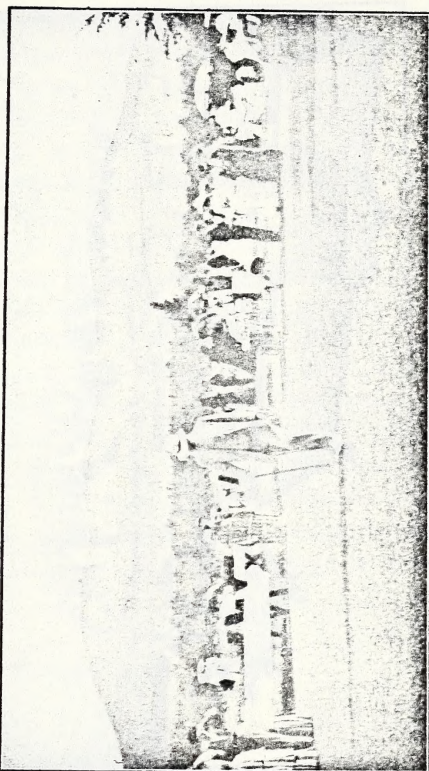
This change left him free to enter upon a career of business activity in various lines, and called him into con-

prises connected with several sections of the country but mainly in the east. As early as 1888, as has already been said, he had bought a tract of land in Dublin, which town he resolved should become his home. He now devoted even more of his attention to this place. Adjoining lands were secured and from these purchases he evolved what has become widely known as the "Monadnock Farms." With the acumen of a business man he entered upon his farming as few men do, becoming popularly known among his neighbors as "Farmer Leighton."

The wornout lands which had come into his possession were made to yield a substantial profit. As the name implies, the farmstead is plural, his possessions comprising a series of five farms, amounting in the aggregate to over seventeen hundred acres. These farms come under separate management, and everything about them is in accord with modern methods of farming. A local paper, in commenting upon them, says: "The strong points of the farms are their perfect sanitary condition and cleanliness, the vigor and health of the herd, and the excellence and even quality of the milk and cream. These have combined to make it successful as a business enterprise. A farm such as that which Mr. Leighton carries on is not only a benefit to the town of Dublin, but to the country as well. It serves as an object lesson to show that New Hampshire hill farms can be made productive and profitable." Mr. Leighton has not only shown what he could do as a farmer at home, but he has won encomiums abroad of which he is justly proud. The Paris Exposition of 1900 gave him a silver medal for the general excellence of his exhibit there, the only international medal held by a New Hampshire farmer. He also obtained from the Chicago Exposition a bronze medal for the excellence of the display of products from his farms. He has also several awards for dairy exhibits from both in and out of the state.

The characteristic snap and energy of Mr. Leighton is shown by the manner of the development of these run-

down and abandoned Granite State homes, which a man of means had at his command. To avoid the delay and expense of drawing all of his freight to and from the regular stations several miles away, he applied to the Boston & Maine Railroad for a track to his farms, and it was not very



A LAWN PARTY AT MONADNOCK FARMS

long before the branch became a reality and has become an important factor in the business of the Harrisville station. To accommodate himself and assistants he petitioned to Washington for a post-office to be called "Monadnock," and this, like his railroad, has become a fixture. This office, which in the summer season has seven deliveries of mail

down and abandoned Granite State homes, which a man of means had at his command. To avoid the delay and expense of drawing all of his freight in and from the high-land stations several miles away, he applied to the Boston & Maine Railroad for a track to his farm, and it was not long



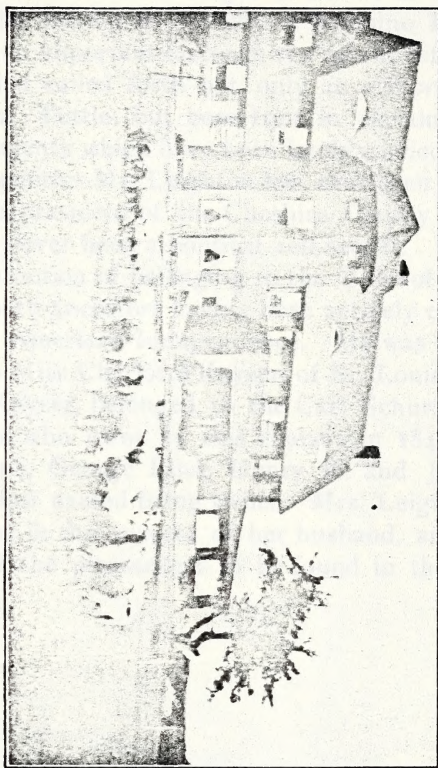
GRANITE STATE RAILROAD TO GRANITE STATE

long before the branch became really and has become an important factor in the business of the Manchester station. To accommodate branch and assistants he purchased in Washington for a post-office to be called "Manchester," and this, like his railroad, has become a fixture. The office, which in the summer season has seven deliveries of mail

daily, is one of the most picturesque and notable of the post-offices in the country.

It has been a trait of Mr. Leighton's character to carry into whatever enlisted his sympathy and support the same energy and success that has marked his management of the

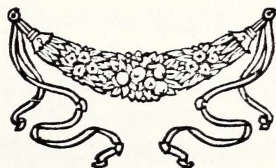
THE HOUSEHOLD PETS



"Monadnock Farms." While never seeking an elective office, for many years he has been an earnest advocate of the parcels-post system. He is a firm supporter of the establishment of a White Mountain Forest Reserve, the better development and maintenance of the navy yard at Portsmouth, the development of the port of Boston for

international trade, and the regulation of the public-service corporations. His wide experience with the business interests of the country, extending as it does from New Hampshire to California, from farm life to railroad management, makes him a powerful ally or a dreaded enemy. His acute judgment and keen foresight is shown in his criticism of the public service of the Boston & Maine Railroad, which became an important factor in the recent reform campaign, and which called forth not only an elaborate reply from President Tuttle, but bore fruit in certain changes and improvements which have been lately carried into effect.

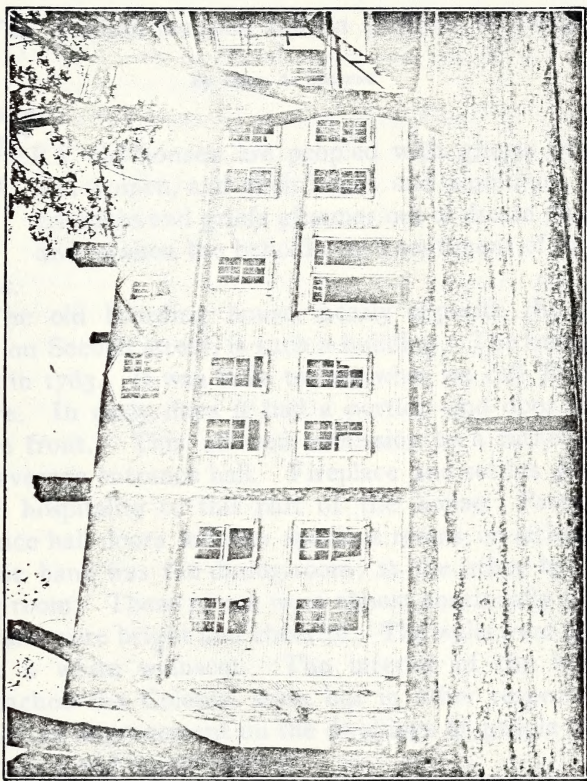
In politics Mr. Leighton has ever been a Republican, and he is president of the Cheshire County Lincoln Club. He has never been a political self-seeker. He enjoys the high distinction of belonging to the Order of Cincinnati, his Portsmouth ancestors having been actively engaged in the War for American Independence. He was married in St. Louis to Miss Charlotte Kayser, of St. Louis, whose father, Henry Kayser, belonged to the Carl Schurz type of Germans and who came to this country in 1849. They have three sons, George Eliot, Henry K. and John Langdon, the two last named being twins. Mrs. Leighton is greatly interested in the success of her husband, and their home is one of the pleasantest to be found in the Old Granite State.



international trade and the regulation of the public service corporations. His wide experience with the business interests of the country, extending as it does from New England to California, from farm life to railroad management, makes him a powerful ally in a despatched energy. His acute judgment and keen foresight is shown in his criticism of the public service of the Boston & Maine Railroad, which became an important factor in the recent reform campaign, and which called forth not only an elaborate reply from President Taft, but bore fruit in certain changes and improvements which have been lately carried into effect.

In politics Mr. Leighton has ever been a Republican, and he is president of the Chestnut County Jacobin Club. He has never been a political self-seeker. He enjoys the high distinction of belonging to the Order of Cincinnati, his fourteenth successor having been actively engaged in the War for American Independence. He was married in St. Louis to Miss Charlotte Kayser, of St. Louis whose father, Henry Kayser, belonged to the first Schurz type of the man and who came to the country in 1849. They have three sons, George Eliot, Henry K. and John Leighton, the two last named being twins. Mrs. Leighton is greatly interested in the success of her husband, and their home is one of the pleasant to be found in the Old Granite State.





WALDRON MANSION

WILLIAM H. HARRIS

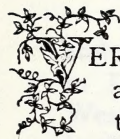


Granite State Rooftrees

V

The Waldron Mansion and an Oldtime Wedding

By LYDIA A. STEVENS



VERY old houses are peopled with ghosts of men and women, and their hopes and ambitions, their triumphs and griefs glimmer out of dream pictures and awaken the beholder to a sentiment of mournfulness.

The old boarding house, nearly opposite the court house on Second street, is such a building. The frame was raised in 1763. It was built to face what we call Franklin Square. In early days it had a portico and door in the middle front. This allowed admission to a rather more than average entrance hall. Fireplace and settles gave an air of hospitality to this part of the house. From this entrance hall doors led into spacious rooms on either side. At one hand was the dining-room; at the other hand the living room. These rooms were almost continually thrown open and were bright and cheerful. The walls were painted above a white wainscot. The interior of the building approached the Colonial style, but in other respects only marked an improvement on the dwellings of people of limited means and opportunities.

Whatever the old house stood for at first, it is now an infliction and an evil. Some one turned it so as to face the south. Though it is one of our few pre-revolutionary houses and linked to historical associations, it is difficult to believe that at the date of our story it was one of the largest and best-appointed dwellings in Dover. Its massive timbers, rudely fashioned from the trees of the ancient for-

est, still hold the structure to some sort of endurance and convenience, but it is bent and distorted. When the westering sun glances on the battered and dingy clapboards and discolored roof, and reveals the foulness of the entrance, it seems well-nigh impossible to accept the accredited story. It has passed restoration. If it is hideous by day, the ugliness and decay are intensified at nightfall. The brightest moonlight only makes it more weather stained, time worn dark, cold and desolate.

But the evidence is unassailable that in 1780 it was a stately mansion and sheltered one of the foremost families in Dover. The builder, owner and occupant, Thomas Westbrook Waldron, great-grandson of the old Major, slain in the massacre of 1689, made it a home of comfort and hospitality. He was captain in Col. Samuel Moore's New Hampshire regiment employed in the reduction of Louisburg and the territories thereon depending. He began duty February 13, 1745, and was mustered out September 6 of the following year. For his whole term of military service he received thirty-two pounds, eighteen shillings and sixpence.

Louisburg was the stronghold of the French at the eastward, from whence expeditions were fitted out against the colonists, and it was determined to take this fortress and thus deprive France of the key to her possessions in America. New Hampshire furnished for the expedition five hundred men, one-eighth part of the land forces employed upon the occasion.

In after years Captain Waldron held many offices of trust and importance. He was elected selectman seven times, and served as town clerk from 1772 until his death, April 3, 1785. He possessed large means and lived well for his times. He held real estate in every nearby section, and was the owner of three slaves. His home showed thrift combined with a growing love of art and literature more, perhaps, than any other place in town. His books, surveying tools, watch and gun came from master hands in

eat, still hold the structure to some sort of endurance and convenience, but it is bent and distorted. When the west-facing sun glances on the battered and dingy eaves and discolored roof, and reveals the looseness of the cornice, it seems well-nigh impossible to accept the structural story. It has passed catastrophe. It is hideous by day, the night-gloom and decay are intensified at nightfall. The light moonlight only makes it more weather-stained, more dark, cold and desolate.

But the evidence is unassailable that in 1780 it was a stately mansion and sheltered one of the foremost families in Dover. The baronet, owner and occupant, Thomas Westbrook Wadsworth, given grandson of the old Major, slain in the massacre of 1689, made it a home of comfort and hospitality. He was captain in Col. Samuel Moore's New Hampshire regiment employed in the reduction of Louisbourg and the territories thereof depending. He began duty February 15, 1745, and was mustered out September 5 of the following year. For his whole term of military service he received thirty-two pounds, eighteen shillings and six pence.

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In later years Captain Wadsworth held many offices of trust and importance. He was elected selectman seven times, and served as town clerk from 1773 until his death, April 2, 1785. He possessed large means and lived well for his time. He held real estate in every new or settling, and was the owner of three slaves. His home showed thrift combined with a growing love of art and literature more, perhaps than any other place in town. His books, surveying tools, maps and guns came from master hands in

Europe. His furniture was designed by Theophilus Hardenbrook and constructed by Chipendale. He had a large number of children, boys and girls, but of the fourth, Elenor (Davis) Waldron, our tale has to do. She was educated under the watchful eye of Master Timothy White, who kept school in the old Freeman house on Silver street.

James Smith, a native of Durham but resident of Dover, was to marry Elenor. After the second service, the "round, oily man of God," Dr. Jeremy Belknap, walked over from his residence on Silver street. Though of medium stature, the Reverend Doctor had been a sturdy youth, but at this time, while not in the sere and yellow leaf, the great lumps of muscle had become soft and flaccid. Increasing years, inaction, good living and much study had produced the change. He had lost the faculty of striding, and picked his way carefully by aid of a cane.

How the renowned theologian and sound historian unbent during that evening, and how tenderly he urged the young couple to walk with equal steps through life, has not come down to us.

The stalwart groom was a striking specimen of manhood. The bride was a variable, impulsive creature, one day happy and almost childishly merry, another cynical, the next perhaps grave and full of thought, but always piquant and never dull. These traits she inherited from her mother, whose great-grandfather was the moody farmer-fisherman of York Beach.

'Twas Sunday, December 5, 1784. On the great unstained, snow-clad slope that swept from the house to the Cochecho, the white surface dotted with ragged stumps, the westering sun lingered and glistened. On the wooded point west of the old high school house, recently called the grove, the trees stood like ermined kings. To the north and east were infrequent openings in the great forest. In the near front a thicket of black spruce turned slender spires to the sky. By the north and east great Cochecho

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James Smith, a native of Durham but resident in Dover, was to marry Eleanor. After the second service, the "round, rosy man of God," Dr. Jeremy Belknap, walked over from his residence on Silver street. Though of medium stature, the Reverend Doctor had been a sturdy youth, but at this time, while not in the rose and yellow leaf, the great hump of muscle had become soft and flaccid. Increasing years, inaction, good living and much study had produced the change. He had lost the faculty of smiling and picked his way carefully by aid of a cane.

How the renowned theologian and sound historian unburdened during that evening, and how tenderly he urged the young couple to walk with equal steps through life, has not come down to us.

The maiden groom was a striking specimen of manhood. The bride was a variable, impulsive creature, one day happy and almost childishly merry, another cynical, the next perhaps grave and full of thought, but always pleasant and never dull. These traits she inherited from her mother, whose great-grandfather was the wealthy farmer-laborer of York Beach.

Two Sundays, December 2, 1784. On the great un-stained snow-chill slope that swept from the house to the Cochecho, the white surface dotted with green clumps, the wedding was honored and glorified. The wooded point west of the old school house, called the north grove, the trees stood like crowned kings, the north and east were independent openings in the forest. In the north front a thicket of black spruce, further slender spires to the sky. By the north and east great Cochecho

hill stood austere and lonely, the top mantled with gloomy conifers. The night came on. Overhead the stellar host burned. It was cold without, but very warm in the great house. The windows and opening doors glowed and flamed. Huge, cumbrous sleighs, vapor breath rising from riders and horses, dashed up to the front door.

The air outside was a gossamer of glittering frost. In the low-posted but spacious southeast room hickory logs burned below a carved chimney piece. There was an iron hob and the andirons were iron. The hearth was paved with blue flag-stone. The mantel held Wedgewood black ware. Near one of the southerly windows stood a mahogany desk with brass furnishings. A Hepplewhite bookcase filled a corner. It had serpentine curves, straight tapering legs and spade feet. A Scotch carpet, of plain and simple pattern, covered the floor. The hall was warmed by an open fire, into which, from time to time, the children threw resinous pine cones. Every room was lighted by greenish-white bayberry candles, making and rendering them fragrant being now a lost art. The antique candlesticks of beaten brass gleamed and glistened.

From his great height the mighty groom looked down upon his chosen one. His step was not as steady as in the field and swamp, and the composure with which he threaded the intricacies of the forest failed him a little under the unfamiliar conditions. But the grace of power, and the woman's guidance saved him from serious embarrassment. A tender look came into his bold blue eyes, and his hand ceased to tremble. She was dark and plain, but her laughing eyes shone like summer seas, and were vibrant with the lure that made this strong man her own. He wore homespun. Her gown was lilac silk, scant in skirt, short of waist, and defined by a broad belt of same. There was a low-neck effect, large puffed sleeves, and on her hands silk mitts. These articles, together with seven of the brass candlesticks, are still in existence. In one of Captain Waldron's note books are the names of the wedding guests. A

hill sided eastern and lonely, the top mantled with gloomy
clouds. The night came on. Overhead the sailing boat
beamed. It was cold without, but very warm in the great
house. The windows and opening doors showed and faintly
lured numerous sleighs, vapor breath rising from riders
and horses dashed up to the front door.

The air outside was a possession of glistering frost. In
the low posted but spacious southeast room history logs
burned below a carved chimney piece. There was no fire
but the windows were hot. The mantle held Wedgewood black
with blue zig-zags. The mantel held Wedgewood black
ware. Near one of the southern windows stood a mahogany
cabinet with brass furniture. A high-backed leather
filled a corner. It had serpentine curves, straight tapering
legs and spade feet. A Scotch carpet of plain and simple
pattern covered the floor. The hall was warmed by an
open fire, into which from time to time the children threw
red-hot pine cones. Every room was lighted by greenish
white bayonet candles, twinkling and rendering their transient
beauty more lost. The antique candlesticks of brass
burned dimmed and glimmered.

From his great height the mighty groom looked down
upon his chosen one. His step was not as steady as in the
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A tender look came into his bold blue eyes, and his hand
ceased to tremble. She was dark and plain, but her laugh-
ing eyes shone like summer seas, and were vibrant with the
life that made the strong man her own. His more homely
features were like the silent sea, but his eyes shone like
stars, and he looked by a kind of spell of some. There was a
low-necked effect, large padded sleeves, and on her hands with
white. These articles, together with seven of the dress
characteristics, are still in existence. In one of Captain Wil-
son's note books are the names of the wedding guests. A

part of the record is illegible, but I have made out the following: "Major Titcomb, Dr. Green and Ensign Moses Hodgdon of Dover, with members of their families, Col. John Langdon and Col. James Hacket of Portsmouth, and Gen. John Sullivan of Durham."

More than a century has passed. The old house mocks at decay, but all its grandeur has gone and the builder and owner sleeps soundly in the Methodist burying ground.

And close by the old warrior rest groom and bride. They are now mythical personages. The guests at the wedding, the gentry of the surrounding country, all the old men, dames, maidens, youths, and the Revolutionary soldiers and sailors, long years ago disappeared.

Only the shabby house, the old, old story, told everywhere from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle, a few remembrances and keepsakes, and the lasting tradition of an old-time happy Dover wedding remain.

You and I

*Before man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,
God gave a heap of letters in his hand
And bade him make with them what word he could.*

—Matthew Arnold.

Had I been there on that red-letter day,
And God given me an alphabet to try,
Two dozen letters I'd have thrown away,
And spelled "life's happiness" with "U" and "I".

—November Delineator.

The Ways of the Wild

II

By THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOODRANGER TALES"

The following incident relates to a small party of hunters, leaving their homes at Amoskeag in the fall of 1740 for a week's hunt in the vicinity of Pawtuckaway Mountains, and the chief spokesman was that frontier scout and trailer, "The Woodranger." With him were the sons of "Old Archie" Stark, Robert Rogers and others.—*Editor.*



LEAVING the Falls by the main road leading to the center of the Scotch-Irish settlement, they reached the few scattered homes of those pioneers when the Woodranger plunged boldly into the primeval forest, stretching away in every direction farther than the eye could survey, mile on mile of wildwood, broken only here and there by some small clearing of an adventurous settler. Extending over such a vast area, the forests covered mountain and hillside, valley and plain, margined the banks of numerous ponds, or fringed with overhanging branches innumerable silvery streams.

Norman, who had not seen as much of wildwood life as his companions, felt a strange, awe-inspiring sensation on entering deeper and deeper into the trackless and sunless region. The Woodranger showed that he was in his true element, and it was not long before the exuberance of spirit, welling up in his heart, as the fountain in the forest finds an outlet for its overflowing treasures, sought an escape in his rude, philosophical speech:

"Man is nearest human natur' when alone with the works o' his Creator. I do not have to go to the haunts o' man to find the imprint o' his hand. It is on the forest everywhere. What better evidence do you want o' man's

pride than in yon pine, which lifts its cap a good fifty feet above the heads of its neighbors? What is more typical o' man's aggressive natur' than that oak, which claims and holds, too, double the sarcuit o' territory that even the proud pine possesses? In that silver birch, growing by the bank o' that leetle stream, is the very personification o' grace and beauty and modesty. See how the tiny vines cling to it as if it were their natural mother. I love the birch best o' all the wildwood trees. It may be there are more useful ones, and I am mindful o' the ash that makes a tolerable paddle, and the poplar better yet. There be many others better and more useful, I allow, but still I lova the birch.

"To him who stands on the mountain and looks down on the forest, the sight presents a scene o' many hues, but symmetrical and suggestful o' quiet and repose. But below is a gnarled and tangled mass o' drooping branches, mossy trunks o' fallen trees, stunted undergrowth stifling for the sunlight o' which it has been robbed, distorted limbs and knotted roots that will thrust their forbidding bodies into sight, all festooned, here and there, with draperies o' ferns and vines reeking with the cold sweat o' their damp environments. Dead trees, like spectres o' departed greatness, thrust their skeleton arms mutely toward the sunlight, while lean, starved trees eke out a miserable existence beside more fortunate kindred, which have grown to undue girth, just as some men fatten on their relations. An asthmatic beech, a consumptive pine, a stunted birch live only at the mercy of some big overbearing oak.

"So you see it is continual warfare among the trees,—a case o' the survival o' the strongest, as it is among men. A hundred infant trees have been dwarfed and suffocated by this giant pine, which, like some big general, will stand lordly and grand until the silent ax o' the gray destroyer shall fell it to make room for another, which will grow and fatten on its decaying carcass. Unnumbered seedlings

spring each season from the rich mold o' them which have perished afore 'em, and they, too, become food for the next generation. Not one in a thousand survives in the struggle for the sunlight, which means life to them, and yet in the grand march o' ages those few have made the innumerable host surrounding us.

"I never see one o' the Massachusetts men without thinking o' the tall, haughty, defiant pine, unbending to the strongest blasts, and as changeless as the December sky on a moonlit night. The Scotch-Irish remind me o' the stubborn, aggressive oak, spreading out its branches where it listeth, severe and fearless, but generous and hospitable to those who find the way to its heart. The two clans o' trees can never live together, as many other species o' the forest do.

"But forgive me, lads, for running off into this sarmon at the outset. You must think me a pretty companion to let my foolish tongue lead me sich a race. I fear me much my tongue is like a runaway brook, forever babbling o' what it cannot in reason know. I often find myself listening to its lectures, when there be none other to hear, unless the trees have ears."

"But your talk is always interesting. You have such new ideas."

"As old as natur', lad, as old as natur'."

Snow on the Mountain

By RICHARD BURTON

Yon towering height is softened into grace,
And loveliness by snow its summit bears
So have I seen some rugged human face
Made beautiful with age and silver hairs.

Causes of the American Revolution

II

The Quebec Act

By JAMES H. STARK



NOTHER important factor in the causes of the American Revolution was the so-called "Quebec Act." This act John Adams asserted constituted a "frightful system," and James Bowdoin pronounced it to be "an act for encouraging and establishing Popery." The policy of this legislation may be doubted. Of its justice there can be no doubt. The establishment of the Catholic clergy in Canada and their resultant domination has entailed many disadvantages upon the governing powers of the dominion. But at the time the law was passed it was a simple act of justice. Had Parliament refused to do this it would have been guilty of that tyranny charged against it by the Revolutionists, and to-day the dominion would not be a part of the British Empire. To the student of American history it at first seems very strange and unaccountable why at the outbreak of the Revolution, the recently conquered French provinces were not the first to fly to arms, especially as their mother country, France, had espoused the cause of the Revolutionists. Instead of this the French Canadians remained loyal to their conqueror and resisted by force of arms all attempts to conquer Canada. The explanation of this curious state of affairs is the "Quebec Act."

By this act the French Canadians were to retain their property, their language, their religion, their laws, and to

Causes of the American Revolution

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By James H. Jones

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By this act the French Canadians were to retain their property, their language, their religion, their laws, and in

hold office. In fact, they were allowed greater liberty than they had had when subject to France. All this was allowed them by the British Parliament, and this was resented by the English colonists, for they were not allowed to confiscate their lands and drive out the inhabitants as the New Englanders did when they conquered Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edwards Island. They also claimed that by the laws of the realm Roman Catholics could not vote, much less hold office. At a meeting of the first Continental Congress, held October 21, 1774, an address to the people of Great Britain was adopted, setting forth the grievances of the colonies, the principal one of which was as follows :

“Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world, and we think the legislature of Great Britain is not authorized to establish a religion fraught with such sanguinary and infamous tenets.”

This act also granted the Catholic clergy a full parliamentary title to the old ecclesiastical estates, and to tithes paid by members of their own religion, but no Protestant was obliged to pay tithes. It provided for a provincial governing council in which Catholics were eligible to sit, and it established the Catholic clergy securely in their living. There were then in the Province of Quebec two hundred and fifty Catholics to one Protestant*. Surely it would have been a monstrous perversion of justice to have placed their vast majority under the domination of this petty minority, it would have degraded the Catholics into a servile caste and reproduced in America, in a greatly aggravated form, the social conditions which existed in Ireland,

*In the debates on the Canada bill in 1779, it was stated that there were but 365 Protestants and 150,000 Catholics within the Province of Quebec.

but those determined sticklers for freedom of conscience and "the right of self-government," those clamorers for the liberty of mankind, the dominion propagandists, were horrified at the bestowal of any "freedom" or "right" upon a people professing a religion different from their own. "The friends of America" in England, Chatham, Fox, Burke, Barre and others joined them in their denunciation of the act, the last named especially depreciating the "Popish" measure.

On February 15, 1776, it was resolved that a committee of three, two of whom should be members of congress, be appointed to pursue such instructions as shall be given them by that body.* Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Chas. Carroll were chosen for this purpose, and John Carroll, a Jesuit, who afterwards became the first Roman Catholic Archbishop of the United States, accompanied them. The two Carrylls were chosen because they were Catholics, but they were not justified in joining an expedition that might kindle the flame of religious war on the Catholic frontier. The commissioners carried with them an "Address to the Inhabitants of the Province of Quebec" from Congress, which for cool audacity and impertinence can scarcely be paralleled. It commenced with "We are too well acquainted with the liberality of sentiment distinguishing your natures to imagine that difference of religion will prejudice you against a hearty amity with us," etc.

The address from the Continental Congress was translated into French and was very favorably received. They then begged the translator, as he had succeeded so well, to try his hand on the address to Great Britain. He had equal success in this, and read his performance to a numerous audience. But when he came to that part which treats of the new modeling of the province, draws a picture of

*Washington's Writings, Vol. III, page 361.

†Debates, etc., page 603.

the Catholic religion and Canadian manners, they could not restrain their resentment nor express it except in broken curses. "O the perfidious, double-faced Congress! Let us bless and obey our benevolent prince, whose humanity is consistent and extends to all religions. Let us abhor all who would seduce us from our loyalty by acts that would dishonor a Jesuit, and whose address, like their resolves, is destructive of their own objects."

While the commissioners were applying themselves with the civil authorities, Rev. Mr. Carroll was diligently employed with the clergy, explaining to them that the resistance of the united colonies was caused by the invasion of their charter by England. To this the clergy replied that since the acquisition of Canada by the British government its inhabitants had no aggression to complain of, that on the contrary government had faithfully complied with all the stipulations of the treaty, and had in fact sanctioned and protected the laws and customs of Canada with a delicacy that demanded their respect and gratitude, and that on the score of religious liberty the British government had left them nothing to complain of.

And therefore that when the well-established principle that allegiance is due to protection, the clergy could not teach that even neutrality was consistent with the allegiance due to such ample protection as Great Britain had shown the Catholics of Canada. The judicious and liberal policy of the British government to the Catholics had succeeded in inspiring them with sentiments of loyalty which the conduct of the people and the public bodies of some of the united colonies had served to strengthen and confirm. Mr. Carroll was also informed that in the colonies whose liberality he was now avouching, the Catholic religion had not been tolerated hitherto. Priests were excluded under severe penalties and Catholic missionaries among the Indians rudely and cruelly treated.

the Catholic religion and Canadian manners they could not restrain their resentment; nor express it except in foolish curses. "O the perfidious double-faced Catholics! O the blasphemous hypocrites! whose hands are blessed and obey our benevolent prince, whose hearts are consistent and extend to all religions. Let us show all who would reduce us from our loyalty, how they would dishonour Jesus, and whose address, like their religion is destructive of their own objects."

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John Adams, who was a member of the congress that sent the commissioners to Canada, in a letter to his wife, did not state the true reason for sending a Jesuit priest there, and also warned her against divulging the fact that a priest had been sent, for fear of offending his constituents.*

*Letters from John Adams to his wife, Vol. I, page 86.

The Christmas Guest

By MARGARET J PRESTON

'Twas a Saturday night, mid-winter,
And the snow with its sheeted pall
Had covered the stubbled clearings
That girdled the rude built "Hall."
But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
'Mid laughter and shout and din,
The children were piling yule-logs
To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
The mother half musing said,
As she looked at the eager workers,
And laid on a sunny head
A touch as of benediction—
"For Heaven is just as near
The father at far Patuxent,
As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
And shake from their boughs the snow;
We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters
As they garlanded long ago —
Or ever Sir George went sailing
Away o'er the wild sea foam,—
In my beautiful English Sussex,
The happy old walls at home."

She sighed. As she paused a whisper
Set quickly all eyes a-strain :
"See! See!"—and the boy's hand pointed,—
"There's a face at the window pane!"
One instant a ghastly terror
Shot sudden her features o'er
The next, and she rose unblenching,
And opened the fast-barred door,

"Who be ye that seek admission?
Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
A guttural answer broke :
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
I am chief of the Roan-oke."

Straight in through the frightened children
Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearthstone,
From his shoulder a light borne load ;
And out of the pile of deer-skins,
With look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle.
Stepped softly a little child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that the silent savage
Bent on him was strange to see.
And then with a voice whose yearning
The father could scarcely stem,
He said—to the children pointing—
"I want him to be like *them* !

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam :
I bring him a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper,
To hear of the wiser ways
Of the people beyond the water,
To break with the plow the sod,—
To be kind to pappoose and woman,—
To pray to the white man's God."

The lighted. As she passed a whisper
 Her softly all eyes a strain
 "What?"—and the boy's hand pointed—
 "There's a fellow in the window-pane!"
 The instant a gleaming form
 That sudden her lantern lit
 The light, and she saw nothing
 And opened the fastened door

"Who is he that seeks admission?"
 "We come for food and rest!"
 "This night is a night of storm and rain
 To shelter a strayling crew!"
 "Drop out of the snowy stream
 A frozen answer comes:
 "I come from the great Three Kings
 I am chief of the household!"

Knights to through the lighted chamber
 Unhasting the red men move,
 And march on the living hearthstone,
 From the shoulder a light horseman
 And out of the pile of darkness
 With look as stern and wild
 As if he had been his night
 Stopped with a host of

As he stood at the door his finger
 Close pressed to the heavy door,
 The gate that the silent passage
 Best on him was enough to see
 And then with a voice whose meaning
 The father would surely know
 He said to the children waiting—
 "I want him to be there!"

"They were for the boy in the window!"
 "I bring him a man of day,
 To keep of the winter night,
 To keep of the winter night,
 Of the people beyond the gate,
 To keep with the glow the soul,
 To be kind to people and women,
 To keep to the white man's God!"

"I give thee my hand!" and the Lady
 Pressed forward with sudden cheer ;
"Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
 And drink of my Christmas beer,—
My sweethearts, this night remember,
 All strangers are kith and kin,
This night when the dear Lord's Mother
 Could find no room at the inn!"

* * * * *

Next morn from the colony belfry
 Pealed gayly the Sunday chime,
And merrily forth the people
 Flocked, keeping the Christmas time.
And the Lady with bright-eyed children
 Behind her, their lips a-smile,
And the Chief in his skins and wampum,
 Came walking the narrow isle.

Forthwith from the congregation
 Broke fiercely a sullen cry ;
"Out! out! with the crafty red-skin!
 Have at him! A spy! A spy!"
And quickly from belts leaped daggers.
 And swords from their sheaths flashed bare.
And men from their seats defiant
 Sprang, ready to slay him there.

But facing the crowd with courage
 As calm as a knight of yore,
Stepped bravely the fair-browed woman,
 The thrust of the steel before;
And spake with a queenly gesture,
 Her hand on the Chief's brown breast,
"Ye dare not impeach my honor!
 Ye dare not insult my guest!"

They dropped at her word their weapons,
 Half-shamed as the Lady smiled,
And told them the red man's story,
 And showed them the red man's child;
And pledged them her broad plantations,
 That never would such betray
The trust that a Christian woman
 Had shown on a Christmas day!

"I give thee my hand," said the lady,
 Pressed forward, with sudden cheer,
 "Then look out of my English window,
 And drink of my Christmas beer—
 My sweetheart, this is my husband,
 As welcome to him and his
 Now right with the dear Lady's Mother,
 Could you go with us to the last?"

Next morn'g from the colony bell,
 Told gayly the Sunday chime,
 And merrily told the people
 That the Christmas time
 And the lady with her children
 Had been, that the lady
 And the child in his arms and swags,
 Came waiting the answer to

Forthwith from the congregation
 There came a white cap;
 "What shall we do with you?"
 And the lady with her children
 And the child in his arms and swags,
 Came waiting the answer to
 Spang ready to say his name

But back the crowd with songs
 As calm as a night of June,
 Stopped briefly the lady's way,
 The host of the great hall;
 And spoke with a friendly greeting
 Her hand on the child's brown head,
 "It does not matter my name,"
 "It does not matter my name,"

They dropped at her word their weapons,
 And the lady with her children
 And the child in his arms and swags,
 Came waiting the answer to
 Spang ready to say his name

The Cot in the Valley

By MRS. MIRON J. HAZELTINE

The following verses were written more than a third of a century ago. The poem was extensively copied, probably on account of the gentle and unaffected manner in which the gifted author treated a theme that appeals to all whose early years were passed in a cottage home, situated among our beautiful hills. Mrs. Hazeltine is the wife of Mr. Miron J. Hazeltine, the well-known chess authority, and himself a writer of note. They have lived for many years at their home, "The Larches," in Campton. Mrs. Hazeltine was related to William Cullen Bryant.—*Editor.*

There's a spot that I love in a bright sunny vale,
Where whole hours I've listened to song
Of the redbreast and thrush, as the soft balmy gale
Bore the notes of their chanting along.

On a green mossy bank, 'neath a large spreading tree,
In the deep heat of noon, I have lain
And watched the light shadows, so sportive and free,
Chase each spirit-like form o'er the plain.

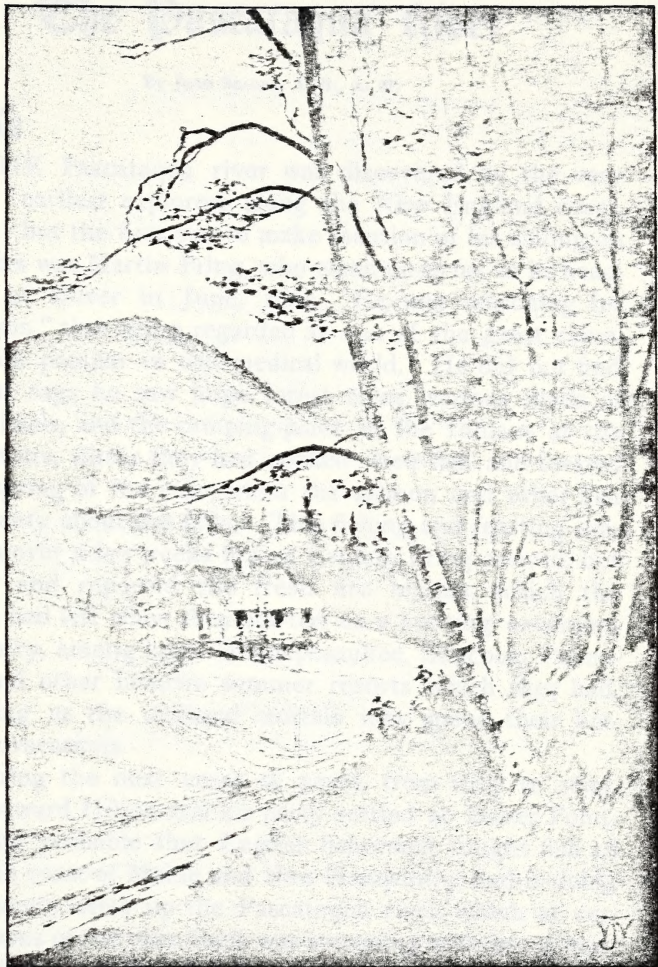
I've sat 'neath the shade with the poets of old,
And drank from Castolia's pure fount;
And gathered, as their bright thoughts would unfold,
Rich gems from Parnassus' high mount.

I've sat there till eve drew her beautiful veil
O'er the radiant face of the day,
When the moon from her chamber came forth ghostly and pale,
And majestically passed on her way.

I've watched the bright stars as they coyly would peep
Through the thick waving leaves of the tree,
And thought I were blest if at last I might sleep
With such watchful eyes guarding o'er me.

A sweet, quiet cot in the vale might be seen
Around whose low, moss-covered eaves
The young twining woodbine, so tender and green,
Spread out its rich covering of leaves.

That green, sunny vale will be dear to my heart
Though wide o'er the earth I may roam,
And that low, quiet cot, with its vine-covered walls,
I shall ever remember as home.



Drawn for GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by J. Warren Thyng.

THE COT IN THE VALLEY

The Pascataqua River

By JOHN SCALES, A. B., A. M.



THE Pascataqua river was discovered by the very earliest explorers along the New England coast, but the first one to make mention of his sailing on its waters was Martin Pring, who came up as far as its head-waters at Dover in June, 1603. He was searching for "sassafras," that being regarded as one of the great remedies then popular in the medical world. He did not find any, but says he saw huge forest trees, various kinds of wild animals, and the camping-place of the Indians at the head-waters, where they had cooked their fish and feasted in the spring of the year, when the salmon and other fish were plenty about the falls. This fishing and feasting season was over a few weeks before Captain Pring arrived, but he saw and reported the fresh fire brands, which the Indians had left when they started on a hunting excursion up country, among lakes Winnepesaukee, Suncook, Pennacook, and other favorite summer resorts which they had, something as the civilized mortals now spend their hot-weather vacations.

During the next score of years, from 1603 to 1623, when Edward Hilton and his party settled at Dover Point, it is quite probable that English fishermen caught fish all along the coast of Maine and New Hampshire, and in doing so frequently came up the Pascataqua river, which at certain seasons of the year, then, was swarming with fish of various kinds, and which those brave fishermen caught in large quantities and carried back to their homes on the British Isles. So much for the beginning of history. I am not going to give a history of the settlements on the river, but a description of the river itself.

The Pascataqua River

By John James A. B. A. M.

THE Pascataqua river was discovered by the very earliest explorers along the New England coast, but the first one to make mention of his sailing on its waters was Martin Frobisher, who came up as far as its mouth at Dover in June 1578. He was searching for "assaults," that being regarded as one of the great riches then popular in the medical world. He did not find any, but says he saw huge forest trees, various kinds of wild animals, and the camping-place of the Indians at the head-waters where they had cooked their fish and tasted in the spring of the year, when the salmon and other fish were running. This fishing and hunting were the chief occupations of the Indians. Captain Frobisher arrived, but he did not report the fresh fish trade, which the Indians had lost when they started on a hunting excursion up country, among lakes Winnipegosis, Souris, and others, and other favorite summer resorts which they had, something as the civilized mortals now spend their leisure vacations.

During the next score of years, from 1605 to 1607, when Edward Hilton and his party settled at Dover Point, it is quite probable that English fishermen caught fish all along the coast of Maine and New Hampshire, and in doing so frequently came up the Pascataqua river, which at that time was a very important fishing ground, and which those brave fishermen caught in large quantities and carried back to their homes on the British Isles. So much for the beginning of history. I am not going to give a history of the settlements on the river, but a description of the river itself.

IN MEMORY OF
THE CONTINENTAL SLOOP OF WAR
RANGER

LAUNCHED FROM THIS ISLAND

MAY 10, 1777.

SAILED FOR FRANCE NOVEMBER 1, 1777

JOHN PAUL JONES, CAPTAIN

WITH DISPATCHES OF

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER

RECEIVED FEBRUARY 14, 1778.

THE FIRST SALUTE

TO THE STARS AND STRIPES

FROM THE FRENCH FLEET.

CAPTURED THE

BRITISH SLOOP OF WAR DRAKE

APRIL 24, 1778.

ERECTED BY THE PAUL JONES CLUB

OF PORTSMOUTH

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

1905

The water between its mouth and the Isles of Shoals is a part of Ipswich Bay. The island of Newcastle divides the river's mouth into two parts: one, the main branch and the lower harbor of Portsmouth, passes out between Fort Constitution and Kittery Point; the other flows out through Little Harbor, between Frank Jones' famous Wentworth Hotel and the ancient and picturesque Governor Wentworth Mansion, now owned by the Coolidge family of Bos-

ton. Just above where the river is divided by the island of Newcastle is the Portsmouth Navy Yard on the east side, the city of Portsmouth being on the opposite west bank. On Badger's Island, next above the Navy Yard Island, is the terminus of the Portsmouth, Kittery & York Beach Electric Railway, and also the terminus of the Portsmouth & Dover Electric Railroad. From long before the Revolution, down to about 1850, Badger's Island was famous for its ship building. It was there that Paul Jones' ship, the *Ranger*, was built in 1777, and a large stone post with a bronze tablet on it marks the spot near which the ship was built. The great railroad coal pockets are directly opposite, on the west shore.

Next above this point in the river is the long railroad bridge, standing on piles. Passing under the bridge the city is left behind and the most beautiful part of the river is entered upon. On the east is Eliot and on the west is the rural part of Portsmouth and the town of Newington. The first object that greets the eye above the bridge is the huge paper mill on Freeman's Point, where several mints of money have been expended in the construction and equipment of the largest paper mill in America, if not in the world.

Passing around Freeman's Point, the course changes a little to the west, and is at its narrowest point, although it is there a third of a mile wide and very deep. The high ledge there on the west shore is called "The Pulpit," in passing which the old boatmen always took off their hats and "made their manners," for good luck. Bad luck was always sure to befall them soon after, if they failed in this observance.

Just above there, on the Eliot shore, is "Boiling Rock," which causes the swift flowing tide to "boil" as it whirls round the immovable boulder or protruding ledge. From there to Dover Point, about five miles, the river is perfectly straight, with high, even shores on both sides. It is called the "Long Reach," and is one of the most beautiful sheets of

water in New Hampshire, or anywhere else. The cultivated fields on the high bluffs come to the water's edge, and the views from the residences are beautiful. Summer residences are being built all along the shores in Newington and in Eliot, which anciently was a part of Kittery.

"The Pulpit" was so named in the very earliest history of New Hampshire. President Cutt in his will gives his wife the use of land at "Ye Pulpit," till his son Samuel should be of age. It was here that Madam Ursula Cutt retired after his death and was killed by the Indians in 1694. Cutt's Cove is between The Pulpit and Freeman's Point, which locality for two hundred years was called Ham's Point, from William Ham who had a grant of land here in 1652. The ancient name ought to be restored and forever retained. On the Kittery shore, opposite, are the "Adams Oaks."

The coves along the west shore have various names that they have borne for two hundred and fifty years or more. For example, the Lower Huntress, from which a ferry once ran to the Eliot shore at Paul's shipyard, whence another road led into the country. Boiling Rock is on the Eliot shore side there. Between the Lower Huntress and the Upper Huntress is Canney's Creek, which was the boundary line between ancient Dover (which included Newington) and Portsmouth. Next above is Shag Rock, a short distance off shore from Ragg's Point, on the Rollins farm. It was named for Jaffrey Ragg, who resided there as early as 1648. Next above are Downing's Cove and Pine Point. Above this is Pickering's Cove, and above that is Bloody Point, where is the terminus of the bridge from Dover Point. Off shore from Bloody Point, perhaps thirty or forty rods from the wrecked schooner, is Langstaff Rocks, dangerous to shipping, as the tide flows very swiftly there as it comes under the bridge.

The Pascataqua flows between Dover Point and Bloody Point, its source being a mile or more above the bridge, at the junction of Oyster River and the outlet from Little

Bay and Great Bay, which outlet, a few rods wide but very deep, flows around Fox Point, the northern most point of Newington. It is a very high Bluff between Little Bay and the Pascataqua river, and commands some of the finest views in New Hampshire.

About a half mile from the head of the river, and midway in it, are two islands, Goat and Rock island, the former being the larger, about an acre of ground and ledge. It was over these islands that old Pascataqua bridge extended from Durham, at Franklin City, to Newington, which was completed in 1794 and was in use till it was washed away in February, 1855. That bridge was 2,362 feet long and 38 feet wide. It was regarded as the masterpiece of bridge building in the United States at that time. The name of Pascataqua Bridge is still given to the neighborhood around the Durham terminus, though only the old abutments now remain.

A short distance below the old abutment on the Durham side is Cedar Point, at the extremity of which is the junction of three town lines, Dover, Madbury and Durham. An iron rod in the ledge marks the starting point of these three lines. Here the Pascataqua is joined by Back river, which is on the west side of Dover Neck, and is a tide water river up as far as the Sawyer lower mill, where the Bellamy river empties into the salt water. The mouth of Back river is between Cedar Point and Redding Point, the first point of land above Hilton's or Dover Point. Between Goat Island and the Dover & Portsmouth Railroad bridge, a distance of a mile or two on the Newington shore, there are several beautiful coves and points of land with ancient names, and one little island called Hen Island. The water flows very rapidly there when the tide is coming out from the bays and Back river, and is known as the "Horse Races."

In ancient times all the traffic was by boats and gundalows on the river, as it was more expeditious and easier. In coming up from Portsmouth the boatmen "made their

manners" at "The Pulpit" and took a drink of New England rum to go up the Long Reach successfully. When they passed Frank's Fort they used to sing out "Barn Door !" as soon as they caught sight of a barn on the height of land on the Eliot shore, the doors of which were never known to be shut from the early spring time, when boating began, till late in the fall. This was the signal for a dram, and the men would flat their oars and take their grog to give them strength, as they thought, to get safely around Bloody Point. Another dram was always deemed necessary at the "Horse Races."

On the Eliot shore were formerly shipyards at several coves. One of the marked features of that shore is an island called "Frank's Fort," in the Long Reach. It is about an acre in extent, and is made of hardpan and gravel. The sides are quite steep and thirty or forty feet above the low tide. Whence its name nobody knows. It was so called in 1648 in a grant of land to "John Green," dated February 14, and it has always been so called to the present time. It was so named by the earliest settlers. As it looks like a fort when viewed from the west side, that appearance probably gave rise to the name "Fort," but who the "Frank" was nobody can guess. It never was used for a fortification, but there has always been a tradition in Newington that some of the powder that was taken from Fort William and Mary, in December, 1774, was hidden there, and later was removed to the towns around.

This island is the western boundary of "Mast Cove," which is reached by "Mast Lane," on the ancient Tobey farm, which has been in possession of the Tobey family since 1687, when the land was granted to James Tobey, and his son Stephen inherited it at the death of his father, on the 21st of May, 1705, when he was killed by the Indians. The present owner is Mr. Martin Parry Tobey, seventh in descent from James, through Stephen, Samuel, Samuel, James and James Shapleigh. Stephen was the first of the family who built ships in that cove, and his descendants

engaged in the business more or less down to 1850. Mast Lane and Mast Cove were so named in very early times, because all of the lumbermen used to haul the huge white pines to the water there and ship them to Portsmouth, whence the largest and best were shipped to England, for the King's navy.

A short distance below Frank's Fort, perhaps a mile, is "Green Acre," noted all over the country, and in foreign lands, as a literary center and a place of rest during July and August of each year. The land was granted to Major Joseph Hammond more than two hundred years ago, and remained in possession of his descendants till 1890, when the Green Acre movement was started and the present hotel was built. It is a beautiful spot, the high elevation overlooking the river almost from source to mouth, with a grand panorama of hills and mountains beyond. Major Hammond's garrison was a short distance north of where the hotel stands, and afforded safety to the families around in the period of Indian wars. The originators of the Green Acre movement were Professor and Mrs. Moses Gerrish Farmer and their daughter, Miss Sarah J. Farmer. To them were added in proprietorship of the hotel and grounds, Lieut.-Col. Francis Keefe, Dr. J. L. M. Willis, G. Everett Hammond and Martin Parry Tobey. This Summer School has various departments, music, art, nature study, etc., and every one is allowed free speech, but no discussions are allowed.

In the cove at the foot of the hill, in front of the hotel, was for many years a famous shipyard, where the Hanscoms, an enterprising race of shipbuilders, launched many a sturdy vessel. The yard was dismantled about fifty years ago. It was here that the clipper ship *Nightingale* was built, which was the fastest sailing ship that ever crossed the Atlantic by wind.

About a mile above Mast Cove, and nearly opposite on the east shore from Dover Point, is the spot where an historic event of great importance took place, at the house of

engaged in the business more or less down to 1850. Most Lane and Mast Cove were so named in very early times because all of the lumbermen used to haul the huge white pine to the water there and ship them to Portsmouth, whence the largest and best were shipped to England for the King's navy.

A short distance below Fish's Fort, perhaps a mile is "Green Acres," named all over the country, and in foreign lands as a highway center and a place of rest during July and August of each year. The land was granted to Major Joseph Hammond more than two hundred years ago, and remained in possession of his descendants till 1850, when the Green Acres movement was started and the present hotel was built. It is a beautiful spot, the high elevation overlooking the river almost from across the mouth, with grand panoramas of hills and mountains beyond. Major Hammond's garden was a short distance north of where the hotel stands, and afforded entry to the garden across the pond of Jordan Lake. The originator of the Green Acres movement was Professor John A. Hamant. Gertrude Farner and their daughter, Miss Susan A. Hamant, to them were added in proprietorship of the hotel and grounds, Lieut.-Col. Francis Keefe, Dr. J. L. M. White, G. Everett Hammond and Martin Perry Todd. The Summer School has various departments, music, art, nature study, etc., and every one is allowed free speech, but no discussions are allowed.

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About a mile above Mast Cove, and nearly opposite on the east shore from Dover Point, is the spot where on this late event of great importance took place, at the house of

William Everett, November 16, 1652. It was then and there that the Commissioners of Massachusetts, Simon Bradstreet, Captain Thomas Wiggin, Samuel Symonds and Bryan Pendleton met the landowners and freemen of Kittery and received their signatures to a document which placed what is now the state of Maine under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, in which condition it remained 168 years, as the District of Maine, till it became a state in the Union in 1820. The cellar where the Everett house stood is still pointed out to visitors. Mr. Bradstreet was afterwards governor of Massachusetts.

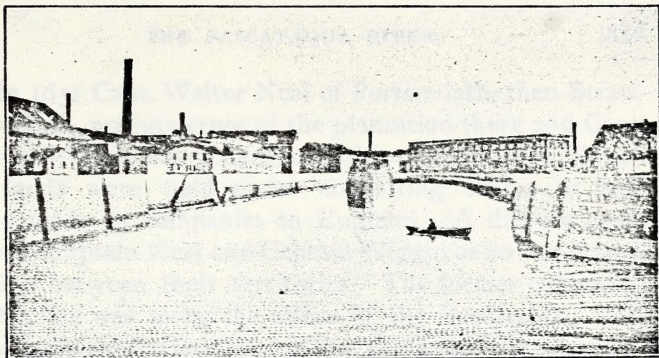
At this locality, between Dover Point and the Everett house where the signing and transferring of allegiance to Massachusetts took place, is a wide space of water, making the junction of the Newichawannock river with the Pascataqua. The Newichawannock is a tide-water river up to South Berwick, where it is met by the Salmon Falls river at Quamphegan falls, at which are mills. The Cochecho river empties into the Newichawannock near Thompson's Point, about three miles above Dover Point. That point was so called from David Thompson, who came over with Edward Hilton in 1623, and there is strong evidence to show that he built his first house there in 1623, and that his men remained there several years, and that three of the men died and were buried there before 1630, the graves of whom with parts of the skeletons were found by the late Moses Gage when he opened a brickyard there about seventy years ago.

The reader may be interested to know the origin of the name "Bloody Point," which has been mentioned several times in this article. The name is at present confined to the point of land which is the terminus of the railroad bridge from Dover Point, but as early as 1633 it was applied to the entire tract of land now Newington, which was a part of Old Dover for eighty years, and is called in the old records "Bloody Point in Dover." It came in this way:

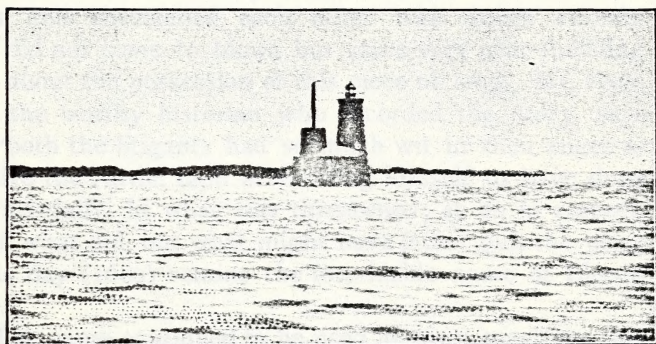
William Everett, November 16, 1852. It was then and there that the Commissioners of Massachusetts, Simon Bradstreet, Captain Thomas Wiggin, Samuel Symonds and Hyatt Linderson met the landowners and trustees of the river and received their signatures to a document which placed what is now the state of Maine under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in which condition it remained 108 years, as the District of Maine till it became a state in the Union in 1820. The calla where the Everett house stood is still pointed out to visitors. Mr. Bradstreet was afterwards governor of Massachusetts.

At this locality, between Dover Point and the Everett house where the signing and transferring of allegiance to Massachusetts took place is a wide space of water marking the junction of the Newichewannock river with the Passaic. The Newichewannock is a hot-water river up to South Berwick, where it is met by the Salmon Falls river. Gumpston falls at which are mills. The Cocheco river empties into the Newichewannock near Thompson's Point, about three miles above Dover Point. That point was so called from David Thompson, who came over with General Hixon in 1825 and there is strong evidence to show that he built his first house there in 1825, and that his wife remained there several years, and that three of the men died and were buried there before 1850, the graves of whom with parts of the skeletons were found by the late Moses Gage when he opened a graveyard there about seventy years ago.

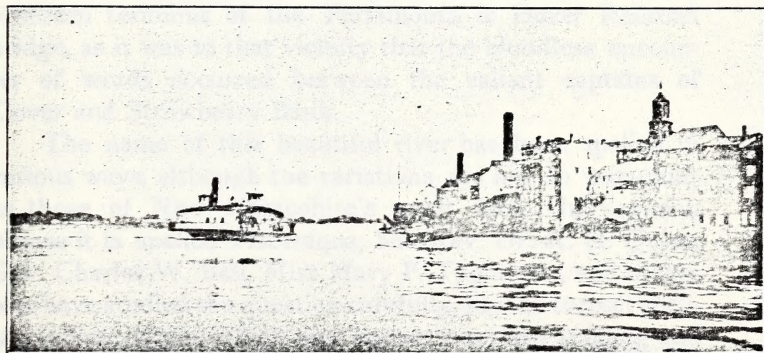
The reader may be interested to know the origin of the name "Bloody Point," which has been mentioned several times in this article. The name is of ancient origin, the point of land which is the terminus of the railroad bridge from Dover Point, but as early as 1825 it was applied to the entire tract of land now Westington, which was a part of Old Dover for eighty years, and is called in the records "Bloody Point in Dover." It came in this way:



NEW DRY DOCK AT NAVY YARD, FLOOD TIDE



WHALEBACK LIGHT



RIVERMOUTH LANDING



NEW DRY DOCK AT NAVY YARD, BOSTON



WHALEBACK LIGHT



RIVERMOUTH LANDING

In 1631 Capt. Walter Neal of Portsmouth, then Strawberry Bank, was governor of the plantation there and Capt. Thomas Wiggin was governor of the plantation at Dover. The lands were held under conflicting claims or land grants made by companies in England. A dispute arose between Captain Neal and Captain Wiggin as to the boundary line between their territories. The former contended that his line was along the shore of the Pascataqua; Captain Wiggin contended that his line extended from Canney's Creek, on the Pascataqua, across to Hogsty Cove, on Great Bay. Both of the captains were high spirited and haughty, but withal discreet. They met and had a furious war of words and threatened each other with drawn swords. They did not come to blows but came very near shedding blood about the possession of this piece of land. Mr. Hubbard, the worthy historian who recorded the story, says that "both the litigants had so much wit in their anger as to waive the battle, each accounting himself to have done very manfully, in what was threatened; so as in respect, not of what did, but what might have fallen out, the place to this day (1680) retains the formidable name of Bloody Point."

The name continued to be used in town meetings and legal documents down to 1713, when the General Court set it off from Dover and called it Newington. The name has since then been confined to the point of land which is the southern terminus of the Portsmouth & Dover Railroad bridge, as it was in that vicinity that the bloodless encounter of words occurred between the valiant captains of Dover and Strawberry Bank.

The name of this beautiful river has been spelled in various ways, although the variations are not so numerous as those of New Hampshire's great lake. In common phrase it is spelled Piscataqua, but Rev. Dr. A. H. Quint, Gov. Charles W. Bell, Miss Mary P. Thompson, and others who have studied the question carefully, say the correct spelling is Pascataqua, which was the very earliest spelling and

In 1821 Capt. Walter Neal of Portsmouth, then Strawberry Bank was governor of the plantation there and Capt. Thomas Wiggin was governor of the plantation at Dover. The lands were held under conflicting claims or land grants made by companies in England. A dispute arose between Captain Neal and Captain Wiggin as to the boundary line between their territories. The former contended that his line was along the shore of the Pascataqua; Captain Wiggin contended that his line extended from Campy's Creek on the Pascataqua, across to Hoggy Cove on Great Bay. Both of the captains were high spirited and headstrong but without discord. They met and had a long talk but words and threatened each other with drawn swords. They did not come to blows but came very near striking blood about the possession of this piece of land. Mr. Hubbard, the worthy historian who recorded the story, says that "both the litigants had so much wit in their arguments to waive the battle each recognizing himself to have done very manfully, in what was threatened; so as to report, not of what did, but what might have fallen out, the place to this day (1882) retains the fantastic name of Hoggy Point."

The name continued to be used in town meetings and legal documents down to 1771, when the General Court set it off from Dover and called it Newwington. The name has since then been confined to the point of land which is the southern terminus of the Portsmouth & Dover Railroad bridge, as it was in that vicinity that the bloodless encounter of words occurred between the valiant captains of Dover and Strawberry Bank.

The name of this beautiful river has been spelled in various ways although the variations are not so numerous as those of New Hampshire's great lake. In common phrase it is spelled Pascataqua, but Rev. Dr. A. H. Quaker Gov. Charles W. Bell, Miss Mary F. Thompson and others who have studied the question carefully, say the correct spelling is Pascataqua, which was the very earliest spelling and

was used generally down to seventy-five years ago. The Indians used it for ages before the white man came here, and according to the best authorities it means a divided tidal water, or branched river, which it is in fact. The name Piscataqua does not mean anything in Indian or English language, and it ought not to be used by intelligent people.

Dies Doloris

By ANSON G OSGOOD

I saw the darkness lift, and the cold light
Dim in its first uncertainty grow bright
And tinge with chilly green the blue-black sky
There where the fragile crescent hung. And I
Saw the lone star that loitered in the east,
Timid and red, like an unwelcome guest,
Grow sickly yellow 'mid th' encircling glow
Of gold. The clouds turned amethyst, and Lo!
A ruddy tint dyed leaves and dewy lawn.
And yet I could but sigh: "Is this the morn?"

I saw the sun mount up, and all the air
Quivered with song. The feathered tribe his glare
Hailed with unconscious art. Thin smoke curled high
From chimney-tops and men awoke to ply
Their several tasks. I watched the laggard hours
Creep slowly on. Bees droned and nodding flowers
In beauty vied. The great world's busy hum
Rose to my ear. Ere long the noon had come.
O'er all its warmth and heavy fragrance lay.
And yet I could but ask: "Is this the day?"

I saw the shadows lengthen. One by one
They crept to kiss the hills. I saw the sun
Blushing an angry red sink swiftly down.
His parting rays gilded the spired town.
I watched the sunset's purple glory fade,
The cool of eve stole forth. Descending shade
Wrapt in a sober mantle street and glade.
Kind Heaven her jewels showed. I knew the cry
Of creatures of the dark. The night was nigh.
All this I saw and heard yet knew it not.
To look was vain for sorrow veiled my sight.
Night comes with peace; but this—could this be night?

Hunting Fatalities

The following list of hunting fatalities in northern New England, as compiled by the *Lancaster Gazette*, seems worthy of preservation, while it becomes a warning of the perils of sport that come not from the hunted but from the hunter. It is doubtful if this list is complete.—*Editor*.

WITH the close season on moose and deer going into effect in Maine and New Hampshire, statistics show that two months of hunting in New England have cost nineteen lives.

Of these fatalities eight occurred in Maine, six in Massachusetts, three in New Hampshire and two in Vermont. Four of the deaths occurred from exposure and one from an attack of heart disease, while in the other fourteen cases the fatal shot in only one instance was self-inflicted, thus leaving thirteen hunters at the close of a season's sport responsible for a human life. Two of the victims were women, one each from Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

In addition there are at least fourteen others who have been seriously injured by the accidental discharge of hunters' weapons: six in Maine, six in Massachusetts, and one each in New Hampshire and Vermont. In these cases six of the wounds were self-inflicted.

The majority of the accidents occurred in October, when thirteen of the victims met their fate. This was due principally to the heavy foliage, which clung to the trees until late in the fall. That the number of victims in the Pine Tree State was not greater this season is believed to be due largely due to the steps taken by the Maine authorities in enacting and enforcing laws.

The first death reported was in October, when Edgar Bailey, sixty-one years of age, was shot and instantly killed at Mattawamkeag by a companion who mistook him for a bear. Because a youthful companion thought he was a deer, Benjamin F. McDole, aged thirty-five years, met his

death near Island Falls, Me., and Samuel E. Saunders, while clambering into his boat at Denmark, Me., accidentally discharged his rifle and was instantly killed. Charles Pomeroy left a camp near Schoodic for a day's hunting and failed to return. John Bunting, thirty-five years of age, strayed away while moose hunting with his young son, and was found dead from exposure.

In Massachusetts one of the first deaths was that of Augustus Faille, aged seventeen years, who was shot by the accidental discharge of his companion's rifle in the woods near Conway. At Rowley, in the early part of October, Adam Busche, a game warden, was seriously wounded, it is alleged, by Patrick Cahill, while he was attempting to arrest the man on a charge of violating the Sunday hunting laws. The unexpected discharge of a companion's gun proved fatal to William Henry at Lenox, and while some boys were fooling, during a hunting trip near Randolph, John Delaney, fifteen years old, was shot by his brother and died soon afterwards.

Massachusetts also had one woman victim, Mrs. Richard Kaime, fifty years of age, who was shot and killed by two boys in the woods near Gloucester. Allen Bradbury, aged eighteen, was killed near Newburyport, while his companion was attempting to load a gun on a duck hunting excursion, and Irving H. Bolles of Melrose, thirty-five years of age, dropped dead from heart failure while hunting near Fitchburg.

Two of New Hampshire's three fatalities were for a long time shrouded in mystery. Miss Lillian Paine was found in the woods near Keene, with a bullet wound in her head. She declared she was shot by some unknown person, but upon her death an official finding of "accidental shooting" was returned. The other death was that of Philip Conroy, aged sixteen, whose body was found after two weeks' incessant search in the woods near Lancaster. Fred H. Childs, Jr., nine years of age, was shot by a fourteen-year-old chum.

The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE


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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER VIII

"THE HARBOR LIGHT"

"There's a light in the window for thee, brother."

 UPON reaching Deacon Goodwill's farmstead and learning that it was convenient for them to stop with him over night, Reuben Rover and his friend, leaving Mr. Hungerford to join the host, went up to the cow yard, in sight of the house, where they had seen Abe Goodwill milking. After their brief greeting and a few commonplace remarks, during which the young milker continued to play fife and drum with the jerky streams of milk and the pail, he finally said:

"If I ain't missed my calculations you were a couple of strangers I see daown to the auction this afternoon."

"We were there," replied Rover.

"See me and old Bet come into town?" asked Abe, stopping his manipulations and showing some interest in their conversation.

The Shipwreck, Then Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Done of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WATSON HOWARD

(Copyright, 1904, by the Author)

What a nation we are and what a nation we have—Glad

CHAPTER VIII

"THE HARBOR LIGHT"

"There's light in the shadow for this harbor."

FOR teaching Gordon Goodwill's ignorance and
learning that it was convenient for them to stop
with him over night, Keshen Hovey and his friends
leaving Mr. Houghton to join the boat, went up
to the cow yard in sight of the house, where they had seen
Abe Goodwill milking. After their brief greeting and a
few commonplace remarks, during which the young man
continued to play his and drum with the jerky strokes of
milk and the ball, he finally said:

"If I ain't misread my calculations you were a couple of
strangers I see down to the auction this afternoon."

"We were there," replied Hovey.

"See me and old Ben come late to-morrow," asked Abe.

stoppage his manifestations and showing some interest in
their conversation.

"Enough to see that you were holding more than your own with the Johnson horse."

"Yeou can bet yeour boots I was. But, say, mister, yeou look like a fellow who can see through a millstone, providing the hole ain't too crooked. What do yeou think of Bet?"

"She promises well."

"Better'n any of the others?"

"Better than any I have seen," which, as a matter of fact, did not carry much weight except with Abe, who now left his milking stool and came to the bars where the newcomers were standing.

"Mister, I daon't know yeou and I ain't any business to talk this to a stranger, but I must say something to somebody? Dad's dead set against it, which is all right for a man in his position and profession. But I'm planning to enter Bet in the Coldbrook races next month for the best in two and twenty. Of course some are going to larf at me, and just how I'm going to do it I don't know. But I'm going to, an I ain't going to back daown."

"I wish you success, though I wish you had started on something else to win fame and money."

"'Tain't fame I'm after, mister; it's money. Yeou see, I want to go to Coe's Academy, but dad says he can't afford it. Perhaps he can't. But when his hat blowed off the other day, and his papers flew all over the lower field, I see notes and mortgages enough to send Enoch and I both kiting through. But, letting that alone, the Coldbrook prize would fix all my expenses and send me through fluking."

"The object is laudible if the means are not. If there is anything I can do for you I will do it."

"Bully for yeou! Excuse me, mister, if I use pretty strong language, but yeou are the first man who has ever given me any sympathy. Dad thinks a boy don't care for any sympathy, but I tell yeou it's boys who want the most. What with pulling beans and digging raound among the rocks and stumps all day, with no letup, it comes pretty tough.

"Enough to see that you were holding your hand out with the Johnson horse."

"You can bet your horse I was. But let's get your look like a fellow who can see through a million, pressing the horse into the crowd. What do you think of that?"

"The promise well."

"Better a day of the night."

"Better than any I have seen," which, as a matter of fact, did not carry much weight except with Abe, who now left his milking stool and came to the barn where the new comers were standing.

"Mister, I don't know you and I ain't any business to talk this to a stranger, but I must say something to some body. Dad's dead set against it which is all right for a man in his position and position. But I'm pleased to enter But in the Coliseum races next month for the first in two and twenty. Of course some are going to bet at me and just how I'm going to do it I don't know. But I'm going to do it, I'm going to back down."

"I wish you success, though I wish you had started on something else to win fame and money."

"That's what I'm after, mister; it's money. You see, I want to go to Coe's Academy, but dad says he can't afford it. Perhaps he can't. But when his fat showed off the other day, and his papers flew all over the lower deck, I see notes and mortgages enough to send Enoch and I both sitting through. But letting that alone, the Coliseum will send me all my expenses and send me through during."

"The object is doubtful if the means are not. If there's anything I can do for you I will do it."

"Thank you, mister. Because you mean it, if I use your money, but you are the first man who has ever shown sympathy. Dad thinks a boy don't care for money, but I tell you it's boys who want the money. What with pulling beans and rigging around among the boys and running all day with no letup it comes pretty tough."

I'm ignerent as the caows and I know it, and that makes me all the more anxious to go to the academy. There's Cap'en Eb, he's sent John off to the big schools a lot. Don't know as he's helped John much, but I'd like to get a hack at such schools myself. I don't know just haow I'm going to get Bet to do her best, and to get a square deal along with them jockeys that run the county fair, but I'm bound to try my levelest. A ring runs the whole trick, and Jock Jenness has managed to get the big plums, and what he don't get the east county jockeys and Squire Newbegin does. Not that the squire takes hold with the vim and bite that Jock does, but I hear this year he means to. When the squire settles daown into the traces the load has got to move or the harness breaks. I think he intends to break the ring. This has woke up the east siders, and that man Johnson, who raced with me yesterday, is one of their leaders or I'm mistaken. Anyway, he's set on having Bet, which seems to me to be pretty good evidence that she's worth putting on the track."

"It will be necessary to give Bet some training," said Rover, without replying directly to what Abe had said.

"I knaow that, mister. I ain't said a word to anybody, but I've begun to train her."

"Yes?"

"I suppose yeou'll larf, but if yeou don't give me away I won't care. If yeou have been to the village yeou must have seen the common called the 'Flatiron.' That used to be a race-course, one of the best in these parts for a half-mile track. The old track is still to be seen and every night, when the weather will let us, Enoch and I take old Bet daown there by the back road and, while the folks are sleeping, let her spin around the course three or four times. By gosh! yeou ought to see me spin round there!"

"If you will let me know when you have your next practice I will go with you."

"I will, mister, and it'll be the first fair night. Looks

so it will be too cloudy to-night. Maybe you will time her."

"I will, gladly."

"I have looked it up in the almanac, and I find there will be a full moon just before the race at Coldbrook. That will give me a chance to give Bet her final exercise."

Abe now returned to his milking in good spirits but the conversation was kept up discussing the county fair, old Bet's prospects, and sundry topics of interest, until finally the young farmer changed the subject by saying :

"Yeou came up with old Hungerford? I'll warrant he told yeou his story of how he give away his property. Did he tell yeou haow deep he got into that Miller doctrine? No? He always leaves out that part, the larfing part. He probably told yeou haow he came back to taown so as to ascend to Elijah from the little hill back of his old house, which ran around so as to come back of the meeting house. On the morning appointed for the wind-up, he clumb this hill at crack of day, so as to be on hand prompt. When the day begun to break the folks in the village could hear him praying and shouting to the Lord to be merciful to him a sinner. He had got to asking the Lord to send him a chariot, as he had done for Elijah, to take him up to heaven, when some of the boys, who had followed for fun, set a pile of brush on fire. Pete soon smelt the smoke and, sure naow the end was near, shut his eyes to shut out the awful sight I suppose, and clapping his hands over his head, prayed louder and faster 'n ever. He must have looked funny, for he had dressed himself up in a suit that must have belonged to his grandsur's. The coat had a long tail, and the hat was tall and a lot too big for him.

"While he kept up his praying the boys pushed the fire nearer and nearer, till the smoke wound about him. Then the blaze run along on the grass till it got all around the begging old sinner. How he cried :

"O good Lord ! it has come as I expected and prayed. Be merciful to me, a miserable sinner ! Save me and my

so it will be too cloudy to-night. Maybe you will time her."

"I will gladly."

"I have looked it up in the almanac, and I find there will be a full moon just before the race at Colchester. That will give me a chance to give her her first exercise."

And now returned to his milking in good spirits, but the conversation was kept up discussing the coming fair, and her prospects, and steady topics of interest, until finally the young farmer changed the subject by saying:

"You came up with old Hunsford? I'll warrant he

told you his story of how he gave away his property. Did

he tell you how deep he got into that Miller business?

No! He always leaves out that part of the story, and so

probably told you how he came back to town as he

ascended to Elijah from the little hill back of his old house,

which ran around so as to come back of the meeting house.

On the morning appointed for the wind-up he climbed the

hill at crack of day, so as to be on hand promptly. When

the day began to break the folk in the village could hear

him crying and shouting as the Lord to be merciful to him

a sinner. He had got to asking the Lord to send him a

chariot, as he had done for Elijah, to take him up to heaven.

When some of the boys, who had followed him, set a pile

of brush on fire. Two soon smelt the smoke and came

now the end was near, and his eyes to shut out the world.

Right I suppose, and clapping his hands over his head,

prayed louder and faster than ever. He must have looked

loony, for he had looked almost so in a mad fit once

before, but he had belonged to his grand old time, and had a long talk

and the fact was all and a lot too for him.

When he came to his senses, the boys picked him up

and carried him home. The whole village was about him. Then

the doctor came along in the afternoon, and got all around the

poor creature. How he cried:

"O good Lord! it has come as I expected and feared."

He concluded to run a miserable dinner. Save me and my

folks, and let us stand among the lambs at the feet of—' when one of the boys hit the tall hat with a pole, driving the tremendous thing clear down over Hungerford's big head, shutting out the light and muffling his voice so it sounded like a water-wheel a whirring for all its worth but all mixed up in its sounds. He tumbled over and lay like a log. It was lucky some of the boys run up and put out the fire, or he'd burnt up sure. He didn't show any signs of getting up till they had throwed the third pail of water on him, and he wouldn't believe he was on earth. Poor old Hungerford! he realized it sure enough before long. It was funny the way he fell into the trap and got sold."

"So there was a scheme to frighten him? Perhaps this Peleg Thompson had something to do with it."

"You have made a good guess, and he got a good helper in Bill Berry. But I have been told that Thompson was jewed out of the place soon after, so it didn't do him much good. I've been told the writing on the egg was done by writing on it in grease, and then by dropping it into vinegar the shell was eaten all around the lines, but left 'em. It must have made great excitement for the time. I have got my milking done, so come into the house, but don't hint to dad what I've told yeou."

Upon entering the house it was found that Mrs. Goodwill had the supper table waiting for them, and a few minutes after the family, with their guests, were seated about the board. Complaining of his rheumatism, the host said but little, so the meal was eaten in comparative silence, even Reuben Rover giving up finally in his attempt to be sociable. Sometimes a child will accomplish what elder persons try in vain, and this was illustrated most forcibly as they moved back from the table, and little Enoch cried out enthusiastically:

"Look, mamma! Old Fok'sle has lighted the Harbor Light."

"You should not speak in that way, my son," remonstrated the mother. "You should say Mr. Forecastle or,

rather Captain Forecastle, as I believe he was once master of a ship. Isn't that so, Timothy?"

"He says so, Mirandy, but you can't depend very much on what he says. He's out'n his head in the th' wuss way, an' is liable to imagine most anything. The Lord have pity on his misguided head."

"I never see the light any plainer, not even on the night of the big storm, when it showed the Leighton boys the way home when they were lost on the mountain. The poor man should have credit for saving the lost children, for they must have perished before morning."

"He did seem an instrument in th' hands of th' Lord to guide th' lost lambs home. It wus very keerless of their mother to let the children wander off in that way."

"Their father had told them they might go walnutting on the mountain side. No one thought a storm was coming up so soon," said Mrs. Goodwill, who was inclined to be less severe in her judgment. Then, seeing that their remarks had awakened the interest of the strangers, she explained:

"We had reference to a couple of boys who were lost on the mountain last fall, and who must have perished in an awful storm if it hadn't been for Captain Forecastle's, or Fok'sle, as most everybody calls his name, beacon light. He followed the sea in his younger years, and on one voyage his only son, a cabin boy, was lost while the vessel was trying to make into port. It must have nearly crazed the poor man, and now many miles from the sea he builds his beacon fires to guide his long-lost boy safe into port. He is building a vessel in which he says he's going to sail just as soon as he gets it done, seeming to look on little sunk pond as an ocean. His fire is uncommonly bright to-night."

The others were all watching the bright flames which had sprung up in the distance, making a coppery ball hung against the black wall of the starless sky.

"How long has he been building those beacon fires?"

"Six or seven years, isn't it, Timothy? At any rate since he first came to Sunset. He seems like a real nice man, and his poor wife is so patient with him. To humor him she puts a candle in the window every night when he does not build his beacon. They have a young woman living with them who is very good and pretty. I think she is a niece. They say Joe Nickleby is waiting on her. I hope it is not so, for there isn't a Nickleby good enough for Vinnie Beam."

"Do you know where this Captain Forecastle came from?" asked Quiver.

"No. I have heard it said he is a Scotchman, though his language does not show it. Still sometimes persons lose their native tongue after speaking another for some time."

"His has got too much salt brine erbout it to be anything you could understand," remarked Deacon Goodwill.

"I cannot say why it should," said Reuben Rover, who was watching the beacon closer than the others, "but yonder fire reminds me of a picture I saw on a night in the heart of the Yunnan frontier in western China. In company with three others I had climbed one of those cone-like peaks rising almost perpendicularly from the banks of the River of Golden Sand, that has its source somewhere in the Tibetan mountains. We had traveled overland from Burma, and as far as we knew where no foreigner had ever pressed a foot. We climbed to what I should judge was an altitude of a thousand feet, and then we ascended to the roof of a seven-story pagoda, with the ear-marks of ages upon it. We then climbed into the top of a good-sized tree growing on its summit, from which elevation we obtained a wide view of the surrounding country.* The early evening had been dusky, but as we reached our lofty

*Lieutenant Garnier, the adventurous explorer, who penetrated into this borderland between China and Tibet several years later saw and described this same peculiar pagoda and its living crown of tree.—*Author*.

pinnacle the silvery orb of the Oriental night was hung like a pictured gem upon the naked wall of the translucent sky, lending the happiest effect imaginable to the wild landscape made up of plains, valleys, mountains and forests of Yunnan. Added to the grand, sublime panorama of nature was to be seen in the distance the coppery gleam of a campfire of some caravan halted for the night on the plains, of which this harbor light is a remindful prototype. Farther away than this fire was a bigger and brighter sheet of flame marking the onward sweep of a forest conflagration, which is a sight too often seen in that country. As we stood, mute spectators of the scene, a dozen or more dark figures, looking at first like huge bats, darted out over the landscape between us and the sea of fire. They soon assumed the shape of a body of horsemen sweeping over the highlands with the velocity of the wind. Our gaze followed them until they had faded into mere specks, and these had been swallowed up by the dark dragon of night, like so many insects, leaving us to speculate as to who they were, whither, they were bound and what might be their errand, something as we watch and wonder over yonder beacon fire built hundreds of miles away from the spot it can hope to benefit."

His companions were deeply impressed by the wanderer's words, and they continued to gaze toward the beacon in silence, until it gradually grew dim, and finally died down to a few embers that cast a fitful glow over the dark scene.



glimmered the silvery orb of the Oriental night was hung like a pictured gem upon the naked wall of the tripod, the light leading the hapless effect invisible to the wide landscape made up of plain, valley, mountains and forests of Yunnan. Added to the grand, sublime panorama of nature was to be seen in the distance the vaporous gleam of a campfire of some caravan halted for the night on the plain, of which this harbor light is a reminding prototype. Farther away than this fire was a bigger and brighter sheet of flame marking the onward sweep of a forest conflagration, which is a sight too often seen in that country. As we stood, musing spectators of the scene, a dozen or more dark figures looking at first like huge bats darted out over the land-escape between us and the sea of fire. They soon assumed the shape of a body of horsemen sweeping over the highlands with the velocity of the wind. Our gaze followed them until they had faded into mere specks, and these had been swallowed up by the dark dragon of night, like so many insects, leaving us to speculate as to who they were, whether they were found and what might be their errand, something as we watch and wonder over yonder beams of half a hundred of miles away from the spot it can help to detect.

His companions were deeply impressed by the wonderer's words, and they continued to gaze toward the dragon in silence, until it gradually grew dim, and finally died down to a few sparks that cast a faint glow over the dark scene.

CHAPTER IX

CONTENTS OF THE LITTLE TRUNK—THE LONG-LOST NOTE

When menny years hev rolled away,
When we no more are young,
When other voices may repeat
The songs that we hev sung,
When all your youthful beauty fades,
That Time will not restore,
Some tender tho'ts may come again
O days that are no more.

—Hall.



FINDING that their visitors had travelled so extensively, the family gladly listened to some of their accounts of lands that to them had never existed, excepting to Mrs. Goodwill, who was an educated woman and who had taught school several years before marrying Mr. Goodwill. The entire circle soon felt that these strangers were men of uncommon importance. Especially was this so to little Enoch and to Abe, who now believed he had gained a powerful ally in his secret purpose. So the evening passed too quickly to the majority, and the late hour came when Reuben Rover and his friend followed their guide to the apartment allotted to them for the night. It was the family's "best room," and an air of cheerfulness pervaded the place that was felt by the new-comers.

"This seems the most like home of anything I have seen for a score of years," declared the first, as he glanced about their surroundings and then deposited the little hair trunk, which he had kept with him with watchfulness, upon the floor, to sink into a chair himself.

"I wonder what home seems like," remarked Leonard Quiver, drawing his tall, superb form up to its full height and until his head almost touched the low ceiling.

"Never had a home, did you, Leonard?"

As his companion made no reply, he resumed :

"I suppose I had as good a one as I deserved. But let that go. How natural this old room looks to me. You will not be surprised if I tell you this is not the first time I have been in it. I staid here over night once, more than twenty-five years ago. How time has fled, but I do not believe an atom has been changed here. Here is the same old-style, tall-posted bedstead, piled to the rafters with husks, straw and feathers crowded into ticks that seem ready to burst. Here are the same straight-backed chairs that make one feel as he were in the stocks to sit in them, the small, high windows, the fire-place and long, wide mantle. I think the deacon's father built this house when he was a young man, and the furniture belonged to his grandmother. But it all harmonizes well with the straight-laced deacon. We generally fit into the grooves intended for us, only sometimes I fall to wondering whether the grooves are made for us or we for the grooves."

"Just now I am wondering more how in the name of the prophet we are going to face the stingy old deacon in the morning without a cent in our pockets."

"Never cross a bridge until you reach it, old man. 'Sufficient unto the hour is the evil thereof.' But have you no curiosity to know what this trunk that I have lugged around like a prize casket until my arms ache contains? Condemned strange I didn't think to ask for the key. No doubt the widow had one. If I had a jack-knife to use as a lever. Ha! here is a wooden skewer, made to shell corn with, that is pointed enough to act as a wedge."

By dint of hard work he finally succeeded in entering the sharp point of the instrument under the lid, and by pressing upward and backward he eventually started the lock so the cover flew open. An air of mustiness such as would naturally come from a receptacle that had been long closed. Reuben Rover had now placed it on the table, and as he caught a hasty view of the contents of this ancient heirloom, filled to overflowing, he stepped back and, in the

As his companion made no reply, he resumed:
 "I suppose I had as good as one as I deserved. But let
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 five years ago. How time has fled, but I do not believe an
 atom has been changed here. Here is the same old-style
 tall-posted bedstead, piled to the rafters with books, letters
 and letters crowded into racks that seem ready to burst.
 Here are the same straight-backed chairs that make one
 feel as he were in the stocks to sit in them, the small high
 windows, the fireplace and long, wide mantle. I think the
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 erally fit into the groove intended for us, only sometimes
 I fall to wondering whether the grooves are made for us or
 we for the grooves."

"Just now I am wondering more how in the name of
 the prophet we are going to face the staid old deacon in
 the morning without a word in our pockets."

"Never cross a bridge until you reach it, old man.
 Sufficient unto the hour is the evil thereof. But have you
 no curiosity to know what this crank that I have lugged
 around like a prize ticket until my arms were cramped?
 Confound it, strange I didn't think to ask for the key. No
 doubt the widow had one. If I had a jack-knife to me as
 a lever. Hal here is a wooden shaver, made to split even
 with that painted enough to act as a wedge."

By dint of hard work he finally succeeded in entering
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 pressing upward and backward he eventually raised the
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 closed. Rauben Rover had now placed it on the table and
 as he caught a hasty view of the contents of the ancient
 bedchamber, filled to overflowing, he stepped back and in the

impressive, eloquent way of his, exclaimed :

"Behold, Leonard Quiver, the vagabond that thou art, the sealed treasures of another generation, for I'll venture my future prospects the hand which closed that lid now molders in the dust."

Within the receptacle Quiver saw bundles of old letters, boxes of small dimensions and dainty patterns, no doubt filled with relics, with many miscellaneous articles which would require patient overhauling and examination to name and describe. Laid loosely on the top, and the first to be lifted up somewhat gingerly by the long, slim fingers of Reuben Rover was a "stock" that had been worn by some one following faithfully the fashion of a hundred years before. And then came the collar worn underneath, whose sharp corners appearing just above set it off to good advantage. Then there came a stock buckle, and a pair of silver knee buckles to match. There were, too, a set of vest buttons, hollow and formed like a hemisphere, fastened to the garment by a slender bar.

"Links of silver, once binding together the vest of some genteel wearer before the days of the Boston Tea Party, and now linking the past to the present," remarked Reuben Rover, as he held them up in his hand. "What a story they might tell were they given the tongue of silver of which we hear. Here is something yet more delicate and valuable," lifting a small metal box from its place of repose and raising its lid. "What have we here? See, asleep on its soft bed of cotton, where it has reposed for a lifetime, lies a golden brooch, holding a tiny locket. I open it to gaze into a sweet, womanly face. She is kneeling before an altar, alive with bright flames, while her hands are uplifted as she raises them to deposit on the sacred spot a laurel wreath. This may embody love; it may portray penitence for some slight sin committed. Surely such a lovely countenance, the very picture of innocence, could not have belonged to one guilty of any serious misdemeanor. No, no! Notice the divine grace of the features, the delicacy of the Grecian

drapery. Such a picture makes one ashamed of his coarse living. Ha! Here is something more touching yet. See! A string of gold beads, once worn about somebody's neck. Whose? This begins to look like a treasure-house indeed. Notice how much the beads are worn. And see! they were strung on a thread of human hair, no doubt from the head of some one loved by the wearer. I will lay these aside, and if Mrs. Temple calls for them she shall have them, as no doubt they are precious to her. Rube Rover, if a vagabond, is not a robber.

"Now I come to a portfolio filled with sacred personal relics."

"You have found one of your emotional moods this evening," declared his companion, though he heartily felt and gave silent acquiescence to all he had said.

"I feel that I am under some uncommon influence this evening, Leonard Quiver. It has been a long time since I have felt this mysterious power that has saved my life twice, at least. Once as I bent over a campfire in one of the valleys of the Ural Mountains, with half a dozen adventurous spirits on our dangerous way to Siberia, when the blessed form of my sainted mother appeared to me and beckoned earnestly for me to follow her. I was so impressed that, in spite of the ridicule and remonstrance of my companions, I obeyed. She remained with me for three days, and until I had placed many miles between me and the Russian frontier, when she vanished. I afterwards learned that all of my companions perished most miserably within three days after I left them. Again, many years before that, I was about to go on shipboard, bound to the Land of the Midnight Sun from England, when the figure of my mother, whom I then supposed living, appeared to me and showed me in sign language that it was my duty to turn back. For the first time in my life I did so. The ship that sailed never reached its haven, and all on board were drowned. To-night I feel again that I am under some such potent spell, and that my future weal or woe hangs on the

disgrace. Such a picture makes one ashamed of his coarse living. But there is something more touching yet sadder! A string of gold beads, once worn about somebody's neck. Whose? This begins to look like a treasure-house indeed. Notice how much the beads are worn. And see! they were strung on a thread of human hair, no doubt from the head of some one loved by the wearer. I will say these aside, and if Mrs. Temple calls for them she shall have them, as no doubt they are precious to her. Ruby Rover, if a vagabond, is not a robber.

"Now I came to a portfolio filled with sacred personal relics."

"You have found one of your emotional needs this evening," declared his companion, though he heartily felt and gave silent assent to all he had said.

"I feel that I am under some unconscious influence this evening, Leonard Quiver. It has been a long time since I have felt this mysterious power that has saved my life twice at least. Once as I bent over a campfire in one of the rocky wastes of the Sierras, with but a dozen arrows, the light of the stars was my only guide, when the blessed form of my sister's mother appeared to me and beckoned earnestly for me to follow her. I was so weak, that in spite of the darkness and discomfort of my companions, I obeyed. She remained with me for three days, and until I had placed many miles between me and the Russian frontier, when she vanished. I afterwards learned that all of my companions perished most miserably within three days after I left them. Again, many years before that I was about to go on shipboard, bound to the Land of the Midnight Sun from England, when the figure of my mother, whom I then supposed living, appeared to me and showed me in sign language that it was my duty to turn back. For the first time in my life I did so. The ship that sailed never reached its haven, and all on board were drowned. To-night I feel again that I am under some powerful spell, and that my future well or woe hangs on the

magical power or this unseen guide. I wouldn't part with this little trunk and its treasures, if they are the mementoes of strangers, for a thousand dollars.

"Here is another relic labelled 'Mother's Ring.' Let me handle this gently, lest it crumble away in my hand. See! a broken ring lying in a bed of down. But is it broken? It seems to have been made in three sections, joined by pivots. On this one two hearts are formed, while each of the other parts is a hand and fingers, one a woman's and the other a man's. By bringing the three sections together thus, the hands clasp gently over the united hearts, as if to shield them. This must have been a love token—an engagement ring worn long and faithfully by the recipient. These are her initials, I suppose, 'M. B.' How sacredly this has been kept. No doubt Mrs. Temple will want this, too. Well she shall have it. Now I find a golden snuff box, large and expensive, as if the owner was both well-to-do and a great lover of the drug. Ha! this is marked in a plain, bold hand, 'Sylvanus Bidwell.'"

With these words Reuben Rover stopped his investigations and, turning his gaze away from the little trunk and its contents, sat a long time in silence, so long in fact that his friend grew uneasy, finally saying in an impatient tone:

"That snuff seems to have a powerful effect on you, old boy."

"It has awakened memories that have been long asleep. You will not wonder when I tell you that an ancestor of mine was named Sylvanus Bidwell. I wonder if these letters will throw any light on these heirlooms? What is this?" laying aside a bundle of letters grown yellow and brittle with age, while the faded ribbon binding them together slipped off, and they fell promiscuously into the bottom of the trunk. Without stopping to re-arrange them the investigator held up to the light of the tallow candle a long, narrow piece of paper, yellowed with age and covered with writing in a fine, lawyer-like hand. As he glanced

over it hastily, Reuben Rover exclaimed in a tone of triumph:

"By the great white elephant? this is worth all the rest. Pinch me, Leonard Quiver, that I may know if I am awake or dreaming."

"I can tell you that without putting you to the pain," replied his impatient companion. "You have been acting like one in a dream for several minutes. Speak out, man, and tell me if you have found a note from your old sweetheart which sues for forgiveness, or is it your sentence to the gallows?"

"More wonderful than either, man alive! Here is the little bit of paper which has been a bone of contention for nearly twenty years, and which men have searched for high and low. I am armed now for the battle."

"Still you keep me in the dark. Explain or lose my friendship."

"As if that were worth a dozen words. Do not mind the trifles that fall from my tongue like the water of a brook falling down a rocky incline. Leonard Quiver, behold in that piece of paper the long-lost note of Sylvanus Bidwell, and which his son willed to me. It was given for the forty thousand dollars loaned the town nearly twenty years ago. This is the claim Tristram Bidwell made over to me just before he died, for the favors I did him in his last days. He was a relative of our family, too, which made it very proper for him to do so. As the note was lost his claim was not looked upon as very valuable."

"Is it now?" asked Quiver, as he drew nearer.

"I should say it was, old man. Take its value out of the town and I wouldn't give much for what there is left. Let me give you the facts briefly:

"About twenty-five years ago the town voted and raised ten per cent of its valuation to help build a railroad. This road was built but it immediately failed, it was claimed, through mismanagement and malicious neglect. In consequence the town sued the company for damages, and lost.

over it hastily. Richard never returned to a town of triumph.

"By the great white elephant! this is worth all the rest. I wish you Leonard Quiver, that I may know you."

awoke on his knees.

"I can tell you that while I am sitting you in the boat."

replied his impatient companion. "You have been waiting."

like one in a dream for some minutes. Speak out now."

and tell me if you have found a note from your old friend."

heart which was for forgiveness or in it your sympathy."

the gateway."

"I have wondered then either way. I have in the"

little bit of paper which has been a home of comfort to me."

nearly twenty years and which now have reached the door."

and now I am tired now for the time."

"Still you keep me in the dark. Explain to me the"

friendship."

"As if that were worth a dozen words. It was the"

the truth that fell from my tongue like the water of a"

brook falling down a rocky path. Leonard Quiver"

held at that place of power the last of nature's gifts and"

Edith, and which he was willing to see. It was given to"

the forty thousand dollars (about the year 1880) and"

years ago. This is the chain of events which led to"

me just before he died for the last time in the year"

days. He was a relative of our family, and which made"

very proper for him to be so. As the time was fast"

claim was not looked upon as very valuable."

"Is it now?" asked Quiver, as he drew nearer.

"I should say it was old now. This is the value of it."

the man and I wouldn't give much for what there is left."

Let me give you the last part of it."

"About twenty-five years ago the man who was"

which ten per cent of the remainder he held a hundred."

This was the last part of it. It was the last of it."

through his management and his own efforts. In the"

quest the town used the company for damage, and the"

This lawsuit with the money first raised cost the town something like twenty-five per cent of its valuation, which at that time was \$400,000. In order to meet their obligations the town was forced to borrow ten per cent of its valuation, or \$40,000. This money was borrowed on a note of one Sylvanus Bidwell, a cousin of Squire Newbegin's wife, my mother. Soon after it was reported that this man was dead, and then that the note was lost. At least nothing was paid on it, and the claim still stands against the town. With its accrued interest at six per cent this amount in round numbers is \$115,000. Is not that a fish worth catching?"

"But a note outlaws in six years," said Quiver.

"This one was executed before a notary public and is good for twenty years. You see we did not begin action any too soon."

"And you are in earnest?"

"Doubly so. I came here with proof of that note in my pocket, but never really intending to press my claim if the governor received me back into the fold as a repentant prodigal should be received. I was willing to forgive and forget, in form if not in fact, for the memory of the night that he sent me out into the world on the toe of his boot still rankles in the tomb of thought. I put salt on the wound to keep it sore that I might not forget. Ay, Leonard Quiver, if I stand before you to-night a penniless beggar—an outcast unknown to those who should be my friends, denied by my parent, to-morrow I will shake the very rafters of the old town until they fall!"

"Is the old town worth the effort it will cost?" asked his more conservative companion.

"Is the fool worth his hire? It may be not. But there is recompense beyond the estimation of the miser who hoards his gold. I am in deadly earnestness. Once the die is cast there will be no turning back. I shall burn the bridges behind me. It will be a royal battle between father and son; between a Newbegin and the man who was

never beaten. Let me see, the town has shrunk in valuation so now it stands at \$250,000. My claim will call for nearly half of this. If they undertake to put up a lawsuit, as Aaron Newbegin will, I would not give much for what there will be left. Oh, do not think I am heartless, though I will break down the haughty spirit of the man who has disowned me or die in the attempt. As you know, half in amusement, I forwarded the dead letter of Tristram Bidwell, but the spirit of levity is over. Are you with me?"

"Till, as you say, the rafters of heaven fall!"

"Good! there will be rare sport before we are done. Give me your hand."

Then and there the twain clasped hands, giving their pledges to stand together, while one of the "guardians of the town," little dreaming of the plot being concocted over his head, slept the sleep of the believer in his own faithfulness.

"I shall strike while the iron is hot," declared Free-land Newbegin, as we shall now call him, "and before we sleep a notice to send the selectmen must be prepared to be sent to-morrow. Here is a piece of paper that will do. If I only had some ink and a pen. Ay, my township for a pen!"

"I saw a pen and ink bottle on the sitting room table," said Quiver. "By waiting until the folks are asleep I will slip down and get them. I will also get a little flour from the pantry, and a few drops of water."

"Good! You need not wait long, for I fancy I hear the old dotard already swinging the cudgel of holy dreams."

A few minutes later Leonard Quiver accomplished his purpose and, having seen the missive put into desirable shape and the pen and ink returned, the plotters laid down to rest and dream of such success as they did not dare to anticipate in their waking hours.

(Begun in the July number; to be continued)

The White Moose

A Legend of the Headwaters of Dead River

By JEAN X. BONNEAU



ONLY a few years since environed by the solitude of the Coos wilds, but now reached by frequent visitors from the busy world surrounding the isolated spot, lies a sheet of crystal water known by half a dozen names, each expressive of some emotion stirred by its irresistible charm or some memory clinging to its beautiful shores. As pure and innocent as the place seems, much of its romance is tinged with tragedy, the fact proving that no spot is so remote that it wholly escapes the shadows of human sorrow.

Not long since it was my fortune to penetrate to this region in companionship with one whose splendid figure, crowned with thick black curls touched here and there with silver, made the wild beauty of the place complete. His accent at once pronounced him to be of French extraction, a descendant of one of the early families of Gascony which had found its way to the valley of the St. Lawrence in the days of Frontenac. His name was Louis Paulin and he had been my guide upon many a hunting trip. He was reticent but always faithful. As I grew to know him better, I would have trusted him with my dearest possession. A trace of sadness was ever in his disposition, accentuated by a habit of repeating his last sentences and drawing them out with a melancholy cadence.

As we approached the lake, I had noticed a growing uneasiness and absence of mind on his part which aroused my curiosity, but I refrained from questioning him and remarked upon the beauty of the lake.

"Yaas, 'tis ver' beautiful," he answered. "I see eem many year, I know."

"You have been here often?" I exclaimed.

"Ver' offayn," he replied. "I young man, ver' young man by dese lak'. I cut de wood to sell; I use pile it for to dry right dese place, and haul it by dese same ol' road, many day—jus' so many day."

After the evening meal, as we sat smoking our pipes around the camp fire, I asked Louis the names of three peaks that stood out above the lake menacingly, shoulder to shoulder.

"One party come here," said Louis. "One young girl, she say: call mountains 'Tree Guardsmens.' 'Cause why—dey proteck de lak'."

The snow-covered tops, turned gory by the setting sun, were reflected in the clear little lake. Large and small fish jumped into the crimson air from the crimson water.

"What is the name of this lake?" I inquired of my silent companion. "Surely it has a name."

"Yaas, 'tis call by some de 'Spireet Lak', by some else de 'Lak' de White Moose, and dat las' is de name. Dis lak' belong eem de White Moose. He come down ovaïr across some strange times to drink. Engin say he breeng trouble to who see eem, but I teenk not. He is all white lak de moon on de watair. He come not often, oh, ver' seldom."

"What!" cried I, "is he a ghost moose?"

"Yaas, jes' so—a ghost moose."

"Louis Paulin," I said, "tell me about it. Did you ever see this white moose?"

"Twice I see eem. Fust time I been fishin' up de stream wut comes into de lak' undair de Tree Guardsmens—"

Then turning to me he said:

"You my fren'; you want hear boutin' it? I want tell. Feel lak must tell some ones, when I see dese lak once more, an' you been good fren' Louis Paulin."

"Oh, de beeges' feesh up in dat leetle run watair place! Me an' my pardnair, Joe Pablo, was get lot of feesh, and was come 'ome so 'appy. Sun go jes lak dese night. Feesh jump, jump and we float 'long de watair. Bine-bye we 'ear callin',—far calin' jes lak de bird, or somet'ing, only callin' callin'. 'Dat soun' strange,' I say to Joe. 'Ver' strange,' says eem. Bine-bye, de moon she come and mak' de shadows on de watair, an' down ovair across on de bank, jes out of de tree, step a gret beeg moose, all white, an' he eyes shine white. He toss de haid up, and den down—look lak he beckon me to come. I grab de oar and row for eem. Joe, he scare, he say: 'You damn fool, stop dat!' He shake so de teet' dey rattle, jes lak dat, dey raat-tle. But I was detarmeened, an' I row; he try for hol' me—no use—I jes row, an' de gret white moose, eem beckon an' beckon with gret beeg haid. At las' Joe he so scare he say: 'You damn fool!' and he jump ovair de boat, an' sweem for to-dair side de lak', an' I row on.

"Bine-bye, white moose fade an' fade. When I got ver' close, eem gone, I was deesgusted, and sware, and commence to row back, when I 'ear cry, right on de bank—a long cry lak de baby mak'. I t'ink fust, be careful, de cougar, he cry dat away. Some time by, I row slow—close, an' see de small child lie on de bank. I row queek and peek eem up. Eem cry till I peek eem up, den she look at me an' smile an' put eem airms ron'n' de neck of me.

"I row back queek, for I commence fear Joe no sweem so well as reach todair side, but I row fas' an' run up undair de long grass dese side, but I row fas, an' run up undair de long grass dese side. Dere set my pardnair ver' white an scare'. I say: 'Joe, hello Joe,' jes lak dat, 'hello, Joe!' He run down to me an' say: 'Where 'e gone, dat moose?' I say: 'Dunno, but he lef' dis fur us,' an' I peek up dat chile an' han' eem to Joe Pablo, an' fasten de boat.

"Dat chile, she smile at Joe, an' talk some strange kine talk, we no can tell eem say. But my pardnair, he say:

'Oh, Louis, eem is beautiful for sartain,' jes like dat, for, sartain.'

"Dat chile was a girl, an' she was all wrap in a white shawl with small white-beaded moccasins on eem feet. But we can tell not where she come from.

"I say: 'Joe, shall we tak' eem down de town an' gif' eem to some womans?' jes' like dat, 'some womans?' He turn red an' say: 'No, eem stay by us,' an' eem did.

"First, we scare' some peoples take she from us, an' we don' tell 'boutin' eem. Bine-bye dat chile need clode. I say: 'Joe, go borry from your aunt wut has leetle girl. Joe say he shame. He say: 'Family laugh—all de boys laugh when eem know.' Den I say: 'Well, go down an' buy some clode for leetle boy—dey won' laugh at dat. Tell eem I got leetle brodair with me. Dat chile mus' have clode.'

"So we dress eem lak a boy, jes so, lak a boy.

"Eem was two or tree yer ol' when I fin' eem, but dat leetle girl eem grow fast.

"When we cut de tree, we tak' eem along, an' dat chile seeng an' climb de tree an' play. Bine-bye eem can climb de talles' tree, an' run lak de coyot, shoot an' sweem.

"She grows tall, straight an' ver' beautiful. Her hair ver' black, oh, so black I nevair see, an' curl all roun' by eem face. Her eye ver' large, an' so dark lak she teenks somet'ings far off. Eem face ver' white, but de leeps, eem leeps ver' red, so red as de kinakaneek, jes like dat, de kinakaneek.

"With Joe she run an' play an' seeng, but when eem hurt or tired, den come to me. De birds dat chile talk lak, an' dey all come. De rabbits an' de squirrels jes run all ovair eem.

"Some nights lak dese she row up to de leetle run watair streem, an' stan' up in de boat, an' push eem along by de bank with de oar, an' seeng.

"One time I say: 'Chile, your hair grow so long when de people see you dey teenk you leetle girl,' an' I laugh jes

lak dat, 'teenk you leetle girl.' But eem scream an grab eem hair an' say: 'No, no, no! My hair, don't cut off my hair. So we don' cut it off, an' it grow ver' long.

"One time eem out on de lak rowin'; eem call to me: 'Louis Paulin,' an' ovair by dem Tree Guardsmens de echo say. 'Louis Paulin.' Eem listen ver' astonish, den call again: 'Louis Paulin,' and de echo ansair. Den she say: 'Joe Pablo.' Back from de Tree Guardsmens comes: 'Joe Pablo.'

"Den eem row in de bank scare', an' say: 'Wut dat—dat call?'

"'Dat echo,' I say, jes lak dat; 'echo,'

"She teenk long time. 'Does eem live by de Tree Guardsmens?' she say. 'Yaas,' I say, 'she a spireet leeve in dere. She don' hurt nobody.' Den she say slo' lak: 'Louis, wut my name?'

"We always call eem de chile, or sometimes Marie or sometimes Chita, or sometimes odairs. We not good at namin'.

"I say: 'Oh, you got no one name—lots of name,' I say, I was so embarrass. She row out on lak' again an' she call: 'Louis, Louis Paulin,' an echo ansair de same. 'Joe Pablo, Joe Pablo.' Den she call loud an clear: 'Echo.' 'Echo' come back ovair de watair. 'Wut my name—echo?' Name 'Echo' come back. Den she laugh an' call loud: 'Echo Paulin Pablo, dat my name.' 'Name,' say de echo. Eem row back an' say: 'Louis, dat my name! You hear her? She say my name de same. I am call Echo—Echo Paulin Pablo.'

"Joe he laugh an' joke boutin' it, but she laugh de same all de time. Bine-bye, aldough we t'ought eem foolishness, we call dat girl 'Echo Paulin Pablo.'

"When we haul de wood to de towns to sell, we tak eem along, an say she my youngair brodair. She ver' silent-lak in de town, an' jes watch de odair cheeldren, not play with dem. One time a man say: 'Wut your name, boy?' an' eem say: Echo Paulin Pablo,' queek-lak. I hear,

an' I sort of de scare. She sais : 'Pablo' de las', an' I tell she my youngair brodair. But she sais it so queek, de man not understan'.

"'Oh,' says dat man, slo-lak: 'Well you air for sartin mos' extraordinare beautiful boy,' jes lak dat, 'beautiful boy.'

"One time I say : 'Echo, you mus' go to de school, an' learn lak de odair cheeldren.' 'No,' she says, 'I weel not go.' 'Oh, yaas,' says I, 'you mus' know somet'ing 'bout de read an' write.' 'I weel not go,' says she, an' eem cry. Den Joe Pablo he say : 'I'll be teachin' you to de read an' write; don' cry no more.' Joe, he know more dan I know boutin' dat. He go to de Mission school. Well, dey commence, an' in de evenin' when de work done, dey get into de boat an' float roun' a-learnin'. Eem learn might' fas,' an' jes while boutin' it. Bine-bye she ask me for to buy some book. I say : 'Yaas,' an' Joe Pablo say : 'Yaas.' Bine-by Joe can teach eem no more. She say : 'Joe, learn me dis, an' Joe, learn me dat, but Joe says : 'Cannot—dunno,' jes lak dat, 'dunno.' Den she do de readin' alone.

"One time eem come to me an' say : 'Louis, am I girl or boy?' I say : 'You leetle girl.' Den she laugh an' say : 'Leetle? Why, I'm beeg, Louis; I mus' be boutin' feefteen year' ol'. She frow de airm roun' my neck an' say : 'Louis, le' me wear de dress lak de odair girl. I wan' dress with ruffle on.' Jes lak dat, 'with ruffle on.'

"So I say to Joe dat night : 'I go to de town an' won' be back till de mornin'.' Den I go to de store an' I hunt for dress with ruffle, but I dunno boutin it, an' de clerk—she was a young girl—she ask me eef eem could be help so pleasant. I tell her fin' all t'ings for me. I pay de bill an' I get back boutin de daylight. I call up dese road : 'Echo—Echo Paulin Pablo,' an' eem come run lak a deer. I say : 'Here dat dress an' all de odair.' She cry, she so joyous, an' she say : 'Louis, don' you tell Joe; let me to de surprise eem.' Pretty soon Joe he call dat breakfas' be ready, an' he say : 'Where dat chile?' Den I call : 'Echo, Echo.'

Pretty soon we hear de laugh; we turn roun' an' dere stan' de young lady, or a spireet or somet'ing, may bees a fairy—oh, yaas, she look a fairy, she was mos' beautiful. She turn de red an' laugh an' hide eem face, but Joe he was terrible surprise—he jes look lak he scare. He bow down low an' hol' out both de han' an say: 'Ah, de Mamselle Echo, welcome.'

"But I long for de boy dat gone. Some time aftair she wear de boy clode, but nevair when Joe aroun'. Eem go with me many de time as de boy, but I no can forget it defreent, an' she grow more beautiful.

"When she with Joe, my pardnair, she put de flower in de hair, an wear de ruffle dress.

"Bine-bye, I understan' de all. I in love with Echo; an, she—she love Joe Pablo, an' Joe he don' care. He love eem, but no lak dat way. He teenk eem little chile yet.

"One time Joe go to de store in de town, an' see dat lady clerk. Den he go often, mos' evair night. Echo she seet on de bank, so still an' silent an' so sad I feel de heart of me break. I want to say: 'Oh, don' care boutin eem—I love you.' But I dare not. Eem look across de lak' with de black hair roun' de face, all curl an' so ver' long. I look at her so sad, so lone.

"Sometime, eem do de read to me from some book. Sometime she read read boutin de love. I look at eem, an' she grow ver' red an' den I teenk she understan'. Often she come an put de han' on my hair, an' say sof' lak: 'Poor Louis Paulin.' Jes lak dat, 'Poor Louis Paulin.' But she grow ver' t'in an' I t'ink Joe perhaps noteece. I wan' strangle eem—keel eem. She understan', an' she say: 'No, Louie, for de sake of me, no.' An' I got always to obey her. But sometime she get ver' tired an' weary; she come cry on my knee. Sometime she wan' me to telf her how de white moose he geeve her to me. 'Dis my lak,' she say: 'I nevair leeve it.'

"But she get de whiter an' whiter, t'inner an' t'inner. I scare. I say: 'Let me tak' you away to de town, to de

doctair.' She smile, sad-lak an' say: 'No, I need no doctair.' An' dat damn fool, Joe Pablo, my pardnair, he jus' go evair evenin' to see de lady clerk.

"Sometime Echo go up de road an' wait for Joe to come back. Wait an' wait! I get de despair. I say: I weel tell Joe, you do dat again—I tell eem all.' Dat mak' her de stop dat.

"One night Joe he come home an' seeng t'rough de wood, an' he say: 'Oh, de congratulate; I goin' to marry de lady clerk.' He t'row de hat in de air an' shout. I turn to Echo—she fall white on de grass. 'Oh,' I cry, so scare. 'You damn fool, Joe Pablo, see what you have mak'. You have broke de heart of eem. Jes lak dat, 'broke de heart of eem.' Joe turn ver' pale an' say: 'Wut you mean?' I say: 'I goin' keel you, dat wut I mean.' I raise her up an' she ope' de eye, an' den turn to me an' cry: 'You tol' eem, you tol' eem, Louis Paulin—I nevair forgivee you.' Jes lak dat, 'nevair.' She try de get up an' walk back de cabin, but I help. She try mak' me stop help, but I weel not stop.

"Joe Pablo he say low: 'Sacre! I not unerstan'. 'Fore God I not unerstan'.' Eem face ver' white. He turn an' ride so fas' down de road. When dat girl hear de horse feet go farder an farder, she t'row hersel' down on de grass by de cabin door an' sob: 'Oh, you tol' eem, you tol' eem; I nevair forgivee you.' I seet down 'longside an' beg eem to forgivee me. I 'bout wild—I dunno wut to do. Bine-bye, I get despair. I say: 'Ah, why did you fall de unconscious when eem say eem goin' to be marry. You no do dat, eem nevair know. I t'ought you dead, dat why I tell eem.' Den she crawl slow up an' get into my airm an' cry. Eem was still only leetle girl, perhaps boutin seventeen year ol'. She say: 'Poor Louis Paulin.' An' I smood de black hair. She ver' white an' sad. I ver' white an' sad.

"De moon eem come up fore long and shine on de watair. 'Poor Louis Paulin,' she say. Den she sob an' cry, an' call: 'Joe Pablo, Joe Pablo.' An' de echo call

doctain'. She smile, sad-ah an' say: 'No I need no doct-
tain'. An' dat damn fool Joe fash, my heart, he say:
'Go over evenin' to see de lady clerk.'
'Sometimes Echo go up de road an' wait for Joe to
come back. Wait an' wait! I get de message. I say: I
will tell Joe you do dat again—I tell him all. Dat was
dat de stop dat

'One night Joe he come home an' bring 'round de
wood, an' he say: 'Oh, de congratulate! I go to see
de lady clerk'. He's now de hat in de air an' shout. I run
to Echo—she fall white on de grass. 'Oh, I cry to hear
'You damn fool, Joe fash, see what you have made'. You
have broke de heart of een. Joe lak dat, drink de heart
of een. 'Joe him ver pale an' say: 'What you mean?' I
say: 'I go, lead you, dat you I mean'. I take her up an'
she open de eye an' den turn to me an' cry: 'You lak, same
you lak, same, Louis fashin—I never forgive you'. Joe
lak dat, weep. She cry de gut up an' walk back de cabin.
dat I help. She cry de stop help, but I need not

Joe fash he say: 'I never forgive you'. I not understand. 'You
God I not understand'. Een face ver white. He turn an'
ride so lak down de road. When dat girl hear de horse
leet go faster an' faster, she throw herself down on de grass
by de cabin door an' sob: 'Oh, Joe lak, same, you lak, same,
I never forgive you'. I seat down 'longtime an' Joe turn
to forgive me. I seat wild—I damn wait to de time
bye, I get de message. I say: 'What why did you lak de woman
anous when you say you to be marry. You no de
dat een never know. I thought you dead, dat why I lak
een'. Den the crew slow up an' get into my arms an' cry:
'Joe was still only little girl, same de heart, same de
year old. She say: 'Poor Louis fashin. An' I never de
black hair. She ver white an' and I ver white an' and
'The moon come come up lone long and shine on de
water. 'Poor Louis fashin, she say. I lak her lak
cry an' call: 'Joe fash, Joe fash'. An' de echo say

loud from de Tree Guardsmens: 'Joe Pablo.' She call sof-lak, 'Louis Paulin,' an de echo come sof'. Den she raise an' cry wid de sorrow in de voice: 'Oh, Echo! Poor Echo Paulin Pablo.' An' de echo come sad ovair de watair: Poor Echo Paulin Pablo.'

"Den she say, low-lak: 'Louis, I goin' leave you.' Jes lak dat, 'I goin' leave you.' 'Oh, forgivee me, Louis, my kin', good frien', forgivee me.' I choke all up an' I say 'I have not to forgivee you. Dere is not'ing. But you don' leave me Echo—oh, no.' 'Oh, yaas,' she say, 'you will nevair see me no more.' Den I hol' her tight, an' I cry: 'No, no!' Loud and hard, an' de echo cry: 'No, no!' 'Oh, poor Louis,' she say, 'I goin' leave you forevair—say you forgivee me.' I say, 'Be good daughtair; go in de cabin an sleep. All weel be well in de mornin'. Good daughtair, don' leave eem fader.' She smile sof-lak, an' walk in de cabin. I seet on de bank an' watch de moon, an, wish I dead mans.

"Bine-bye, I hear de step behin' me, an' de airm come roun' my neck, an' eem kees me all de face ovair, den slip away queek, an' I see she dress in de boy clode. I say: 'Where you go?' Eem say: 'Oh, forgivee me.'

"She get in de boat an' push out. I see her plain in de moonlight. De face so white with de long black hair all ovair. She stan' up an' push in de watair with de oar. Den I look across de lak', an' dere stan' dat white moose a'beckon with the great white haid lak he beckon me dat night. He shine an' shine an' look lak mist roun eem. Dat boat slip toward eem with dat girl in de moonlight. I hear de call: 'Oh, Louis Paulin, forgivee me,' an' de echo say: 'Forgivee me.' De cloud come an all deesappear.

"I hunt all dat night on de watair, hunt an' hunt, an' call 'Echo Paulin Pablo! Echo! Echo!' an de echo de only ansair. I cry: 'I forgivee you; oh, come back,' an' I cry loud. I cry lak I cry now, an' I hunt an' hunt an' hunt. In de mornin' I come back to de land an' lie down on de

grass an' pray I die. De sun come out an' dat ol' boat he
float back empty."

Louis buried his face in his hands.

I dashed the tears from my eyes.

Across the still, silvery waters came the mournful call
of the loon.

At the End of the Year

By ELIZABETH ALDEN CURTIS

Love, the years, the freighted years,
With their laughter and their tears,
How they fly on silent wings,
Till the gifts one season brings

Are but mem'ries, are but dreams
In life's seaward-going streams.
Springtime goeth summer questing;
Autumn is but summer resting;

And the hale old winter time
Only autumn cased in rime.
Thus upon their rounds they go,
Apple bloom to falling snow.

The Editor's Window

Again we come to the close of a volume, our second, and the end of our first year. This has been a trial year with us, and the result has more than met our expectations. While we have received the highest words of commendation from our readers in regard to the quality and quantity of our magazine, with our past experience and our increased means, we can promise better things to come. The Editorial Lookout points to some of these, but no prophet on our staff can foretell all that is to come. In this connection we appeal to you for your support. If you are a native of the Old Granite State, a citizen, or in any manner interested in its history and welfare, can you afford to miss the monthly visits of its staunchest and ablest historical friend?

* * *

David S. Barry, in the *New England Magazine* for November, says in "The Loyalty of the Senate": "Not one in ten of the senators to-day has ever been suspected of evil, much less accused and convicted. There are black sheep in the senate as elsewhere, and it is the noise they make in being exposed and driven forth that is responsible largely for the public suspicion of the body as a whole. There are as few thieves as millionaires in the senate. Collectively it is a body of poor and honest and relatively able men. There are a few there whose fortunes have been dishonestly made and others whose intelligence is not of a high order. But it is equally true that the poor and honest senators far outnumber the rich and dishonest and that there has never been a time since the foundation of the government when the senate could boast a greater number of able men, proportionally, than are here to-day."

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Notes and Queries

The Nestor of the Farms, in his excellent article upon "Wild Pigeons" (see page 193), says that he has found no evidence to show that they were in New England in the days of the pioneers, and asks if any one can throw any light on the subject. Permit me to add that the first settlers of the country bordering on the Ohio River found them numerous in that region. According to the accounts of these pioneers they used to disappear suddenly early in the summer and reappear as mysteriously in the fall. Is it therefore unreasonable to suppose that they migrated to New England for that period, just as wild geese and others of the feathered families drifted back and forth between the sunny south and the northland. These migrations seem to have begun about 1790 and stopped in 1870. It is claimed that a few are still seen in New Hampshire, but personally I cannot vouch for the truth of this. Should be pleased to hear from others.

G. W. B.

Replies

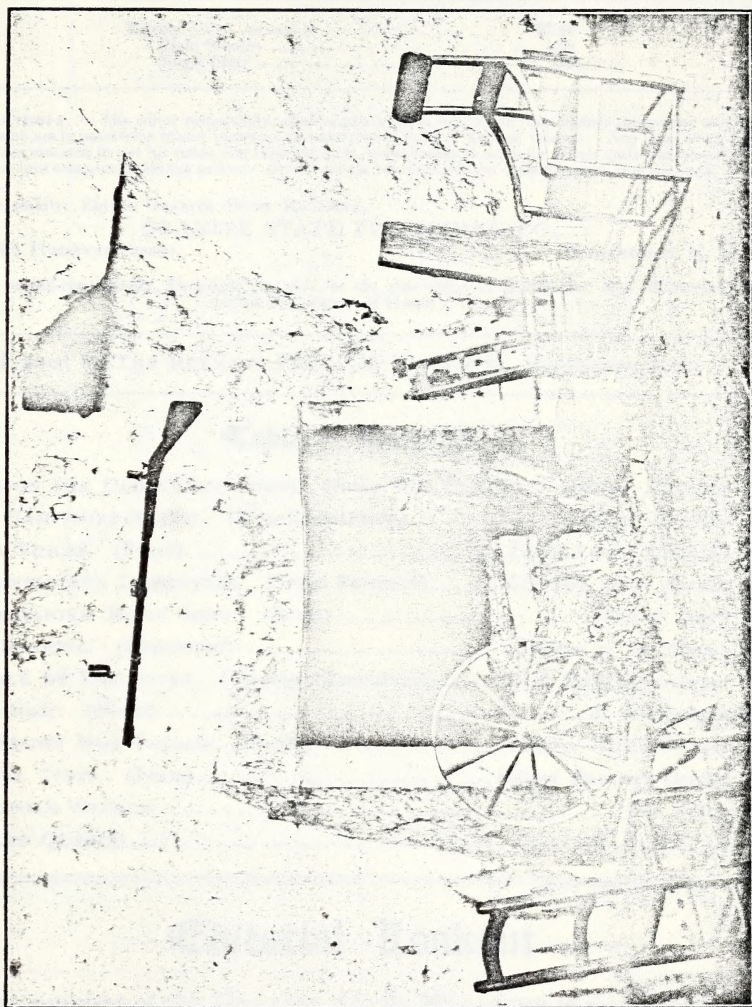
6. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, members of the Church of England who had formed their ideas of church government from Calvin were persecuted, and then, in 1564, they received the name of "Puritans." They were called thus because of the gravity of their manner, the austerity of their lives and the severe precision of their judgment. On account of the persecution against them they left their native land to found homes in the New World and, before a single Dutchman had visited America, they or their ancestors settled this country, taking out their patent, which covered the country from Acadia to Carolina, under the name of Virginia.

Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven said :

Laws, Freedom, truth and faith in God
Came with those exiles from o'er the waves.
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

America owes a debt she can never pay to those sturdy New Englanders.

G. W. B.



AN HISTORIC CORNER.

Granite State Magazine

A Monthly Publication

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 4.

GEORGE WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor

TERMS:—Per Annum \$1.50
Eight Months 1.00
Single Copy15

To Authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

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Editorial Lookout

This number of the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE is unavoidably late, owing to difficulties and delays in getting some of the material for illustration. We are glad to say that the November number is well advanced, and we see no reason why it will not be mailed before the middle of the month.

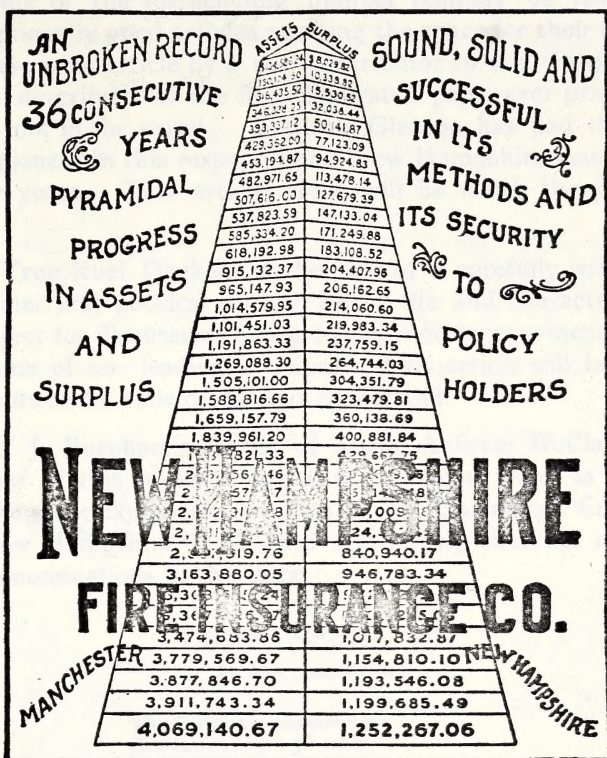




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Speaking of the forthcoming number reminds us that we have some exceptionally good articles awaiting the space for their appearance. One of these is an article by a new contributor to the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE, descriptive of the first illustrated paper ever printed in this country, if not in the world. Frederic Gleason has had the credit of being the pioneer in this respect, but a New Hampshire man led him by nearly five years. This article alone will be worth the price of the magazine.

"The True Ruel Durkee" is the title of a carefully written sketch of the farmer and political worker, whose life and character is at this time a subject for discussion, owing to the sudden prominence given his name by one of our leading novelists. This article will be illustrated with portraits and a view of the old homestead.

Mr. E. J. Burnham's sketch of Major Andrew McClary has been crowded out of this number, but it will come as soon as we can find space. The same explanation applies to Mr. Chalmers' "Congregationalists in New Hampshire." We are also having sketches of the other religious denominations in the state.

THE GILNOCKIE PINE

By REV. JOHN THORPE

The Gilnockie pasture pine
Is a fav'rite spot of mine,
Near to "Birch Pine Rock" it stands,
And extensive view commands.

Of the far-off Sandwich Dome,
Ossipee, Red Hill, near home,
Belknap Mountain, Alton Bay,
Launches, steamers on the way

To The Weirs and Wolfborough,
Touching islands as they go,
Touching lovely Meredith,
Where the common name is SMITH.

Center Harbor, bound by hills,
Garnet Hill my nature thrills,
As no other hill around;
There my muse has often found

"Tongues in trees," as Shakespeare says,
"Books in running brooks," and lays
For my sermons, in the stones,
Lakes and mountains, dead men's bones.

"Good in everything" I see,
Round the Winnepesaukee.
E'en the ant hills, near me rife,
Lessons teach of busy life.

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Literary Leaves

WITH ROGERS' RANGERS. By G. Waldo Browne. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgeman. Tall 12mo, cloth. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Publishers. Price, \$1.25.

This book is the fourth and last in the series of "Woodranger Tales," by this author. These works, like the "Leatherstocking Tales" of J. Fenimore Cooper, combine historical information relating to pioneer days in America with interesting adventures in the backwoods. While the same characters are continued through the series, each volume is complete in itself. The leading characters are the Stark brothers, William and John, Robert Rogers, Col. John Goffe and, that mysterious and noble central figure, The Woodranger.

This final volume fully maintains the deep interest of the preceding books and proves a fitting and happy climax to the fascinating story of the exiled hero. The reunion of the long-separated husband and wife is a word-picture long to be remembered by the reader. The scene of the story is laid principally around and about the historic shores of Lake George, and it covers in an historical sense the French and Indian War.

THE CAMP ON LETTER K. By Clarence B. Burleigh. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. 12mo, cloth. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Price, \$1.50.

This attractive volume deals with the adventures and experiences of two very active boys in the wilds of Aroostook. This book is the initial number of a prospective series to be called the "Raymond Benson Series." The tone of this story is of that healthy sort that no parent need feel afraid to have it read by the son or daughter into whose hands it may fall. Compounded of athletics, hunting, farming and adventures with smugglers, there is a sufficient variety of matter to hold the interest of the reader from beginning to end. Mr. Burleigh, who is a Maine man, seems to have taken up the mantle worn so long and gracefully by the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, and it is easy to prophecy that his popularity is certain to equal that of the other if he writes as good stories for the future volumes as "The Camp on Letter K" proves to be.

Whether or not Boston is still the literary center of the country is a much disputed question, but the metropolis of New England at least continues to be the greatest producer of books for boys and girls. The fall list of the leading publishers of that city contain from four to twenty juvenile titles, many by authors who endeared themselves with young readers about a generation ago. The firm of Little, Brown & Co., who are the publishers of the stories of Louisa M. Alcott, probably the most popular juvenile books of the day, will issue twenty new books designed for young readers. Among these is "A Sheaf of Stories," by "Susan Coolidge," comprising twelve hitherto uncollected stories by the late Sarah C. Woolsey (better known by her pen name, "Susan Coolidge") who died in April 1905.

THE PRESIDENT OF QUEX. By Helen M. Winslow. Illustrated by W. L. Jacobs. 12mo, cloth. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Publishers, Boston. Price, \$1.25.

Miss Winslow has entered a comparatively new field in dealing with women's clubs as the foundation for her admirable novel of social life. With the experience of a trained writer, she shows the spirit of earnestness and worthy endeavor accompanying the modern club movement and writes a book that will be read with pleasure outside of clubdom as well as within the ranks. "The President of Quex" is a most pleasant character and immediately enlists the interest of the reader and leads her or him (for no man should fail to read this, though it was written for women) on with a rapt attention that is not easy to be thrown off by the most indifferent follower. The development of her character from

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loneliness and weakness to joyous activity and strength is a study to be followed with great profit.

The fall announcements of Little, Brown & Co., the Boston publishers, contain sixty titles, including new editions. Among the illustrated holiday books are Miss Lilian Whiting's "The Land of Enchantment, from Pike's Peak to the Pacific"; "Literary By-Paths in Old England, by Henry C. Shelley, editor of "The Centenary Edition of the Songs of Burns"; "Through the Gates of the Netherlands," by Mary E. Waller, author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus"; "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert" (Southern California), by George Wharton James; and another handsome book of fables for old and young, by Laura E. Richards, entitled "The Silver Crown."

Other new fall publications include: "Mars and its Mystery," by Prof. Edward S. Morse; "Starting in Life," a practical guide to the selection of a business or profession, by Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., assisted by over a hundred representative men; Lilian Whiting's "From Dream to Vision of Life," uniform with "The World Beautiful; "Last Verses," by the late Susan Coolidge; "A Handbook of Polar Discoveries," by A. W. Greely; "Buff, A Tale for the Thoughtful," a popular work on the common sense of health, by a "Physiopath"; "The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags," by Peleg D. Harrison; "The Economy of Happiness," a new book on economics, by James Mackaye; "The Syllogistic Philosophy," by Francis E. Abbot; "An Atlas of Physiology and Anatomy," prepared on an entirely new plan; "Forget-Me-Not," a book of selections for daily reading, by Anna Hellen Stearns and Clara Bancroft Beatley; and "Paul the Apostle," as viewed by a layman, by Edward H. Hall.

George Wharton James, the author and lecturer, has returned from a perilous journey made down the overflow of the Colorado River in Southern California to the mysterious Salton Sea, and his vivid account of his experiences will be incorporated in his new book, "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert." Latest reports from the southwest state that "despite all efforts of the Southern Pacific Company to check the flow of the Colorado River into the Salton sink, the river, now almost to high-water mark, is emptying water enough into the sink to cause a rise of .46 of an inch every twenty-four hours. The area now covered by the sea is approximately 500 square miles. The lowest point in this great basin is more than 260 feet below the sea level, and if nothing can be done to check the flow of the river, it will eventually fill up."

The Woodranger Tales

A Series of Historical Novels devoted to a description of pioneer life on the Old New England and Canadian frontiers. Four volumes, tall 12mo, in uniform binding. Price, \$1.25 each.

THE WOODRANGER, A Story of the Pioneers of the Debatable Ground. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. 312 pp; \$1.25.

The scene of this book is the tract of country along the Merrimack River claimed by the settlers from Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Among the historical characters are young John Stark, afterwards famous as General Stark, William Stark, his older brother, the Captain under Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, Robert Rogers, later known as "Rogers the Ranger," Col. John Goffe, the noted scout and Indian fighter, besides others, the MacDonalds, of Glencoe, the McNeils, of Londonderry, and that semi-historic and romantic forester, "The Woodranger." Not only does this tale deal with the differences arising from a bitter hatred of races, but it portrays in a picturesque manner the home-life of the colonists, their trials and hardships, their sports and adventures in the clearing and in the wilderness.

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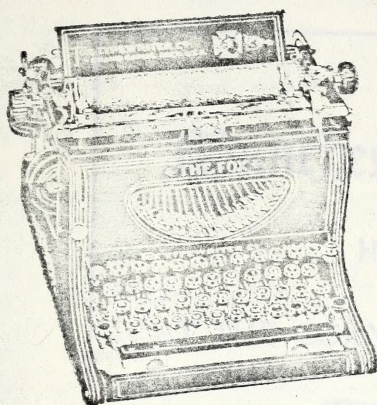
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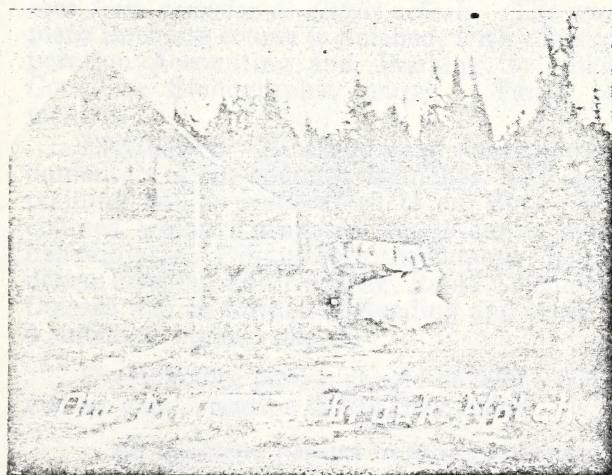
VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

NO. 3.

Granite State MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

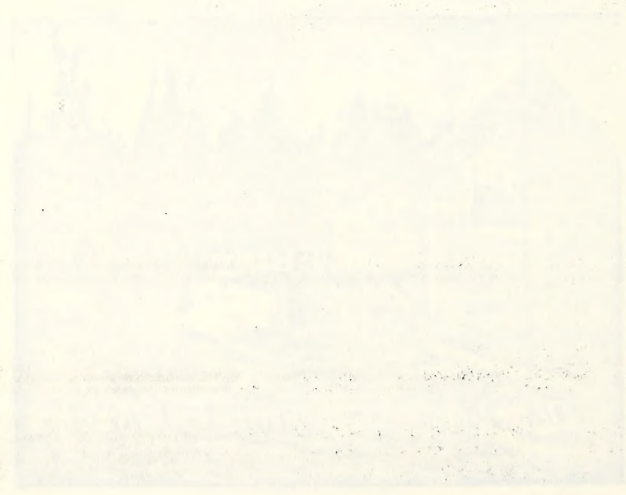


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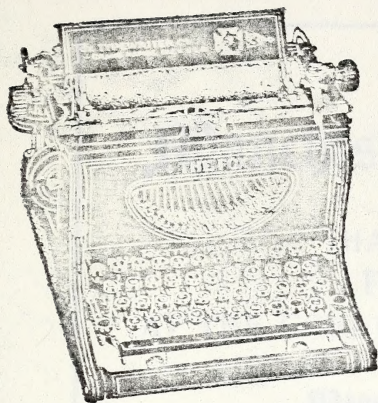
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